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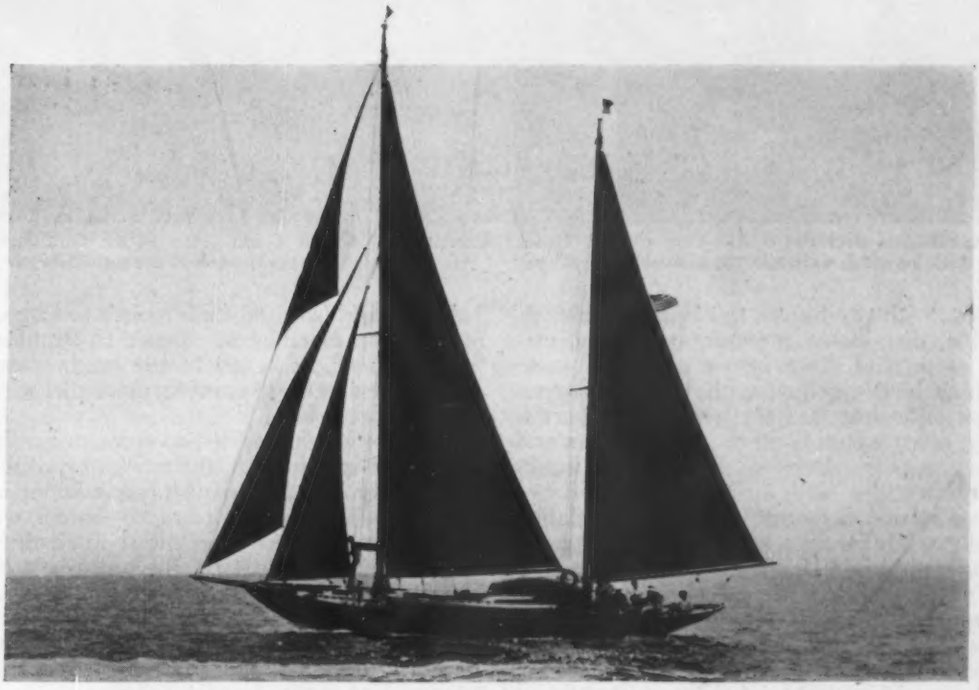


*Seven Bells* was planned for ease of handling and comfort below and on deck.

# A Transatlantic Passage in the Ketch *Seven Bells*

## *Twenty-Five Days from Branford, Conn., to Falmouth, England, with an Amateur Crew*

*By* T. F. COOKE

WHEN planning the *Seven Bells* we did not have an ocean passage in view; we merely wanted a boat that would give us safety, ease of handling, and comfort below and on deck; would be suitable for men cruising alone, or to take ladies. We provided no space primarily for paid hands, as we like sailorizing and doing for ourselves; and we have still to be shown that the best of paid hands are as good as our A. B. friends who are always ready to sail with us on the coast or across the Atlantic. If we were to build tomorrow with an ocean crossing in view we would make very few changes in the ship.

The planning extended over about six years, because after the war we decided we must have a boat, but could not find one to suit us. We began to draw layouts; then we found our yawl *Idler*, in which we cruised for six years. But we kept on drawing layouts and rigs and visiting many yachts and noting good points. In the fall of 1925 we decided to build our ideal boat. After some correspondence we got in touch with William J. Roué of Halifax, whom we knew as the designer of *Bluenose*. We found American yards so full of work that they could not take care of us, so a Nova Scotia architect had obvious advantages if the building was to be done there.

Bill Roué swallowed our cabin plans with some difficulty, but later, after he had sailed on the boat for a week, he said they were the best he had ever seen. We asked him to build a ketch to hold our cabin plan; after many letters and sketches had passed through the mail, we went to Halifax about Christmas, 1925, for a conference. We had three happy days at his office, in spite of the wicked weather, and decided on many details of the boat.

As originally designed she was 51′ o.a., 39′ w.l., 12′2″ beam and 7′ draft; but later she was increased to 56′ o.a. on the same w.l. and sail area. We have never regretted so doing, although it would handicap us under certain measurement rules. The hull and sail plan are entirely attributable to Roué's genius and he made many improvements in our deck layout; but we were adamant about the cabin plan, which closely follows our original sketches.

Her deck layout is: a well deck forward, then raised deck, abaft which is low cabin trunk and waterways; then a short bridge-deck in which mizzen is stepped, with a small self-bailing cockpit. She is 9 tons net, 16 gross. Her tanned sails consist of mizzen, main, forestaysail, jib set flying with Wyckham-Martin furling gear; balloon mizzen staysail, balloon jib, spinnaker, jib topsail, trysail and squaresail. For power there was a Scripps F-4 engine, with Hyde reversing propeller.

Below from forward to aft, the layout is: forecastle with two standing bunks, open chain-lockers and a bin for sails; next, lavatory to port of mainmast and stateroom with two bunks, two lockers and transoms, which can be shut off from forecastle and saloon by 'thwartships

Just before shoving off from Branford on the long voyage. The unusual deck layout is shown in the picture.

Running off before a sou'wester in the Gulf Stream. Looking aft from the raised deck amidships.

doors; next, saloon, with two bunks, full length transoms, two lockers, table, dish-locker, dresser, book-case, etc. The companion steps lead down into a small lobby, to starboard of which is the galley, with Protane stoves, ice-box, and lots of locker and shelf room. To port is another lavatory, abaft which is more stowage room and access to the engine. She sleeps six in standing bunks (drawers and lockers under) with air mattresses, and two more at a pinch on saloon transoms. For the Transatlantic trip the two saloon bunks were used for stowing sails, stores and the radio sets and batteries.

That we had nothing to do with the sailing qualities of the boat is shown by Bill's remark as we left Halifax, to the effect that we were extraordinary characters because we had never asked him how fast she was going to be! We knew that he would take care of that; and he did, as shown by her very decent performance in the Cape May and Gibson Island races of 1927 under a skipper, the writer, who had never before sailed in a race. We think that if we had known more about ocean racing she would have done even better. Also, we had no reaching jib, nor any of the special sails often carried by cruisers for racing.

The *Bells* was built on the cost-plus basis, which we believe in, as it allows changes to be made without friction and avoids scamping on a contract. Of course you must have honest builders — but there is no use dealing with the other kind on any basis. The story of the details of building and equipping is too long to tell. But all was done carefully and completely; very few changes or additions were needed. A week after the launching in July, 1926, we cruised for a month to Cape Breton Island and back to Shelbourne, thence to Branford, Conn. The next summer we sailed in the ocean races and cruised south of Cape Cod, growing more pleased with the ship all the time.

Crew of *Seven Bells*. Left to right: Crispin Cooke, Goodwin Cooke, Thomas F. Cooke (Skipper), Marshall Rawle, Isaac Harter, and Ben Brewster.

Last spring we decided to cross to England. As one of the owners and his son, the navigator, could not get away before July 2nd, the Spanish race was out of the question, even if we had wanted to race — which we didn't. Then followed a month of strenuous work during which the spirit of bad luck sat on the writer's shoulders. Everything went wrong — orders were filled with wrong-sized or defective articles, or the wrong thing entirely. The member of the crew who was to have been wireless operator got engaged and quit us cold; one of the owners broke his arm and had to be replaced from among the numerous applicants.

However, we got started only a day late — and then ran into the northeast gale of July 6th and 7th just outside of Montauk. The skipper, seasick for the second time in his life, must have lost his bad luck overboard with his lunch, for after that all was rosy. Six of us were shut up in a small boat for 25 days; there was never a hard word said in earnest and never did anyone avoid seeing a piece of hard work so as to let some one else do it — except possibly the skipper, who being twice as old as any other one of the crew occasionally rested on the dignity of his years and office.

In the log which follows have been incorporated some excerpts from the diary kept by Ben Brewster, who replaced Carlton S. Cooke, left behind with a broken arm incurred just two weeks before we sailed.

Thursday, July 5, 1928. After a month of hard labor, principally by Thomas F. Cooke, the following aboard at pier in Branford River, Conn., bound for England:

1st (Starboard) Watch:
T. F. Cooke, skipper, cook, assistant navigator.
Ben Brewster, wireless operator, engineer, assistant cook, A.B.

2nd (Port) Watch:
Goodwin Cooke, first mate, navigator, cook.
Crispin Cooke, A.B., assistant cook, M.E.,* cabin boy, P.P.D.†

3rd (or Tweedle) Watch:
Marshall Rawle — second mate, boatswain, A.B.
Isaac Harter, Jr. — assistant engineer, cook, storekeeper, A.B.

Ship's waterline above boot-topping because of extra load of stores, etc. Cleared dock at 12:20 P.M. Crowd of family, friends and photographers waved farewell.

* Masthead Expert (owing to his agility in shinning aloft).
† Poor, Patient Drudge (so he says).

A sea rolling up on the quarter.

The famous *Cutty Sark*, alongside which we anchored in Falmouth.

The grand piano accordion, skillfully operated by B. Brewster, played "Auld Lang Syne," the ensign dipped, and we were under way. Set clocks to standard time. Wind light, variable S.E.; 1:30, started engine; course E.S.E. for The Race. Alternating sail and motor until 3:30 P.M. Nasty about sunset, squalls all round. 6:40 P.M., left Rocky Point bearing S.W. Very heavy electrical storm approaching, and fearing a repetition of last night's 80-mile squall, dropped all sail, and motored N.E. in blinding rain. Rough sea and blowing up; lowered mainsail and ran under mizzen and stays'l. It kept freshening and by 3 A.M. two of the crew had lost lunches. A third lunch gone by 6 A.M. No more clam chowder will ever be eaten by three of this crew.

Friday, July 6th. Course S.E. ¾ S.; sighted Montauk Point. 1:10 A.M., Montauk Point 1 mile S.W. 6:15 A.M., regular nor'easter blowing. Riding beautifully under mizzen and stays'l but getting very wet. The skipper says we are making too much leeway to run back to Block Island, so we will keep on hammering off to the S.E. for a while. Very rough; at times severe rain squalls and thunder. Lots of spray. Everybody more or less sick except Rawle, who refuses to be put down, but doesn't feel his best. Ike curls up sick and insensible in the cockpit, where he remains all day.

9:50 A.M., managed to get a sight, which we did not use, as working it up would insure seasickness. At dark hove-to under sea anchor and mizzen; set 2-hour anchor watches. 7:30 P.M., lying to sea anchor; motion greatly changed if not reduced. Judge we are in the Gulf Stream; water is very blue and quite warm. One man on watch, the others drowsing on and off. 8:30 P.M., first and second mates are able to take nourishment.

Saturday, July 7th. Crispin joins those able to take nourishment. Everybody got some sleep, but no one seems to feel exactly on top of the world. Still blowing fierce N.E.; Rawle says about force 6. We lie quite well, head to wind and sea, shipping only a little water aft as she ducks her stern. Evidently in Gulf Stream — weeds, Portuguese men-o'-war and beautifully clear, iridescent, blue water. Brewster still quite sick and, what is worse, hungry. Late in afternoon he decides to eat heartily, lies down to await results, and is suddenly and miraculously cured by the skipper who sat down violently on his stomach! Seas are moderately high, but not as bad as might be expected from the high wind. 11:30 P.M., took in sea anchor, wind shifting to N.; set lowers and away by midnight.

Our sea anchor was about four feet across the mouth with oak spreaders. It was set on about 200 feet of ⅞ inch diam. rope, thoroughly wrapped with heavy canvas to prevent chafing at the hawse-hole; weighted with sheet lead nailed to one spreader, and buoyed with a ring life-preserver. A trip-line with cork floats was made fast to the small end. Another time we shall have chain bridles instead of rope, as the latter chafed on the spreaders. The sea anchor worked perfectly for the first and only time we have ever used it. The reefed mizzen was carried as a riding sail, with helm lashed over just enough to keep it full. However, it is doubtful whether this was really necessary.

Sunday, July 8th. The northerly wind backed to W. during the night. Clearing early this morning and finally came out a beautiful day. 8 A.M., got a fine morning sight, both sextants checking exactly. 9:30 A.M., bright day, light W. wind, sailing wing-and-wing. Going 7 to 8 knots. Navigators report us 75 miles S. of Nantucket Lightship. Everyone seems to have his sea legs now. Many clothes are hung in the rigging, and the first mate's best woollen undershirt is blown overboard.

12 noon, long., 69 degrees 30 minutes west; latitude, 39 degrees 49 minutes north. Log, 173. Course, E. x N. Wind fresher. 3 P.M., set balloon jib. 10 P.M., struck it.

Monday, July 9th. Bright warm day, wind S.W. moderate, course E. x S. ¼ S. Weather held steady all day.

12 noon, long. 65.45 W., lat. 39.41 N. Made good 180 miles, 93 deg. true. Set spinnaker and took in mizzen. This eases rolling a bit and makes steering easier.

8 P.M., winds variable and lighter. A freighter passed 5 miles south of us this afternoon. 12 midnight, wind very light. Air is delightfully warm; you can sit at the wheel

*Seven Bells*, taken from the S.S. *Sangamon* in mid-ocean.

*Seven Bells* at sea.

Busy with needle and palm.

Photography under difficulties.

in trunks in perfect comfort. Faint light hove in sight astern about midnight. Radio receiver working well; time signals show chronometer-watch to be losing 6 seconds a day. Many amateurs heard from all over the U.S.

Tuesday, July 10th. The watch called all hands about 5:30 A.M. to see a veritable cloud of sail astern, thought to be *Atlantic*, racing from New York to Santander, Spain. She came up from astern with squaresail, raffee, two spinnakers, water sails, spritsail and ringtail; a fine sight. As she came abeam the wind shifted and all light sails came down on deck and she was soon closehauled. As it fell calm, started engine and ran up towards her. She turned out to be *Guinevere*. Checked our position, and she promised to report us all well by radio. Owner and guests appeared on after deck in long nightshirts.

8 A.M., flat calm. Steamer passes 5 miles north. *Guinevere* in sight all day. All hands swimming and scrubbing the water line paint, a novelty in ocean sailing; marvelous water and wonderful blue color. 9 A.M., *Guinevere* has lost steerageway and is headed back to New York; our rig seems to keep steerageway on, drifting slowly S.E.

12 noon, long. 32.40 W., lat. 39.36 N. Made good 132 miles, 92 deg. true.

Wednesday, July 11th. *Guinevere* has disappeared. Very clear, light W.S.W. wind. We got all ready for a squall yesterday afternoon, but were not rewarded. 8 A.M., set balloon jib and mizzen staysail. 11:30 A.M., set spinnaker.

12 noon, long. 60.35 W., lat. 39.42 N. Made good 80 miles, 87 deg. true. Total, 688.

Large lunch of cold slaw, canned tomatoes, etc.; very good in such hot weather as we are having. Saw some enormous fins cutting water off to the N., and much other life — real ocean-going gulls, petrels, etc. Found Portuguese men-o'-war make excellent targets for our .22 rifle. 8 P.M., handed light sails, set jib; wind hardening from S.W.

Thursday, July 12th. 8 A.M., wind hardening. Set mizzen staysail and jib topsail. Ship is sailing very fast, and there is great rivalry between the three watches to see which makes the record run for four hours. Finally won by the second watch with 34.5 miles (average 8.62 knots). Queer night — lightning in the N. and many clouds scudding overhead, but excellent weather with beam wind. All hands hold bathing party in the forward well deck, with the assistance of buckets. Three-masted schooner passed 2 miles astern, heading S. Hot sun and strong S.W. wind; carrying four lowers, mizzen stays'l and jib topsail.

12 noon, long. 56.32 W., lat. 39.39 N. Made good 187 miles, 89 deg. true.

Friday, July 13th. Wind freshening all night. Logged 34.4 from 8 to midnight. Call for all hands on deck at 4:30 A.M. after ugly sunrise as S.W. squall came up very fast; doused jib topsail, mainsail and jib just about in time. Very hard rain squall, so severe that we sailed well under water for a few moments. Pajamas thoroughly rinsed in fresh water! Continued under mizzen and staysail; rolling very hard, wind brisk W.S.W., as rain squalls continued. Generally they have no wind with them. The skipper nervous about them, so the mainsail remains on the boom.

12 noon, long. 42.14 W., lat. 39.33 N. Made good 190 miles, 89 deg. true. Wind goes flat at noon and leaves us rolling hard in a terrific sea. Hot sun. Sleep impossible, except for Ike Harter.

2 P.M., since what wind there is is dead aft, decided to set squaresail. Tremendous effort by all hands on account of heavy rolling. It would be impossible to set it in any kind of a blow. The wind died, so although the sail never had a chance, it was then and there royally tabooed. Noon entry in deck log says, "wind negative, lousy"; which accurately describes the situation. Rolling hard and the skipper appears on deck occasionally to curse the helmsman for it. Gorgeous sunset and more rain at night.

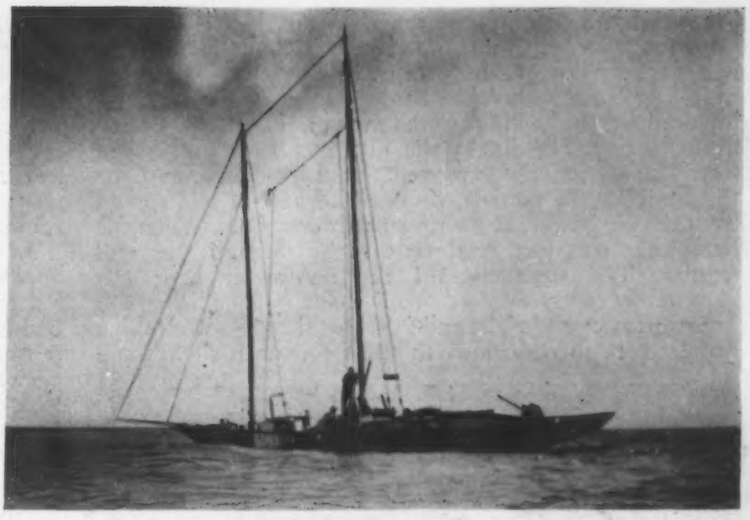
Radio working splendidly — that is, receiving. Arlington time signals pound in with the phones on the table.

(*Continued on page 108*)

# *Gauntlet,* Vale!

## *What the Hurricane of Last September Did to Her at Royal Island, Bahamas*

*By* CAPTAIN DINGLE



**Just before we stripped her. The hurricane and a coral reef proved too much for the old *Gauntlet*.**

WHEN theorists tell you what a boat of a certain over all length, beam, and draft will do in a hurricane, simply ask them if they ever weathered a hurricane afloat. If they tell you that your boat must have caught only a fringe of the storm, check up your own records and compare them with the records of the nearest shore observatory. If a mere theorist tells you what you might have done under the circumstances (you being the lad who weathered the fuss, and he the "bloke" who may never have ventured beyond smell of the land), just remark amiably that you've seen pumpkins with more brains.

Down here in the Bahamas there are theorists. One and all, they will tell you that the only thing to do on the approach of a hurricane (they call a storm warning an approach, regardless of the location and direction of the storm), is to run your boat into the mangroves, tie her up, and haul her off when the gale passes. Nobody here knows how to get a vessel of eight feet draft into three feet of water with the short notice given by a hurricane. But one and all will stoutly advise you — the sponger who never saw a deepwater vessel in his life and weathered all his hurricanes by letting the sea wash his boat as far up the beach as she could go, shouldering the damage with the aid of a bit of Government Hurricane Relief, down, or rather up, to the enthusiast who reads every yachting magazine, dabbles in designing, builds a boat now and then, and whose boats litter the beach for four miles. Not only will they advise you, but they will maintain against all the salty world their claim to unequalled knowledge of the sea.

There are a few fine sailormen among the Bahamians, but far more "duds." There are hundreds of men getting their living out of salt water who dare not lose sight of the land; who will not sail at night; who will tell you that your vessel might weather a hurricane in the mangroves, but *never* in the open sea. They will also tell you — who know your boat from long intimacy and experience in all weathers — more about your own vessel than the designer, builder, or you yourself could ever imagine, or discover through familiarity.

Nor can a Bahamian believe that any but a Bahamian can possibly know a hurricane when he encounters one. A life of 40 years afloat in all the seas of the world does not convince a Bahamian that you may, perhaps, have seen a few breezes yourself. The fact that you bring your small vessel a thousand miles or more to their islands by the wide ocean route, will never persuade the Bahamian that you can handle your ship. There are still men in Nassau and the Out-Islands who will die in the belief that none of the modern racing yachts can hold a candle to a native-built sail boat with a baggy, loose-footed sail. You may make your anchorage in one easy reach with your own boat, where a loose-footer takes three tacks, and make it in seven minutes against twenty; but that will not prove anything to a Bahamian.

And the old *Gauntlet* has laid her bones on the Andros beach simply because she was asked to ride out a hurricane to anchor, instead of in her own loved element, the open sea.

*Gauntlet* has been sufficiently familiar for many years in widely distant waters and on strange coasts to make it unnecessary to repeat her history here. Men who have sailed in her praised her seaworthiness, her easy comfort in tall waters, her kindliness of handling. In the hurricane of 1927, which devastated the New England and Nova Scotian coasts, and strewed the seas with the wreckage of fine vessels, *Gauntlet* was one of the few vessels to come through and make port unassisted and unharmed. When, entered for the Bermuda Race of 1923, a committeeman insisted that the old boat was unsound, and persuaded his fellow committeemen to demand that she be surveyed, *Gauntlet* passed Lloyds' survey and elicited from the surveyor the remark that she was far more fit to make a sea passage than most of the racers he had seen.

Her last passage was indeed her last, Marblehead to Nassau, seventeen days, two hours, anchor to anchor. At least, that was the last passage of any length. After a visit to Andros in August, she returned to Nassau for awhile, then went to Royal Island harbor to secure the seclusion needed for the skipper's work. She was there when the hurricane burst over the islands in September, and it was a real hurricane. The center passed almost directly over the ship. A survey of the barometer log for those three days would have been priceless; unluckily, the log, with everything else destructible, was lost. But it was not so long ago that memory need be faulty.

On Friday, September 14th, the barometer started to move downwards at three o'clock in the afternoon, weather flawless, the lightest of breezes. The movement was slight; but at four o'clock it had amounted to four-hundredths, at a very regular rate of one-hundredth every 15 minutes. Evening was coming on with no suspicion of changing weather; but at five o'clock the barometer showed another definite fall of four-hundredths. The schooner was lying in a small, totally landlocked harbor, with one anchor ahead on 30 fathoms chain — a common anchor of 150 pounds — and a 75-pound anchor on a new whale line mooring her. In ten feet of water, on a grassy bottom, in a harbor almost as closed in as a dock,

it seemed to be sufficient ground tackle. But it was the hurricane season, and, contrary to Bahamian notions, it is entirely possible for an outsider to know his hurricanes. At 6 P.M., when the barometer was still falling by hundredths, the awnings were taken in, furled, and lashed in the rigging. The dinghy was taken on board and lashed fast. The schooner was moved ahead by motor, and the third anchor, 74 pounds, dropped abreast of but spread from the big bower, also with 30 fathoms chain. When the barometer was last read that night the fall was still regular. The weather said the barometer lied; but barometers rarely lie.

Saturday came bright and fair. But the glass was falling rather more rapidly now. In the forenoon a slight scud

**Three days of wild bananas and paw-paws, the land like a battlefield. The skipper ashore after the hurricane.**

was flying fairly fast from the northeast, though otherwise the weather remained unchanged. At noon, however, the falling mercury took a sharper drop, one-tenth in an hour and one half. Still, to all outward appearances there was nothing to worry about. But it was clear to any experienced eye that more than a mere summer storm was imminent. "Long notice, long last," is a maxim more often true than false. The anchor on the whale line was taken up and run out ahead, spread with the other two towards the northeast, and all the cables were veered to the bitter ends. The big anchor had 30 fathom of chain; the other chain had 60 on the windlass; the whale line was nearly 400 feet, and the inboard end was made fast to the foremast and parcelled in the bow chock.

While these preparations were afoot the barometer had the cabin to itself, and took advantage of it. By the time everything movable on deck had been made fast, double lashings passed on reefed sails, axe laid handy forward by the windlass, and motor all ready for running, the barometer read 29.47. A greasy haze covered the sun, and there was an occasional whine in the wind. But not until sunset was there any tremendous change in the visible weather. It was still possible to cook and eat supper in tranquility. When the first real gust of wind came, nearly eight o'clock, there was apparently so little to cause uneasiness that after a careful scrutiny of things on deck the skipper went on writing.

The wind soon settled down to business when once it struck. Landlocked and shallow though the harbor is, a sea soon kicked up that kept the schooner twanging on her cables. At ten o'clock the three cables were stretched out like a fan — ahead, to port, and to starboard — and one might easily have stood on them. Against the sky the island ridges showed sharply; every now and then a volley of spray whitened the blackness above the trees. A tall hummock on one bearing, a lone tree of queer shape on another, were good marks to watch for dragging. Midnight came and the gale was yelling. The forepart of the schooner was a-smother with flying water. Those two bearings never changed. The cables grunted and clangored on bobstay and hawsepipe; but the schooner held fast. It seemed impossible that the wind could increase in that sheltered place; but experience is a fine teacher if one will learn. There seemed to be no possible cause for uneasiness; nevertheless, the motor was started, and was kept running at half speed to ease the strain on the anchors.

At one o'clock, the glass took a sudden tumble. It had appeared to be steadying for awhile. Now it abruptly fell to 28.10, almost an inch in an hour. And — well, it had never blown a whisper before! Motor speeded to full power — and it was a new 35 h.p. machine of splendid performance. A careful, crawling venture forward to look at the cables, and a nervous sort of return with a wind that picked one up bodily from hands and knees and ripped clothes apart. And rain! And torn seas! A wind that exploded rather than blew! The mad vibration of seas against the outer coast of the island, and the bursting of those seas, the hurling of sheets of water high over the land, driving them to cut like sleet whatever of flesh they encountered.

But it was a low barometer. It could not go much lower. And the old schooner was holding on like a good one. There was no noticeable change until 2 A.M., when the barometer was still going down. It read, at 2.10 A.M. that Sunday morning, 27.96, and the storm took a fresh hold and *blew*!

Now the range marks were going! Motor at full speed, all those anchors out, with all that scope, in ten feet of water and good bottom, and the schooner was going! No use thinking of forcing her out with the motor; that was already wide open and could not hold her up. She went quickly once she tore the hooks loose. Somewhere in the screaming night astern of her lay a shore of coral rock, a shore that makes broken glass feel like swansdown. The roar of the combers could be heard, oh, very clearly! How long would she take to drag that far? Nothing could be done; there was but the one hope that she

**The sloop *Rosalie*, loaned by the Commissioner to take a crew to the *Gauntlet*.**

would take the ground before she struck the rocks. And that's what she did, at 2.30 A.M. She struck fairly easily, her deep heel dug in, her bow swung around, anchors and all, and the seas had their will of her.

The motor was stopped. No use running it now. The vessel was lying over on her starboard side, heading now across the harbor. A water light broke loose, burst into flame, and fell on top of a spare gasoline drum. That had to be got away. The skipper crawled out again, thigh-deep in furious surf to leeward, and cut the water light adrift;

flung it as far as he could seaward, and had it flung back again. Next time it went clear, and blazed bloodily against the blackness for what seemed eternity. It shone upon the dinghy, burst from its lashings, one tackle gone, and the other tackle holding it by the nose, so that at every blast of wind it leaped from the water and blew out like a bucket on a lanyard.

Then a lull. From 2.50 to 3 A.M. the wind rested; but it was no different than lulls in other hurricanes. At 3 A.M., the gale struck down afresh, from the S.E. and the schooner started across the harbor, dragging all her ground tackle, and drove 200 yards on the bottom. She brought up at nearly dawn, with her bows and bowsprit in the scrub grown rocks, her starboard bow partly stove, her bowsprit broken, and no more than four feet of water anywhere around her. Every sea that rolled in drove her harder up. Until the gale died, almost at noon Sunday, she took a pounding to which few 30-year-old yachts are ever subjected.

It was easy to get ashore by way of the bowsprit. Though broken off short, it still held in place as if whole, simply by the taut strain of her head gear and the trip of the rocks and scrub. Decks were swept clean. The leeward end of the harbor was littered with the dinghy, awnings, spare sails, buckets, gratings, tanks, and small stuff. The permanent boom crutch was no longer a fixture. When that carried away it burst one of the gaskets, and part of the mainsail had blown loose; the rest of the furled sails were snug on their booms.

There she lay. Three days later a lighthouse crew whose lighthouse had blown down came along seeking help for themselves and found the *Gauntlet*. They shook their heads when they saw her situation. But they volunteered help; they were sure they could float the ship. When it's a matter of physical effort and perseverance, trust the Bahamian, as long as there is a leader who has a definite idea. Even a definite leader will not always ensure entirely intelligent action: if foul hawse has to be cleared, with the chains twisted into a veritable rope, you may be sure somebody will manhandle one anchor, lift it from a boat, and heroically dip anchor and long chain around the other until it is clear. You may suggest that your own way is best, that it is very easy indeed to unshackle one chain at the inboard end and dip the short, light end. They will smile and agree politely, but they will drag up that anchor just the same, and laboriously dip it. If you are wise, you will not offer to help. You cannot pull like an ox or a mule. Leave 'em alone and they will shift anything moveable by sheer brute force.

The tale of *Gauntlet's* salvage merits a good many pages, but space is not here. After three weeks — two spring tides — during which the old ship lay hove down until her house was in the water, with a big motorboat slung from her mastheads, with hawsers and tackles, luff on luff, out sheer across the harbor and anchored to trees, rocks, and a buried anchor, the most that could be accomplished was to pivot the vessel so that she lay broadside to the rocks instead of having her bow wedged in them. The November tides were supposed to run higher than any other on that coast. The skipper was tired of seeing the old girl in that dire fix, so the ship was left in the light keeper's kindly hands, and all that could be saved out of the apparent wreck was taken aboard a large motorboat and tracks made for Andros where an invitation had long been open.

It was a change, and a rest. Here are coconut groves, a fine blowy beach, a grand barrier reef, and absolute solitude. Not even a wireless, or a horse, or a light other than torchwood or kerosene; only one bicycle, which the new padre brought out from Oxford, but which he soon discovered he would rather walk without than carry. Also a very infrequent mail, so that always there was a delightful sense of suspense whenever a sail crept in sight beyond the reef.

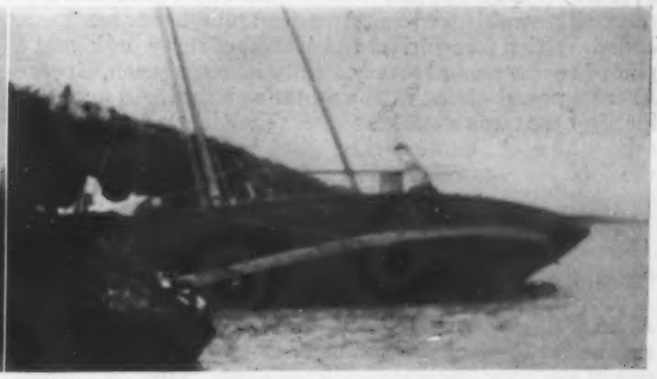
"Suppose it's the mail? Think they have floated her?"

When seven weeks had gone by since the hurricane, sure enough, there came the news. They had floated her. More, the letter said that she was cleaned up, and leaked no more than 20 gallons in 24 hours! Apparently the only serious damage would be that done to the motor by long submergence, for the ship was full of water every tide from the time she was hove down until she was floated. But sails were bent, she was rigged, and ready for the fetching.

In Andros they are building a fine big double-ender, some 60-odd feet over all, and of large tonnage. They have been building her for over a year. She will almost certainly be ready to launch and begin fitting out by 1930. Where such a vessel can be launched it should be possible to haul *Gauntlet* up among the trees and let her dry out and be repaired at leisure, for it is scarcely to be hoped that she escaped damage entirely, in spite of apparent immunity. That she appeared no more injured spoke well for her sturdiness. There was a very definite conviction among Androsians that she could be handled on the beach; to leave her in Nassau on the slip meant staying near by to watch every bit of work done, every scrap of material used; and Nassau in the winter season is possible only to drones and those who feed upon them.

So a sloop was chartered, and a crew taken up to bring *Gauntlet* down. The distance, roughly, is 90 miles, with Nassau about halfway. The good people of Egg Island Light had done more than well. They had the old ship looking like a yacht—almost. Of course she lacked a nosepole, and her paint was a bit "crummy"; her bows were sprung a bit, and some rigging was not quite according to

Where the hurricane left us.



No bed of roses!

Bristol fashion. But there she lay, and after two days without trial the pumps freed her in 15 minutes. Every last tiny piece of gear left behind had been carefully washed, dried, and laid aside as tenderly as if for a bride's hope chest. There was a bowsprit to make. From somewhere the light keeper produced a fine pine stick that needed to be squared and fitted with the salvaged gear from the old sprit. The job was done in a day, and again the old ship looked perky and proud.

The start for Nassau was made on the tail end of a fierce nor'easter. It was dead astern, and as good a chance as possible. Running before it, the ship kept up a steady six and one half knots, practically only her mainsail drawing; but it seemed unwise to press her. She was not leaking, either. She made the run to Nassau in a little over 6½ hours, and the distance was 45 miles. The run up harbor, from bar to anchorage, was a tight pinch, which she made in the one board; but, pressed down by the strong wind, she showed that she was strained. She leaked ten times as much in seven minutes, close-hauled, as she had in six hours' running or in 24 hours at anchor.

That was as well to know. The motor was overhauled in Nassau. A really efficient mechanic came to look the job over on Sunday. He had no tools; he was a plumber. But there all resemblance to an American plumber or mechanic ended. With a screwdriver from a box of rusty junk, and a pair of tweezers, and a very solidly frozen wrench, George Aranha poked about in the motor's gizzard. All he asked for after that was some kerosene. When he was ready to go ashore at noon, he was asked when he would be out to do the job. For answer he said solemnly, "You can try her now, sir."

That's all. She was tried. She *went*. The starter worked. The cabin lights went on. The side lights, too. The motor *moted*.

And the wind was still fair for Andros, besides. An Andros man stayed aboard to pilot the schooner through the rather bad channel down at Mangrove Cay. The rest of the crew had gone on in the sloop. A hint of portent was sensed when the schooner touched the ground leaving Nassau harbor, under the pilotage of the Andros man. He knew the eastern passage. *Gauntlet* never used that entrance, but stuck to the deepwater vessel's bar entrance when left to herself. But this was not a bad touch; she slid over and kept on going. She needed no more knocks, however, and it was not fair to her to take her in such shallows.

Motor and sail, together or singly, carried her down to the Andros shore by dusk. It was too late to catch the tide for the channel; she was to be anchored off Little Golden Cay to wait for a spring tide. The pilot had entire charge. Even if you have no faith in a man as a sailor — if he splices a broken gaff lacing instead of knotting it closely, though you can see clearly he will never get the splice through the eyelets, or, though he insists in dipping anchor and chain instead of unshackling the short end — in the matter of pilotage you simply must depend on him unless you are familiar with the reef waters. You will only wreck your ship more thoroughly yourself.

The schooner was anchored. Tide was about one-third ebb.

"Will she ride easily here?"

"Yassuh! Dis de onliest place she lay safe."

All right. A riding light is put up, and we sleep. At one A.M., low water, and "Thump!" It's like a truck falling on board. "Thump! Thump-thump! Crash!" That one was not beneath her, but squarely amidships, alongside. On deck, skipper alone, the rest dead-oh! Even the man who put her here. But *he* has to come out.

She has swung with the tide, and her keel is solidly on top of hard coral rock, not sand. "Thump! Thump! Thump-thump! C-rack!"

We had alongside a big, husky outboard motor boat borrowed for the occasion. She has swung off as the schooner fails to take the tide, and every time a swell surges in across the barrier reef she charges head on into the old *Gauntlet's* side. "C-r-rack!" That plank's gone! "Thump-thump-Terr-rump!"

That's solid rock against solid iron. And it lasts until almost dawn, for though she rises and falls to the swell, she's too fast to move her. Whatever the hurricane left undone, or partly finished, was undoubtedly finished now. She endured for two hours that ghastly hammering of seven tons of iron on rock rooted in the guts of Creation.

But be that as it may, now that the last word is to be said for a gallant old ship, it can only be said in fairness to 20 Androsians who worked soul and body to shreds trying to save her, that her day broke, her knell sounded right up there in the harbor of Royal Island, Eleuthera. All that happened afterwards would have happened later, anyhow — perhaps at sea. But that faulty bit of anchoring might have been avoided. It would have ruined a new vessel. There may be a lesson learned, at that. If you cruise in the Bahamas, and your vessel draws more than five feet, leave her in Nassau, and take your out-island trips in some local boat. If you are a deepwater sailor, and favor the deep draft boat, stick to your fancy, but do not bring her to Andros, at least. And do not let folks down here tell you that their boats are better than yours. Sponge vessels are fine for their business. Compared with a British or American designed and built sailing yacht they are poor sea boats and indifferent sailers in anything but sheltered waters with harbors always under the lee.

But back to *Gauntlet*. She was moved so that she swung clear of the coral, and she lay fairly well, waiting for the spring tides, until a hard norther blew for two days. During the big wind one of her sprung bows gave way; the hawsepipe tore out, and ripped away the bow planking for three or four feet. It was not yet time according to experts; but neither was it time to leave her where the rest of her hull could be dragged out. So on a new moon tide she was unmoored and brought up. It was another pilot this time. She touched on a sand bar wide of the channel. The pilot, who is said to be the only sailorman on Mangrove Cay, says he was right in the channel; everybody on the beach insists he was a hundred feet to the northward. Whatever, and whoever is right, there she stuck. And there she stayed. The last straw that broke the camel's back was perhaps lighter than the slight jar of her stranding; but the jar was all that was needed to complete what the pounding of Golden Cay and the hurricane began.

For a day and a night 20 men toiled at pumps to float her. She had filled at once, and sank, first high tide, and the ship's pumps were futile. Big box pumps were built and set through holes cut in deck and trunk; and twenty men worked as never men worked before. When the tide began to rise, the water rose with it. When the tide fell, the water fell. So a man went under her to see. The keel was split — the deadwood — and the garboards were out. The iron was loosened. Water simply flowed in and out with the tides. There was nothing to be done. The men who had pumped turned to and stripped her down. Later they got the spars and motor out of her. Today she lies on a sandy shore, slowly driving in, her iron keel totally gone, and her hull a playground for barracouta and crawfish. She will never take departure again. She has made her last landfall.

So-long, old *Gauntlet!* Peace.

*Adriatic*, a 26-foot Hacker Dolphin owned by J. D. W. Lambert, "cleaned up" in the runabout class, taking all three heats with ease. Powered with a 200 h.p. Kermath, she maintained a speed of 41 miles on her fastest full lap, with turns.

# Royal Poinciana Trophy Goes to California

*Thrills and Spills Aplenty in Seventh Annual Palm Beach Regatta. Sailing Race for Lipton Cup*

By Gerry Swinehart

GRACEFUL sailing yachts competing for a famous trophy on an azure sea, and large fleets of the nation's most noted speed boats in various classes roaring up and down Lake Worth, swept the Palm Beach Yacht Club to a successful conclusion of its seventh annual renewal of its Washington's Birthday Regatta at West Palm Beach on February 22nd after two strenuous days of racing.

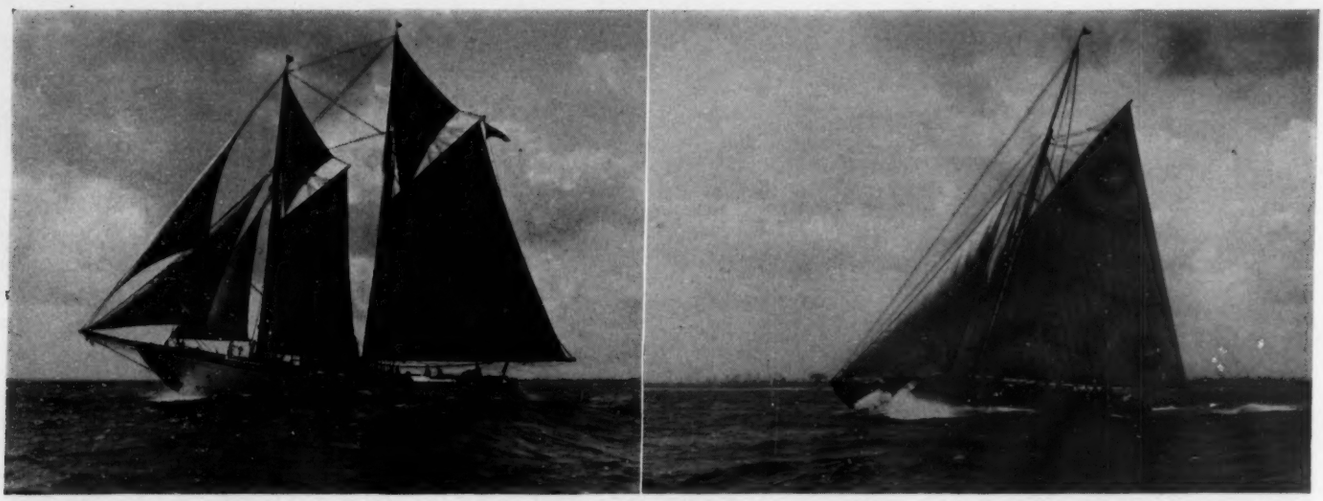
A number of things are worthy of note. As usual, the West Palm Beach regatta marked the official opening on the Atlantic Coast of the racing season for the new year. It also saw the passing of the original Royal Poinciana Trophy for 151-Class hydroplanes into the permanent keeping of Dick Loynes and his *Miss California*, from Long Beach. It marked the staging of the Palm Beach Yacht Club's first ocean sailing race, and it resulted in an unusual repertoire of regatta thrills — four upsets and one sinking. And finally, it witnessed the successful battle of the Palm Beach Yacht Club against unprecedented odds to perpetuate its Washington's Birthday water classic. Many of its fleet destroyed, its clubhouse and docks swept away last fall and the city devastated for a time by the hurricane of last September, the Palm Beach Yacht Club and West Palm Beach set their course as usual with the regatta, and won much praise from all hands for their determination and the manner of their "come back."

The most noteworthy incident, perhaps, was the permanent annexation of the much prized Royal Poinciana Trophy for limited 151 hydroplanes. Hung up seven years ago with the inauguration of the regatta, and at a time when 35 miles an hour was a tremendous speed for motors with 151 cubic inches of piston displacement, the cup until this year defied the best efforts of many a skilled driver to win it three times. But during the closing days of February Dick Loynes turned the trick, driving *Miss California* at a speed of better than 48 miles an hour at times.

The Californian has not won without a bitter struggle, however. In 1926 he made his first "win" on Lake Worth. In 1927 he broke all local records by repeating. In 1928 he came back to finish the job. But another "native son" was on hand in the person of Ralph Snoddy with his *Miss Rioco I*, of Los Angeles. Handily, the holder of the Duke of York Trophy and one of the finest and best liked sportsmen in the game, put Dick to rout and annexed a leg himself.

Days before the opening of the 1929 regatta both drivers were in West Palm Beach preparing. Battle was in the air. The records show that Loynes was victor. And now a new trophy has been hung up by the Poinciana to tempt drivers in the years to come.

"Dick" Loynes in *Miss California* winning permanent possession of the Royal Poinciana Trophy at the Palm Beach Regatta.



**The sailing race for the Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy was held outside Palm Beach in a brisk breeze. At the left is Miss E. Marie Sinclair's *Virginia*, and at the right, Commodore Conkling's sloop *Marchioness*, the winner, with sheets down and "stepping out."**

The first heat of five miles in this year's battle for the famous cup saw seven limited "hydros" take the starter's flag. Snoddy immediately went into the lead. But before the first two-and-a-half mile lap had been completed, his 70-pound engine battery broke loose and he was forced to lend one hand to holding it. Loynes, in *Miss California*, finished the five miles in 6:28, or at an average speed of 46.632 m.p.h. Snoddy, in *Miss Rioco I*, came in fourth in 6:59. *Smiling Dan IV*, owned by Loynes, but driven by "Gus" Walker of Los Angeles, finished second in 6:52 with E. W. Hammond's *Miss Westchester* just two-tenths of a second behind.

In the second and final heat, *Miss California* made the run in 6:23, or at an average speed of 46.997 m.p.h.; *Miss Rioco I* in 6:31:2 and *Baby Tarpon*, owned by Commodore Robert Ringling and driven by John McGarva, in 7:35. For the entire event Loynes amassed 400 points, Snoddy 125 and *Smiling Dan IV*, 116 points.

**Elmer Johnson's *Sparrow* was doing well until sunk by driftwood in the second heat of the 151-Class.**

The next day, in the unlimited competitions — two heats of 10 miles each — *Baby Tarpon* was returned the winner, with Snoddy's *Miss Rioco III* in second money and *Smiling Dan IV* in third place. Snoddy won the first heat, driving an average of 43.90 miles per hour and with *Baby Tarpon* just one minute in his rear. *Smiling Dan* was third and Elmer H. Johnson's *Sparrow* of Bennington, Vt., fourth.

When the boats lined up for the second heat only three were able to make the run. In the first lap *Baby Tarpon* established her supremacy by making the two-and-a-half miles in 3:20:4. *Smiling Dan* made it in 3:40 with *Sparrow* two-tenths of a second faster. On the second lap, *Sparrow* was doing nicely with *Tarpon*, but just after rounding the north buoy she struck a nest of driftwood and sank in eight feet of water. Johnson, her owner, was unhurt. The boat, a hole in the hull, was recovered three days later. *Baby Tarpon* finished the heat in a total time of 14:13, with *Smiling Dan* in second place.

**The outboards at Palm Beach were out in force and turned in some fast times. Start of final heat, Class C.**

An interesting event of the program was the ocean sailing race for the Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy, held outside on the ocean. The wind was brisk. The sea heavy. As the four yachts got the gun, Miss E. Marie Sinclair's schooner *Virginia* crossed in the lead. Soon, however, Commodore D. H. Conkling's Herreshoff-built sloop *Marchioness* passed *Virginia* to windward and blanketed her. After rounding the first buoy the *Virginia* again showed her heels off the wind. But on the windward leg the *Marchioness* regained her lead

(*Continued on page 110*)

# *Colleen* is Shining Star at Havana

## *Bedford Yacht Makes Remarkable Showing—U. S. A. Wins Team Race from Cuba*

F. T. BEDFORD, sailing his *Colleen* for Central Long Island Sound, brought additional honors to his fleet by winning both the Mid-Winter Championship of the Star Class and the Bacardi Cup, competed for at Havana in two series of three races each from February 15th to 22nd. *Colleen* romped away with the open Bacardi series, but was only able to win the Mid-Winter title by the scant margin of one point after a spirited battle with G. W. Elder's *Iscyra II*, challenger from the neighboring Western Long Island Sound Fleet.

The perpetual Mid-Winter Challenge Trophy of Cuba, presented to the Star Class by the Cuban Government four years ago, is competed for each winter at Havana, and for this series entries are selected by elimination in each fleet. Today the event ranks as the second most important in the Star's long schedule of major championships, and the winner is awarded a silver star, just as the winner of the "Internationals" receives a gold one. With the United States, France, and Cuba represented, the event this year was as international as the "Internationals" themselves. The big cup, probably the largest competed for in any sport, was first won by Ernest Ratsey's *Irex* of Western Long Island Sound. In 1927, Prentice Edrington's *Sparkler* carried it to New Orleans, while last year it was won by F. H. Robinson, sailing the *Budsal II* for the Peconic-Gardners Bays Fleet. By reason of this, *Shinnecock*, skippered by Paul Shields, with his famous brother "Corny" as crew, was the defender. This is the first time, however, that a Central Long Island yacht has ever brought the title back to the States. To win this event, on top of winning the last Atlantic Coast Championship and two Lipton Cup series last summer, gives to the *Colleen* the most remarkable record of any yacht in the Star Class.

***Colleen*, F. T. Bedford's Central Long Island Star, took both the Bacardi Cup and the Mid-Winter Championship. She is shown crossing the finish line in Havana Harbor.**

Weather conditions were almost identical each day and proclaimed as abnormal by the local skippers. All the races were sailed beneath clear Cuban skies and in a gentle offshore southerly breeze. Though the course was out on the open waters of the Gulf of Mexico, there was little sea and the wind, as it came in varied slants from the high buildings and streets of Havana, was as fluky as any that has ever been experienced on Long Island Sound — and then some.

There is little to be told of the Bacardi series. *Colleen* won all three races and won them easily. Her only competitor was the Gulf of Mexico, which the crew, W. J. McHugh, had to bail out of the boat, as *Colleen* had evidently been strained in shipment and was leaking somewhat at times. Conditions were such in all races that leeward starts were unavoidable, and in the open event, with 19 starters, wild scrambles at the line were the inevitable result. The yachts were soon strung out and in some cases there was only one windward leg due to the wind shifting after the start. The Shields Brothers were within striking distance of *Colleen* for a time but were never able to beat her. *Mambi*, a local yacht, would probably have figured in this series had she not met with an accident in the first race when Riva carried away a stay and was forced to withdraw.

The championship series furnished the real thrills of the weeks. In this series *Iscyra II* won two out of the three races, the first and the last. In both cases she was last at the first mark and seemed unable to run or reach with the others in light air. In each case, however, Elder brought her through for a win, picking up boat after boat and finally passing *Colleen* on the last round and then covering her on the final beat back to the starting line. The second race in this series decided the championship. For two rounds, the Flotte de Paris entry had held the lead and, try as he did, there was nothing that Bedford could do to pass Conill. The first leg of the last round was a reach to the Morro Castle mark and had been a broad reach on the previous rounds. Both Conill and Bedford bore down on the mark while Elder, who had worked into third place, pinched the *Iscyra II* as the wind hauled a little more to the east. The result was that the leaders had to make a short hitch and *Iscyra II* crossed the *Colleen's* bow at the mark. On the broad reach to the outer mark, Elder had as great difficulty in passing the French flyer as Bedford had had. Unable to drive under her lee, Elder luffed and Conill threw his boat up almost into the wind. As the two yachts remained in this position, Bedford drove the *Colleen* under the lee of both and won the mark. It was the deciding incident of the 1929 series for *Mambi* and *Shinnecock* rounded the mark but a second or so behind and blanketed the leaders on the run home, which *Colleen* won while *Iscyra II* fell back to fifth place.

Flotte de Paris and Lake Champlain were sailing in their first Star Championship, the former being represented by E. J. Conill, who is the first to represent any European Star fleet in a title event in this hemisphere. Conill's ability was demonstrated, and there is little doubt but that France's entry in the next Internationals will be heard from. B. B. Burton performed far beyond expectations, as none of the small lake fleets have ever made as good a showing in championship competition before. As to the Havana yacht *Mambi*, she showed some exceptional bursts of speed, but also suffered a withdrawal as the result of a broken tiller fitting in the first

*Iscyra II*, G. W. Elder's Star, runner-up in Mid-Winter series.

Left to right; *Mambi*, a Cuban entry, *Lucky Lindy*, *Shinnecock*.

*Almendares*, E. J. Conill skipper, was the first European entry.

championship race, so that both series were lost to Riva before they had actually started.

"Nick" and "Al" Williams, of Gravesend Bay, displayed more skill and judgment in the handling of their *Lucky Lindy* than they have ever shown before. They won prizes in both series and were always well up among the leaders. In the last championship race they overtook and cleverly outsailed the *Colleen* on the last leg, finishing second, while in the team race they did the heavy scoring for the American team.

For the fourth time in as many years, the U. S. A. defeated Cuba in the annual team race between the two nations. The score, however, does not indicate the keenness of the competition in this event, the result of which was in doubt until the very last, nor must anyone think that Cuba was not well represented, for she had the strongest team that a U. S. A. quartet of Stars has ever met. Time and again Cuba has met with ill luck when having a combination that had every chance to win. Some idea of her team's strength this year may be gained from the fact that J. E. Gorrin, who defeated Ratsey and other equally well-known American skippers last year in the Pan-American Cup series, was unable to make this year's combination.

Patterson's *Delfin*, taking a leeward start, went out into the lead as the other seven yachts fought to cover one another at the weather end of the line. *Mambi* pulled out from this group while deSena kept the *Colleen* covered for a short time. *Iscyra II* brought up the rear, camped on the *Coco's* wind. *Mambi* drew away into what seemed like an unbeatable lead, with *Colleen* trying to catch her. Jack Robinson, International Champion of 1924, was sailing the *Shinnecock* with an American named Skelton as crew, while Walter Eimer, of the Victory Class, was substituting as crew on the *Iscyra*. Robinson luffed two Cuban yachts while *Iscyra II* drove for the next mark, having left the *Coco* wrapped around the first mark.

On the wind, *Colleen* parted her mainsheet and shortly after *Iscyra II* parted a jib sheet. With *Mambi* far out in front and *Shinnecock* trailing in last place, it looked very black for the team from the States. The damages were soon repaired, however, and the Williams Brothers had brought the *Lucky Lindy* into the picture and were hot on Riva's trail. The wind, which had been brisk and the only real breeze of the week, freshened to a half gale on the last round. *Iscyra II* was now leading and *Colleen* and *Lucky Lindy* overtook the *Mambi*. *Delfin* was right in the fight also, but as the Williams Brothers crossed the line, followed by Elder, Bedford kept ahead of *Mambi* and also managed to nose out the *Delfin* by a few seconds, thereby giving the U. S. A. the first three places and the race.

A special race for those who did not make their national teams was won by F. Bru in the *Mara*.

Though it may not seem in order, no account of the winter's regatta at Havana would be complete without mention of the prizes. Cuban prizes and Cuban hospitality are unequaled. For daily first there were such prizes as silver bureau and smoking sets, sets of cut crystal wine glasses with silver bases, gold clocks and watches, and all of the finest workmanship inscribed with the crest of Cuba, for the Government provides these wonderful trophies each year. While Mr. Bedford and Mr. Elder carried away all the first, the former doing exceptionally well in this regard, the Cuban skippers and the lone representative from France came in for their full share of seconds and thirds, and American skippers did not carry away everything in sight, as in some former years.

The races were conducted, as usual, under the joint auspices of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association and the National Tourist Commission of Cuba. Rafael Posso was Chairman of the Regatta Committee, and upon his shoulders fell the burden of the work connected with everything pertaining to the races and the

(*Continued on page 106*)

The fleet at close quarters in one of the Bacardi Cup races.

Getting under way from Norfolk, bound for Beaufort, Florida and the West Indies.

# *Postscript's* Winter Cruise

## *Part II — From Norfolk to Palm Beach on the Second Leg of a Long Cruise in a Tabloid Cutter*

*By* F. Slade Dale

BY the time we reached Beaufort, N. C., from Norfolk, we were ready and impatient to take up the outside course once more. *Postscript* seemed to us more adapted to the open waters of the Atlantic than to the shoals and narrow channels of the inside route — though once or twice in the next few weeks we wondered whether we were not mistaken.

There are several forms of occupation open to the crew of a sailboat following the narrow channels of the inside route between Norfolk and Beaufort. Sailing is only one of them. We sailed when there was wind, drifted when there was tide, and rowed when there was neither. The queer thing about it was that we seemed to enjoy it all, even the rowing. It must be admitted, however, that a particularly enjoyable occasion was the day when an oyster boat towed us 25 miles. Of course we did not dare ask him for a lift — he looked too busy for that — but when we saw him coming up astern we jumped into the dink and rowed furiously until we were out of breath and rather forlorn in appearance. Naturally, when the oysterman came alongside his heart was touched and he volunteered a tow line.

But we were not always so well taken care of on those two hundred miles of endeavor; the first day out of Norfolk we lugged full sail until we piled up on a shoal and had to wait five hours for the tide. It was during this interval that we became acquainted with a draw tender who informed us that only three real gentlemen had passed through his bridge in a fortnight — the other four hundred boats had let him open the draw full width.

Under way once more, we sailed and drifted until dusk, not forgetting to give our draw tender a short blast when he had opened wide enough to let us squeeze through; but apparently his remarks earlier in the day were not meant for us, for he paid homage to our motive power by opening all the way to give a safe clearance to the end of our boom.

We lay a day or two at Belhaven, waiting for a breath of air, and finally set out in company with a little oyster sloop to beat our way down the river to Pamlico Sound. It was monotonous drifting for a while; then the wind began shifting all around the compass and we imagined ourselves capable of guessing the wind and currents to better advantage than our oyster friend, with the result that by mid-afternoon we were still within sight of the docks of Belhaven while the oysterman had long since dropped over the horizon and was probably busy dredging oysters in the Sound.

The first time we went out of Beaufort we lay becalmed all day near the sea buoy. We went swimming, rowed a little, read for a while, and finally about dusk, with a doubtful sky, we called off our attempt and spent the next four hours beating back into the harbor, a distance of only three miles. The following day and night brought a rising southeaster and we felt fortunate in our situation. Our second attempt to get under way for Cape Fear was not unlike the first, except that we did manage to sail a few miles before giving it up again. But the weather looked better this time, so we anchored offshore near the buoy for the night and would have had an unbroken sleep but for a Coast Guard patrol boat which sighted our riding light and came alongside to see what was keeping a boat out there all night. We told him all he could do for us was to send along some wind. About 4 A.M. we got a breeze from the northwest and accompanied by some puffing porpoises we set off down the coast, followed in the distance by the menhaden fleet from Beaufort and Morehead City.

We were now approaching what we considered the greatest obstruction in our southbound course — Cape

We were becalmed all day off Beaufort, N. C.

Fear. Sharing many of the awe-inspiring characteristics of Hatteras, this North Carolina cape presents to boats under sail an even greater problem than its famous neighbor, for there is no way of shunting around it through an inside passage. We did not know how best to handle the matter; whether to go far offshore to the lightship, beyond the long ridge of outlying shoals, or to take our chance in the buoyed slue near the beach. It might be safer, though longer, to go far offshore and have nothing to do with the shoals; but at the same time such procedure might consume just enough extra time to catch us in a dangerous position should it begin to blow.

For let it be understood that a tabloid is not wholly a free agent offshore in strong winds. She is not helpless, but her choice of progress is restricted to the two leeward quadrants. This is a weakness she shares with square-riggers and with many of our coastwise fore-and-afters. And if it blows very hard her progress is not a matter of choice at all — it becomes, at best, a drift dead to leeward. When we read sometimes about miniature hulls beating valiantly to windward in gales of wind it is not so much a recommendation for the boat as it is a reflection on the veracity of the man who rated the wind as of gale force. It is a matter aside from all features of design, for there is no boat — be her design ever so weatherly and her rig perfect—that can derive sufficient driving force to move to windward when her sails are gyrating and cavorting as do a tabloid's in a really rough sea. And this is one of the reasons why constant vigilance must be the tabloid's motto. She simply *must* have either sea room or a harbor to leeward in a hard blow.

But in our case the weather was destined to settle the Cape Fear question by sending us unexpectedly into Wrightsville Inlet for a week's shelter — and incidentally for *Postscript's* most strenuous test — before guiding us safely through the slue and putting us on our way down the coast. Like so many obstacles which seem formidable in anticipation, Cape Fear itself proved meek and docile, but it played its hand by proxy on Wrightsville bar just the same.

We had no desire to run any inlets between Beaufort and Georgetown, for most of them are bad at their best, and are apt to be impassable in weather that is severe enough to force strangers to seek shelter. But when one afternoon we drew abreast of Wrightsville Beach, 25 miles above Cape Fear, it seemed the lesser of two evils to attempt to make a harbor rather than to run down on Frying Pan Shoals after dark with a following wind. If we had been through the slue before or had been sure we could pick up the three lighted buoys in proper order, we might have taken a chance and continued, but the thought of running into a narrow channel in the darkness, with breakers close on either hand, could not compete with visions of a quiet anchorage inside Wrightsville, and it was not long before we found ourselves sailing back and forth outside the bar trying to decide whether the two buoys actually marked the best water. The tide was ebbing, but this unwelcome condition was offset by the generally mild state of wind and sea.

We used the lead to feel our way toward shore, when suddenly it shoaled so rapidly that we were at a loss to tell where deep water lay. The next moment we hit bottom. We were not on a breaking shoal, however, and diligent use of the pole and manipulation of the headsails soon had us clear again and on our way into the anchorage before the falling tide could snare us.

But when it came time to leave we were not to get away so easily. A hard northeaster blew for several days just after we went in, and when the wind did moderate there was still a heavy surf on the beach and a bad break on the bar across the inlet. Perhaps our impatience influenced our judgment, for in our eagerness to carry the last of the waning northeaster through the Cape Fear slue we determined to get out of Wrightsville Inlet at the first opportunity. Whether the occasion of our first attempt was an opportunity or just a temptation will always be a matter of some doubt, and it brings up in our minds the whole question of where to draw the line between unwise or even foolish proceedings, and daring, though sane, attempts. If we are to base our conclusions on the actual outcome of this particular case, then our action was justified, for we suffered no disaster; but, even so, it does seem that there was sufficient element of danger to cast some doubt on the wisdom of our course. If we had been racing there would have been no question about it; there was chance enough of success to justify unhesitating action. But we were not racing, and instead of having other boats to defeat we had shoals and breakers as opponents, and perhaps a mild form of disaster awaiting us if we lost.

The conservative opinion is that the cruising man should not take chances; should not risk his boat for the sake of a few days gained; should not mix racing tactics with cruising custom. And this is, perhaps, the proper attitude as far as it goes. But unless you want to crawl along and stick your nose into every harbor on the coast you cannot get anywhere under sail in a tabloid without taking some chances. And after all, when the cruise is

As the surf looked to us from shore at Wrightsville Inlet, before we tried the bar.

over the thing that counts is not the question of how safely you made the passage, but how much you enjoyed it. So every man to his own taste. If a certain Captain Drake loses boats in the West Indies and wrecks them in Europe, more power to him. He probably *could* "mosey" along if he wanted to, and do it all in the conventional, safe way, but perhaps he is governed by an impelling love of daring and enjoys taking more chances than most persons. Is not that as likely to be the case as that he is a careless, inexperienced sailor? Why should he, or anyone else, coax and coddle his boat if it is more fun to push along and take the risks as they come? We groom and curry our racing boats to the ultimate degree, and fret and worry lest something scratch their hulls or stretch their sails; yet when we get in a race we drive them to destruction; we let them strain and work; we lug sail and pray for wind. Why? Because that is what we have them for; their mission in life is to *race*, even if they are broken to pieces doing it. Why should not the same idea apply to cruisers? Must we always think of a cruiser as an effeminate thing, to be brought back after every cruise as unblemished as when it started out? Why not let her share the thrills of her racing mates and give her owner the sort of companionship his temperament deserves? He need not be wilfully negligent or abusive, and he need not wreck boats too freely, but let the cruising man take a chance occasionally and enjoy himself without heaping coals of criticism upon his head. After all, the boat is his own.

When there was neither wind nor current we towed *Postscript*.

We would not have had any torturing regrets if *Postscript* had come to grief at Wrightsville — no more than if we broke a mast or blew a sail to shreds in a race. On the other hand, it would have been a different matter had she been damaged when she went ashore back at Cape Charles; in that case, we would have suffered a sense of guilt of no small magnitude, for her misfortune there was due to carelessness and a bit of poor sailing.

It was the day before Christmas when we attempted to go out through the breakers on Wrightsville bar. We had scanned the inlet from shore and were not misled as to what lay in store for us — not wholly misled, at least. But we did err in our estimate of the force of the wind, and whatever surprises we encountered came about as a result of our overestimating the strength of the moderate northerly breeze. Part of the break on the bar was due to the ebbing tide, but the heaviest breakers came rolling in as a part of the northeast storm of the previous days. While the ebb tide made the bar doubly dangerous, we had no choice but to go out on a falling tide, if we were to go out at all, as there was not wind enough to push us out through the breakers with the added handicap of a head tide.

We lashed the "dink" securely in its chocks on the cabintop abaft the mast, lashed everything else in place on deck and below, and got under way with full staysail and full mainsail, but with jib furled on the bowsprit. The jib would have but little steadying influence in such light wind and turbulent water, and it simplified matters to have it lowered away and furled in the event of having to make any sudden maneuvers in the inlet. As we approached closer to the stretch of broken water we were a little awed, I think, by the size and impressive appearance of the breakers which loomed up across the whole width of the channel ahead of us. I remember considering the advisability of anchoring or turning back, and of the rather helpless feeling I had when I realized that either course was futile; the anchor was securely lashed — a necessary evil — and there was no possibility of beating back against the tide. So we continued towards the breakers, and enjoyed one of the greatest experiences we have ever had.

Now, going through breakers is not an unusual event, even through breakers the size of those we were nearing, but it is one thing to go through them with your boat under control and behaving properly, and quite another matter to be carried helplessly into them by the tide. For we were soon to lose the wind from our sails and to be left without steerageway or the least control whatever over our course. As long as we were head-on, everything was all right; we went into the first breaker in good

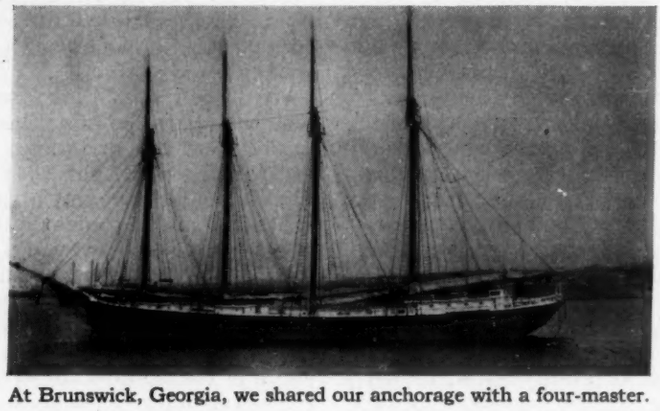
Deck view, showing details of gallows frame and cockpit.

*Postscript* in frame, showing sturdy construction.

shape; the bow lifted nicely, the foam swished by on both sides. We plunged down the other side, bobbled uncertainly a moment, and then proceeded forward again towards the next ridge of oncoming water. There was really nothing to it. We scarcely took water on deck, the "dink" was secure, and there was nothing to worry about as long as the wind held. But there was about five hundred feet of bar to cross before we could get beyond the breakers, and when the wind began to falter that distance looked endless. Moreover, each breaker carried us backwards a little as it passed under us and with our sails losing their effectiveness there was only the ebbing tide to depend upon, the sails doing nothing more than to keep us heading right.

And then the rudder began to lose its effect. A breaker lifted our bow and set it down ever so slightly to one side, and the rudder would not straighten us out. Then things happened quickly. The next breaker caught us on the starboard bow, threw our bowsprit high in the air, pushed us backward on its face, and then stole under us with a roar and a hissing, churning sound that I can never forget, leaving us broadside-to and in the way of whatever was to come next.

I suppose the next breaker was the climax of the whole experience, for as it approached it looked mountainous in height and overwhelming in its intensity. Actually, I suppose the wall of broken water on the face of the wave was six or eight feet in height, probably nearer six, and the wave itself may have had a trough-to-crest height of twice that, although this latter is pure guesswork. We were not concerned with the wave height, for we would lift with it; but that vertical wall of water crashing towards us gave rise to a keen sense of suspense and anticipation, even though we did not have time to recognize dread or fear in our mingled emotions.



At Brunswick, Georgia, we shared our anchorage with a four-master.

I think I expected a complete knockdown — sails, spars, deck under water, and dangerous volumes pouring into the after cockpit. We had left the after hatch off so that we could stand up inside the cockpit without losing our balance, and for a moment this appeared to be a fatal mistake. The breaker came at terrific speed, it seemed, and struck the side of the boat squarely, but, strangely enough, without the great shock which we expected. Spray flew to the masthead — so we were told afterwards by spectators on shore — but the boat had started to give in the direction of the wave sufficiently to sap the breaker of its damaging force, and we were conscious only of water pouring into the cockpit and of a quick roll to leeward, followed by the swish and roar of the crest and, then, comparative quiet.

But we were in no better position after the wave had passed than before, for it left us broadside-to and there was not much pause between the breakers. The next one seemed even bigger, but when it had gone the way of the first we began to see that we were not going to take such a beating after all. Then the danger seemed to lie in getting carried up on the beach or upon the shoals to leeward. The sails were useless, and the boom was swinging madly over our heads; there was too much turmoil and commotion to do anything with the pole even had we been able to reach bottom. We wondered whether the tide or the breakers would win out in their struggle to take possession of us, and we hoped it would be a short battle. We wanted to be carried out to sea or washed off the bar into deeper water before something serious happened.

Half a dozen breakers like the first came upon us before we began to swing off, stern-to, and then we gradually worked inshore as the sails began to draw and we gained steerageway once more. The breakers followed us and threw our stern skyward each time, until it seemed that she would broach-to, but after what we had just been through these stern attacks seemed weak and half-hearted, and we soon turned our backs upon the waves entirely and picked our course inshore. Actually, the waves were probably as bad as those which came at us broadside, but taken stern first they were harmless and we rode them with less effort than those which we encountered bow-on on the way out. I suppose we might have tried again to get over the bar, and had we had a timely puff of wind we would have succeeded, but we were somewhat out of breath, mentally and physically, and the quiet of the harbor seemed very attractive. There we took stock of things, found that we had shipped not more than 25 gallons of water through the after hatch, and that nothing had been strained or broken. For the present, we decided to conduct ourselves a little more conservatively, and patiently waited for more moderate weather.

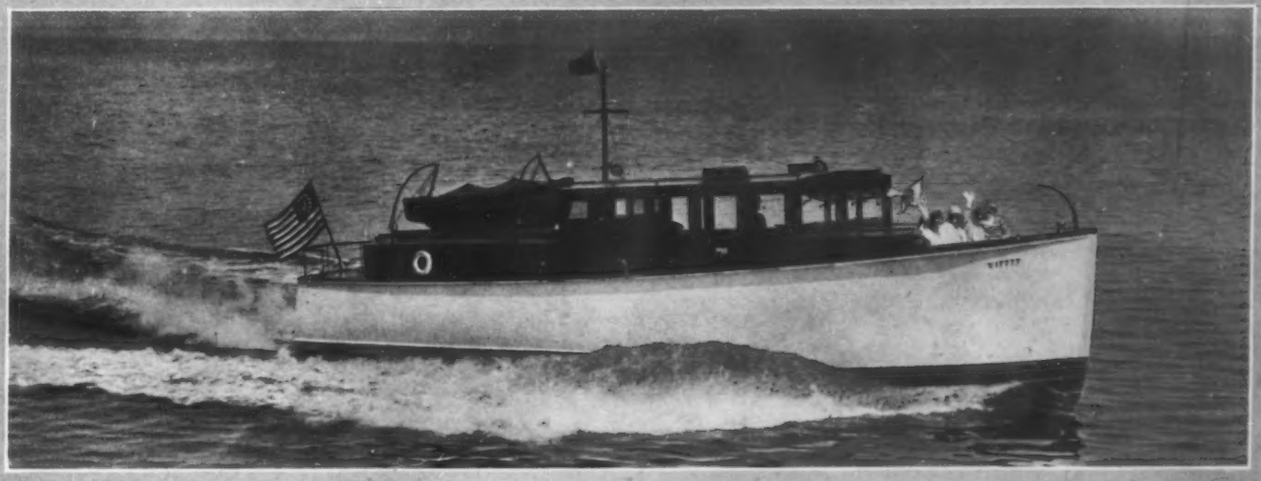
We made a number of stops on the way to Palm Beach. At Winyah Bay we ran in between the stone jetties against a strong ebb tide which caused a steep rip in the fresh northeasterly wind which was blowing. We were thankful we had sail to steady us, for it would have been a wild bit of going for a power boat. A couple of days later we sailed outside to Charleston. From there we made only fair progress, close-hauled in a choppy sea. We could not hold up to our course, and after sailing all day and night we got a shift which brought us in to land at St. Catherine's Sound, where we made harbor to avoid what promised to be a night of slatting calm offshore. Then we took advantage of a fair wind and sailed inside to Fernandina, sometimes beating our way around a bend in the channel or creeping through a narrow dredged cut. We tacked successfully out of one canal only 60 feet wide, and at Fernandina we were ready to swear that we would never go inside again—and a few hours later we found ourselves beating up the twenty-odd miles of the St. Johns River, from its mouth to Jacksonville.

From Jacksonville to Fort Pierce we sailed without particular incident, except that we were miserably sick off Cape Canaveral when it breezed up from the north and made quite a sea on the edge of the Gulf Stream. We failed to locate either of the buoys on the shoals off the cape and for an hour or two kept a sharp lookout for breakers on our course, but it is doubtful if we could have distinguished them at any distance, for the crests were all lopping off and looking white. We used our squaresail to advantage from dusk up till midnight, for the wind and sea had increased to such an extent that it was difficult to steer, although we had two reefs in the main, and both headsails set to steady her. She would not sail herself under squaresail, but was easily steered. On occasions such as this there would be no other way of making progress.

(*Continued on page 108*)

The fast runabouts, with speeds of 30 to 40 miles per hour, are becoming indispensable for Winter use in the South or for those who live on or near the water. This is one of the handsome Dodge 26-footers, embodying the essential qualities of comfort, roominess and speed.

A 39-foot Robinson Seagull Sedan Cruiser, combining the qualities that appeal to those who know boats — smartness of appearance and finish, and excellence of design.



Even in cruisers speed is now getting to be considered an essential. In the Huckins Fairform Flyer, with a forward cockpit and large enclosed bridge deck, there is plenty of comfort for a long cruise on 42 feet of length, at speeds of from 25 to 30 miles per hour.

# A Suggestion for Handling Large Racing Classes

*How the Race Committee of the Duxbury Yacht Club Solved the Problem of Equitably Dividing a One-Design Class of 43 Yachts*

By William Glidden, Jr.

*Duxbury Yacht Club Race Committee*

FOR several years the Duxbury Yacht Club had been faced with the problem of dividing its growing fleet in the Duck Class, which at the beginning of the season of 1928 numbered 43 boats. We had found that with more than 20 boats in a race a good start was often a matter of luck rather than skill, and that too much emphasis was placed on the result of the start, as even our best skippers found it difficult, if not almost impossible, to work up through the large fleet of evenly matched boats. We were looking also for some way of eliminating the jams which were occurring regularly at the first turning mark, unless the first leg of the course was set directly to windward, and in fact we had come to the conclusion that there was nothing in favor of, and many objections to, large classes of boats racing in a single division.

As sentiment was strongly against the establishment of two entirely separate units, we had to cast about for some system whereby each boat in the class could be given a chance to sail against all of the other boats some time during the season, thus competing for the same championships.

Rather than divide the boats arbitrarily it seemed best to us to allow each skipper to work out his own salvation. We believed that this might be done by establishing two divisions on the basis of the positions of the boats in the preceding race, and requiring the second half of a first division to change places with the first half of a second division at the conclusion of each race.

Theoretically this would allow the more experienced skippers to fight it out among themselves for positions in the first or A division, thus insuring keen competition, and would encourage the less experienced skippers by greatly increasing their chances for a win in the second or B division. In actual operation the theory worked surprisingly well and resulted in a much more satisfactory season than any we have had since the class has exceeded the 24 original boats.

Our season's championship was sailed in a series of twelve races, the standing of each boat being figured on a percentage basis, and in computing the final standing four byes were allowed without penalty; in other words, the sum total of all points won when divided by the number of races sailed gave the final standing of each boat, but no divisor smaller than eight could be used.

Our greatest problem was to evolve percentage tables for use in each division which would be fair to each and all boats, and on the theory that a boat finishing about in the middle of Division A was entitled to and should receive about the same rating as a boat finishing near the top of Division B, two separate tables were computed with a differential of 20 points between any position in Division A and the same position in Division B. Each table is based on a spread of 80 points instead of the usual 100. For example, in a ten-boat race each following boat received only eight points less than the boat ahead, instead of the usual ten; but while the winner in Division A scores one hundred, the winner in Division B scores but eighty.

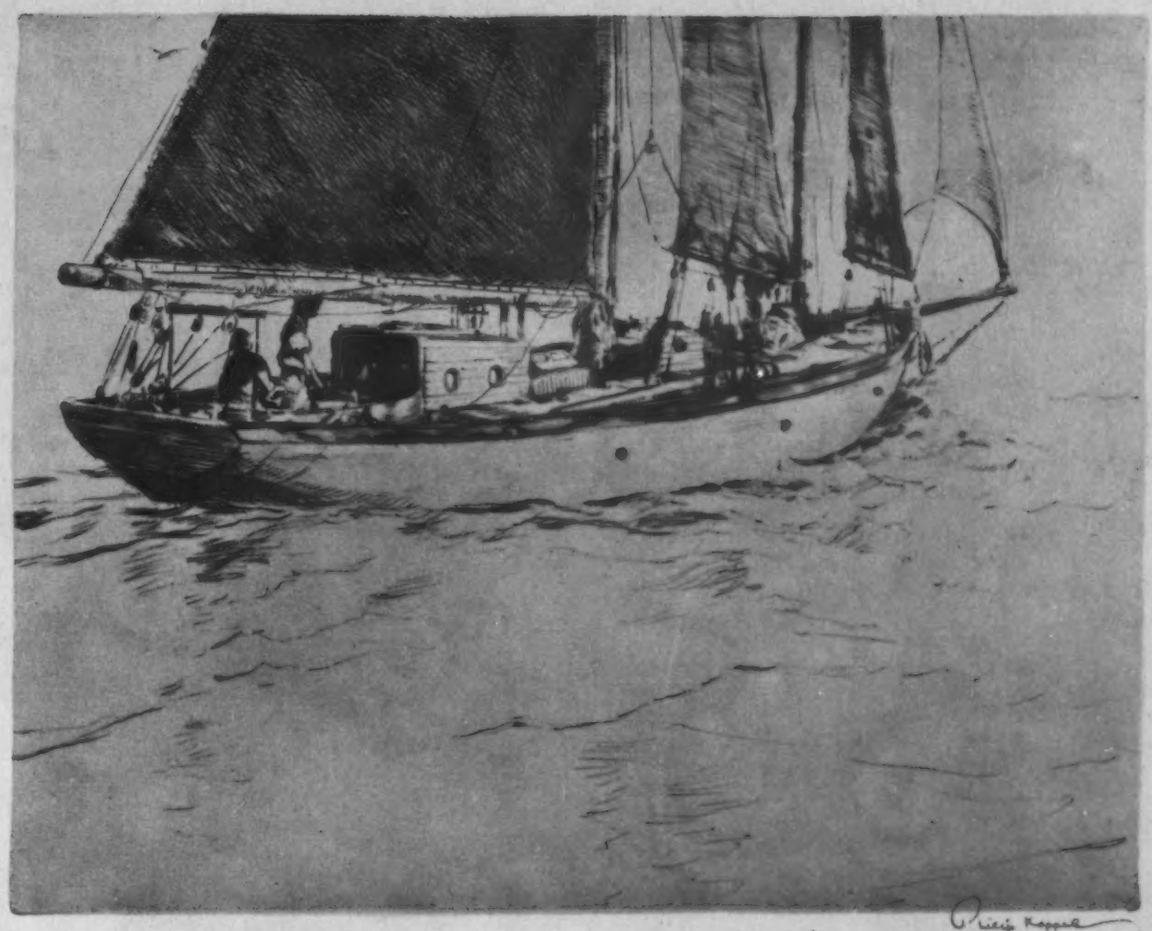
The first race of the season was sailed in one division, and Division A percentages were used in figuring all standings. Thereafter each new starter sailed her first race in Division A, thus giving each boat her chance at the higher ratings.

After the first race the fleet was split in half, the first half, or Division A, consisting of all boats finishing with a percentage above 60 and all new starters, and the second half, or Division B, being made up of the starters in the first race finishing with a rating of 60 or below. For the second race Division A percentage tables were continued for that division, and Division B percentages were then brought into use for the second division. At the conclusion of the second and all subsequent races, all boats in Division A finishing that race in the lower half of the division were demoted to Division B and all boats in Division B finishing in the first half of Division B were promoted to Division A for the next race.

From that point on approximately half of each division changed at the conclusion of each race, so that there was a constant shifting throughout the season and each skipper had an opportunity to race against every other skipper, though there were a few boats which stood quite constantly either near the top of Division A or near the bottom of Division B and which, therefore, seldom changed. It is interesting to note, however, that no skipper was able to hold a place in Division A throughout the season.

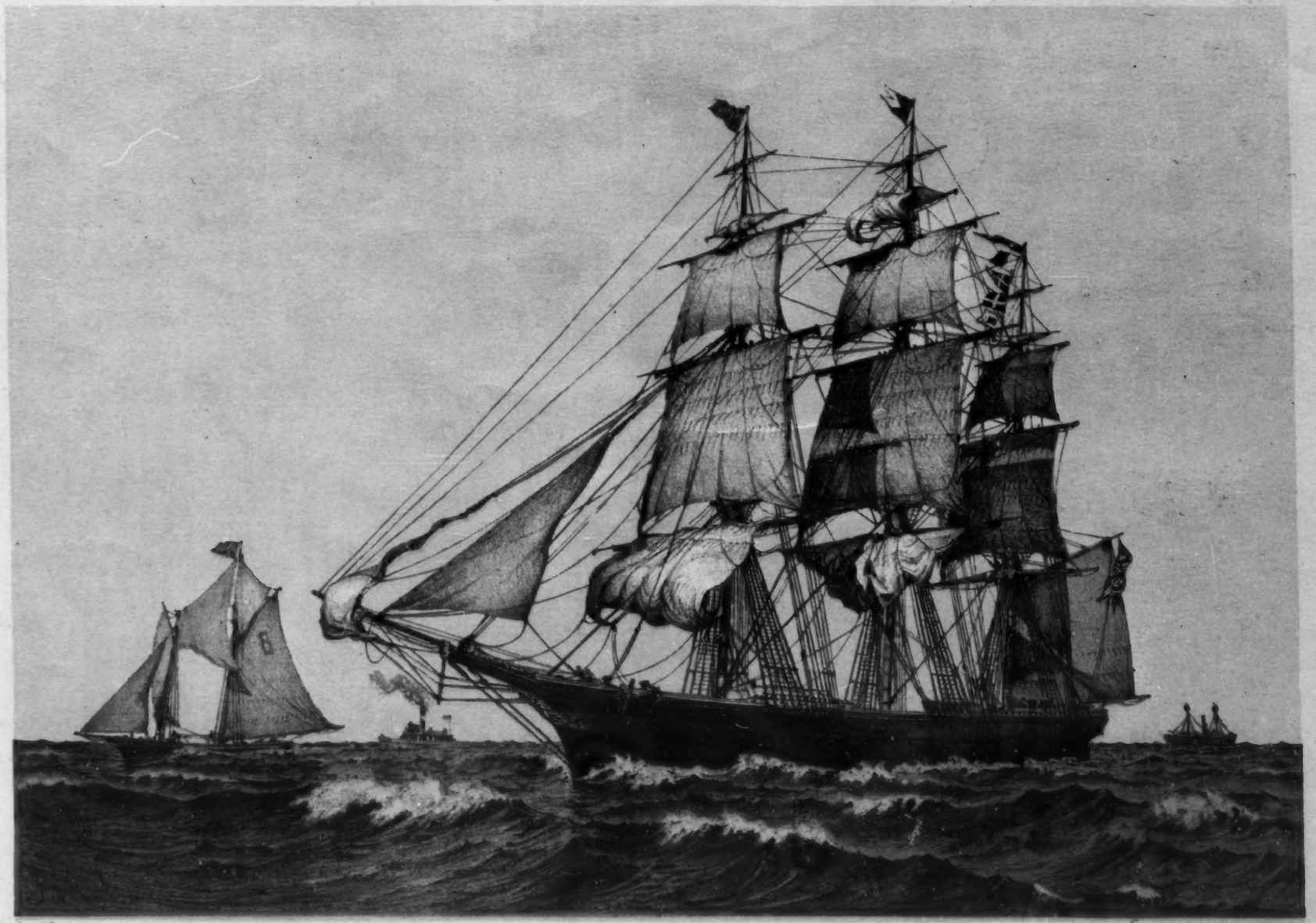
Before the start of each race large blackboards were posted on the club pier, one giving the racing number of each boat in Division A and the other giving the numbers of Division B. The divisions were started fifteen minutes apart, other racing classes being sandwiched in to prevent confusion; and as a means of identification all boats in Division A were required to carry a small blue flag tied on the main sheet at the point where it reached the end of the boom.

This solution of our difficulties, for such it proved to be, worked so well and seemed to be so completely satisfactory to all of the skippers that it seemed worth while to give the foregoing description of it for the benefit of yacht clubs whose one-design classes may have become unwieldy. After watching the working of this plan last summer another Massachusetts club has definitely decided to give it a try next season. The Editor of Yachting will put anyone interested in further details in touch with the Chairman of the Race Committee of the Duxbury Yacht Club, who will try to straighten out any doubtful points and will welcome any and all constructive criticism.



THE *NIÑA*, WINNER OF THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S AND FASTNET CUPS, 1928.
From an etching by Philip Kappel.
(Courtesy Schwartz Galleries, New York)

A GLOUCESTER FISHING SMACK DRYING SAILS.
From a pencil drawing by J. J. Tapley.




CLIPPER SHIP *FLYING CLOUD*, ARRIVING OFF SANDY HOOK, 1851.

From a series of lithographs of American ships, by George C. Wales.

(Courtesy Charles E. Goodspeed & Co., Boston)

An eight-foot sailing dinghy swung on davits across the stern of a 30-foot A.C. F. Cruiser.

# Getting the Most from the Dinghy

*A Well-Designed Tender, Plus an Outboard Motor or a Sail, Will Make This Part of the Yacht's Equipment a Real Joy to the Cruiser*

By Keene Richards

BY many owners of small cruisers the dinghy is considered to be more or less of a necessary nuisance. This need not be the case if a little thought is given to the problem. Actually, a properly selected and handled tender may add much to the pleasure of cruising. And conversely, nothing can be more of a curse than a poor dinghy. This adjunct to the cruising boat is apt to be an afterthought. Any old thing will do. As a result many a shipshape yacht is disgraced by a "dink" fit only for the wood pile.

Many good qualities need to be combined in this little craft if she is to be a success, and needless to say we have to compromise on some of them. Let us look over the requirements of our ideal, particularly at this fitting-out time of the year when one is considering his equipment needs for the coming season.

First of all, she must be safe. It would be unreasonable to expect to carry a lifeboat, but within the limitations of size she must be as seaworthy as possible. If the lines are good, this requirement is a question of honest construction. We will take such construction for granted and leave out of this discussion some of the "berry crates" that one sees towed astern of too many yachts.

She must be small enough to be handled by one man; this means both in and out of the water. As the limiting factor is the ease of handling *out* of the water, this requirement is closely allied to that of weight. In fact, these characteristics are inseparable. This is particularly true if the "dink" is to be stowed aboard. The answer is the smallest, lightest-weight boat you can get without sacrificing safety.

The carrying capacity of your tender must be so related to the size of the parent craft that not too many trips will be required to land her company. This quality may be sacrificed to some extent if an outboard motor is provided. Ample freeboard and good design, however, will give great weight-carrying ability in even the smaller sizes.

Towing must be possible without too much fuss and expenditure of power, and without the yawing so often seen in some models. Generally, the best place to fasten the painter is just above the water line. A heavy shackle or ring must be provided, as the strain is severe, and this fitting must be bolted or riveted through the stem and not simply screwed on. The painter should be paid out slowly with the cruiser at normal speed until the point of least resistance is found. This will probably be when the "dink" is on the forward slope of the second stern wave, in the case of a power boat. The painter may be marked with a bit of marlin where it is made fast to the bitts, after the proper scope has been determined. And don't forget to take up slack when reducing speed or backing, or both propeller and line will suffer, not to mention the owner.

A leaking dinghy is certainly a prize nuisance. Tightness is essential; but in a boat that is alternately in and out of the water this is very hard to secure. Good construction and careful usage may keep the all wood boat tight, but the canvas-covered model is the only one that will always be dry. More about this later.

Durability and appearance are matters of construction and design. A well-built boat costs a lot of money, but it will last for years if given reasonable care. Many owners who keep everything else about their yachts in perfect order neglect their dinghies. Such neglect may spoil the whole appearance of their cruiser. The tender at the float is subject to much closer scrutiny than the cruiser, and a very bad impression can be given guests who are brought aboard in a dirty dinghy.

A properly built dinghy will afford much pleasure under sail if equipped with a centerboard.

There are three types of boats in common use as tenders: the clinker built, varnished, or painted model; the flat-bottomed type; and the canvas-covered, round-bottomed model of canoe construction. Dories are sometimes used, but are generally too heavy for the small yacht.

The clinker built dinghies are beautiful models and in many respects are fine boats, but they have certain definite disadvantages. Let us compare them with our ideal. They are safe, may be had in small sizes, and are moderate in weight. Their carrying capacity is large, they tow well, and when properly built they are probably stronger than any other model. They are not easy to maintain, especially if varnished, as the clinker method of construction makes cleaning, scraping, and refinishing difficult. Open gunwales are absolutely necessary, and desirable in all models, to facilitate dumping and cleaning the interior. No tender makes so good an appearance, when well kept, as the varnished, clinker type. They are more expensive than the other models and are difficult to keep tight. Any boat of wood construction that is alternately in the water and out of it, in the sun on a float or on davits, is bound to leak. This applies to the carvel as well as to the clinker built type of construction. This sort of boat must be protected from the sun and not allowed to dry out, or it will not be satisfactory, in spite of all its good points.

The average landsman believes the flat bottom boat to be safer than other types. This fallacy is no doubt due to the fact that she does not seem as lively as the round bottom type. She will pound and ship water when the other model will rise over the seas. For fishing, beaching, and as a work boat, she has some advantages, but they end there. In the small sizes her weight-carrying ability is low, she is hard to tow, is heavy, makes a poor appearance, and unless kept afloat at all times is apt to leak badly. This type is cheap and is easy to clean and keep up. Ease of construction probably accounts for the large number of "dinks" of this model.

The canvas-covered boat of canoe construction comes the nearest to meeting the requirements of our ideal small boat tender. This model has good lines and is fairly seaworthy. It is very light in weight and easily handled. Air tanks may be fitted without making the weight prohibitive, and when so fitted the result is the nearest approach to a lifeboat practical on a small cruiser. In common with the clinker type, the canvas-covered model has good carrying capacity, and most of the stock models now on the market tow easily. Their appearance, while very attractive, is not quite up to that of the clinker model, and while there is little danger of the canvas tearing, it sometimes gets scratched from beaching the boat. The most important advantage of canoe construction is the fact that it is always tight. These boats may be exposed to the sun for days and will not leak a drop. This feature, combined with their extreme light weight, makes them ideal for carrying on board. When towed, their drag is scarcely noticeable.

This subject would not be complete without giving some consideration to the sailing dinghy. Nothing will add so much to the enjoyment of cruising as one of these little craft. Cruising by sail alone takes more time than many of us can spare, and yet what other sport can give the thrill and exhilaration of a boat under canvas? A properly built sailing dinghy will afford much of the pleasure of a larger boat and still permit the speed and comfort of cruising with power. Such a "dink" will do all that the ordinary tender will, and in addition afford much pleasure after the anchor is down. These little fellows are most complete with centerboard, mast, sail and rudder, all of which will stow easily in the dinghy. If such a boat is to be towed, it is necessary to fit a stopper to the centerboard trunk, or water will slop aboard when towed at speed. These little sailboats may be had as small as eight feet in length. They are fast, handle surprisingly well, and in any but a stiff breeze are perfectly safe, far more so than the sailing canoe, by reason of their greater beam and bearing.

When considering the dinghy the outboard motor must not be overlooked. Equipped with such a motor, the dinghy makes it possible for the cruiser to anchor in the more remote parts of harbors, away from the noise and congestion, and still avoid the long row when going ashore.

"When considering the dinghy the outboard motor must not be overlooked."

There are many creeks too shallow for the parent vessel that are well worth exploring in the tender with the aid of the motor. The light-weight twin cylinder motors are the best for this purpose, and then the transom must be strongly built to carry them. The lines of a dinghy will not give speed, and it is a mistake to fit too much power. It will merely result in shoving her nose in the air. An eight-foot dinghy of canoe construction will carry three people safely at about six m. p. h. with a light twin motor. With only one person aboard, he should sit on the center thwart, using an extension tiller if necessary.

At best a tender in tow is a nuisance, and in a following sea she may be a danger, both to the towing vessel and to herself. Few yachts under forty feet in length undertake to carry their boats aboard. It has often been stated that to do so is dangerous. This need not be the case if a little thought is given the problem and the dinghy stowed in a seamanlike manner. First of all, a tender to be carried on a small cruiser must be small, light in weight, and she must not leak from exposure to the sun. These specifications very nearly eliminate all but the boat of canoe construction. This type will not gain weight by the absorption of water, and an eight-foot sailing model will weigh only about 65 pounds. Such a weight will not alter the trim of the cruiser, nor will it add enough top weight to be

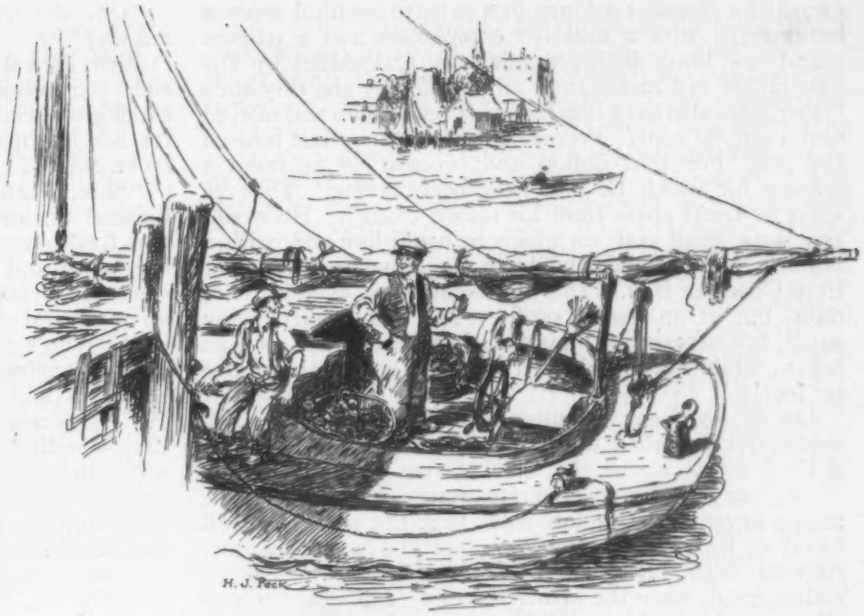
(*Continued on page 120*)

# Sea Legs

*With Apologies to "Alf" Loomis*

*By* CAPTAIN ABILDGAARD

IF it is Destiny who shapes our ends, then she must have had a mean eye out for Porpus George. Born of Kankakee Lil, who temporarily had taken up with the skipper of the *Two Brothers*, Porpus uttered his protesting vagitus at the break of a harly dawn, off Manitou. And, hard ticket though she was, let us not look too askance at poor Lil; for while the probable father was absorbing the miracle of his only offspring, the undoubted mother was fast closing her eyes upon the sole contribution of a provocative life. The smile of chance motherhood, as nearly spiritual as one might hope from such as Kankakee Lil, scarcely had left her blanching face when our hero gave forth another sound, the peculiar "blowey" emission of a porpoise — but in diminuendo — for which the skipper of the *Two Brothers* was famous.




". . . a few minutes later there emerged a shorter man."

"A real sliver off the old handspike," admitted Old Porpus to the mate who, having been a family man, was in attendance. Thus confirming his parenthood, the skipper returned to the deck whence he had been called but five minutes before, closed the companion doors on the strange scene that still left him in a daze, and was promptly washed overboard by a huge "grandfather" which, no doubt, had been building up, ever since the beginning of the morning watch, along the many miles of gray wastes that lay astern. Our Porpus, then, arrived in Chicago, an orphan.

Here Destiny left him, to grow to lusty boyhood in a foundling's home on Milwaukee Avenue, while she went elsewhere on her self-appointed business. Yet she evidently saw to it that he should find his playground on Goose Island, where the muddy Desplaines casually divides between her appointed channel and a cut-off ere it marries the larger stream which then flowed into Michigan. The island, with its lumber yards of square piled deals — like an ever changing maze in some fantastic moated citadel whose buildings grew and disappeared, magically, from week to week — held such a fascination for him that he gave scant thought to whatever might lie beyond its restless confines. Even when fussy, buffalo-bearded tugs brought their overladen charges alongside the grimy wharves to discharge their pine and cedar-smelling cargoes, he awarded them but passing attention. Till one day when a kindly captain invited the boy to voyage down the river with him in the pilot-house, while he brought up another tow. For the little fellow was a likeable chap. Perhaps that came from his mother.

Now the sight of a lake schooner, though blowsy even in those days, coming in under full press from sparkling blue waters, had exactly the same effect upon him that it would have had upon you or me. Porpus wanted to become a sailor. Had he not become a sailor, we never should have known that his name *was* Porpus. And how can one spin a yarn about a sailor unless he *has* a proper nickname?

So it came about, after sundry other voyages, that one fine spring day he shipped on the *Two Brothers* who, in deference to her age, had been relieved of her mainmast and now wore what was known as a "Grand Haven" rig. A carpet slipper of a rig having a stays'l set between her main stump and the mizzen. Our hero, now eighteen and 160 in his dungarees, was taking the first trick out of port and the vessel was charging off in the puffs of a stiffish northwest breeze, as Grand Haven rigs have a way of doing. "Hoo," he blew, "hoo-oo, you lousy basket, come up, will you!" And, "Hoo-oo," again, as he poised his weight on the down spoke.

The skipper had been eyeing him curiously from the companionway. "Boy!" he exclaimed, "just who was your father?"

"Dunno, sir. Heard he was drowned off a vessel right after I was born. That's all they knew at the 'home,' except that some goddam sailor left me there at Milwaukee Avenue. Hoo! You lousy —"

"Well, *I* was the goddam sailor, and your old man was Old Porpus George, skipper of this here schooner, and he was washed over the rail *here* just about three minutes after I helped you into the world in *that* bunk, down *there*." He accentuated the italics by way of indicating himself with a horny thumb, waving a hairy forearm in the direction of the lee rail, and wagging a rusty shoe down into the messy cabin as though he were relating an event of historic import. Then, more to himself, "Yessir, he's got Lil's eyes, and blows like the old man. What was it now? A real sliver off the old handspike? We'll have to call him Porpus."

Affixed with a real handle, Porpus continued in the ways of the lakes till the sprocket of a coal hoist in Buffalo chewed off a foot and left him with a wooden stump below the knee. Had he been a skipper, or even a mate, perhaps he might have remained afloat. But one-legged sailors, contrary to accepted fiction, mainly are shore fixtures. After that he became a cargo checker, and eventually a stevedore boss, all the while keeping the yearn for open water under the buttons of his ample shirt. For he was a brawny fellow, now approaching middle age.

Then Destiny, once more rough-hewing at his ends in her back-handed way, placed a tiny tot in the path of an onrushing cable-car, and Porpus, being nearby, promptly rescued the child but left his other leg behind him. The wooden one too, for that matter. In return, he was

awarded a pleasant sojourn in a private hospital whence he emerged with a milk-fed complexion and a pair of brand-new lower limbs, wonderfully articulated by the best maker in Chicago, and all paid for by the tiny tot's father, who also gave him five hundred dollars and offered him a job, to boot. Porpus kept the money but refused the job. For that dollop had brought to nearness a scheme for which he had long been saving. That is, what he could spare from his saloon money. He would buy some small craft on which he could live and, with a mate to help, would run down Canadian liquor in her from Georgian Bay. This was being done, even in those days, but at an honest profit. Yet, small craft, being small, are necessarily limited in headroom when you go below, while Porpus, darn it, stood a good palm above six feet!

Let us now meet him more intimately as he is leaning meditatively against the bar in Heinie Boobler's saloon, a block or so above the Clark Street bridge. Almost burly, yet his frame suggests active power, and one might never know, unless told, that the real flesh and blood of him began some two feet above the sawdust covered floor. His face, still palish from his recent confinement, wore the rather inquiring expression of one who took the world exactly for what it was worth. That implied a certain sense of humor. He had Kankakee Lil's eyes, which were blue, her hair that lay betwixt blonde and brunette, and the slightly bulbous nose of his father. He shaved on Sundays and Wednesdays. This was Saturday night.

It was also the first of May, cold and raining outside. Porpus had been drinking, off and on, through the afternoon. But only beers. Absently, he was reaching for a half-emptied schooner which had been staling at his elbow, when the swing doors parted and flew back again in the wake of a very short man in a very long slicker that swept the floor in a somewhat devious course as he bore up for the bar. Much as though a boy-sized dummy arrayed in a man-sized coat had been toddled in from the street by a hatful of wind. The sleeves, turned half way up to the elbows, gave hint of other ownership. From a certain cant to his gait, one would take its present wearer for a sailor.

For a moment Porpus eyed him with a "Well-now, are-the-rest-of-you-fellows-seeing-what-*I*-see?" expression. Then he addressed the little man directly. "Stand up," he said, "you'll be getting housemaid's knees."

"Ain't *on* my knees," answered Shorty, "I'm made that way." And fumbling at the buttons of the slicker under the expectant gaze of all the barroom, even to Heinie who must needs lay himself across the mahogany to take him in, he presently disclosed a longish thick-set body mounted upon a pair of extraordinarily short legs.

"By the Gee!" exclaimed Porpus with a sudden burst of inspiration, "now if I was only a yard-high pump-handle like you —"

"You'd be little Willie Thumb! Huh?" The barroom guffawed.

"Belay it!" ordered Porpus, as much to the others as to Shorty, whom he hoisted upon the bar, like a Humpty Dumpty, in order to address him the more intimately, "and listen to me."

He, Porpus, had five hundred dollars!

"So had Marshall Field," returned Shorty, who was not to be impressed.

"Listen, runt." He, Porpus, knew where a tidy little sloop could be bought for the money, one that wasn't too small for Shorty to stand up in — and you just *had* to be able to stand up in a boat if you were going to live in her, or you'd get sprung over like a mustard picker.

"Oh, did you, and would you? And what of it, anyway?"

Well, here was the point. A little sloop would be all right to run liquor in, summers; and a cosy home in some small port, winters. No landlady to snitch your tobacco for her old man, and plenty of driftwood to keep the stove going.

"Sure," countered Shorty, suspiciously, as Porpus finished the neglected schooner and signaled Heinie for two fresh ones. "But where do *you* come in? Sit on the beach and shake down the profits while *I* take the chances in your dinky sloop? Just because I can stand up in her and you can't? Say, you big stiff, that's a good one! Who's paying for these beers? Me?"

"*I'm* paying for 'em. And *I'm* going skipper in the sloop. You'll be mate."

"That's another good one! Like as not you'll aim to sleep standing, with that ugly top hamper of yours poked up through the skylight. And every time it rains I'll have to go on deck and cover you with a tarpaulin. And suppose the top half of you froze some cold night, and the bottom half begun to go bad before I could get the top half thawed out? And —"

"Hold on," broke in Porpus, forcing one of the schooners into the hands of Shorty, himself engaging the other. "You see," he went on, setting down his beer at half tide and brailing up his trousers, "You see, I'm jury rigged from the knees down. All I need is a pair of *short* legs for going to sea with — sea legs!"

"For tha luvva Mike!" gasped Shorty, all but emulating the fall of Humpty as he leaned forward and beheld Porpus's artificial underpinning of flesh-tinted cork and leather covered steel. "You're a reg'lar double-barrel take-down, ain't you?" This last was not without a certain show of admiration.

"Sure, and what do you say we wet the other eye," suggested Porpus, shaking down his trousers.

* * * *

Four months later, and the *Marie* was as unobstrusive a sloop as might be found anywhere from Penetanguishene to St. Joe. She had been a trim little yacht, imported from the East. Now she was not so trim, rather more utilitarian as befitting a craft whose owner put her to more prosaic use, while her dress of egg-shell white had been burned off and replaced with a dingy black that already was beginning to show streaks of rust from her iron work. One would call her shabby. Her name, common enough in itself, was snyly stenciled in small yellow letters under the covert of her sloping counter. One looked in vain for her hailing port. Laid down in a pair of tubs that almost filled her tiny cockpit, were some old gill-nets which might deceive the curious landsman into taking her for a fisherman.

But they did not deceive a certain revenue officer who happened along the Milwaukee dock of a Sunday morning. Though the *Marie* lay directly abreast the river door of Sailor Pete's saloon, this in itself gave no large ground for suspicion. Yet those nets, what he could see of them, were too far gone for catching any respectable fare, nor was there any odor of fish about the sloop though it was a warm day in early September and the sun shone hot on that side of the river. She was a "rummer," no less, and her oddly assorted crew, the tall one who seemed to be her owner, and his diminutive mate, while sailors, right enough, had no more concern as to the fish that swam in Lake Michigan, than the lamas of Tibet.

In short, her very disguise, coupled with certain whisperings which had come to the ears of the authorities, threatened to be the undoing of Porpus and Shorty who

had been prospering very tidily in their chancy trade. It was known that a small sloop was in the habit of making regular trips northward from certain ports along the Wisconsin shore. Ports where prime Canadian whisky was to be had for the first time since the notorious Mike Coffey had been run onto the beach, some years before. But she never had been seen making the return voyage. On the other hand, a similar craft, but larger and rigged as a cutter, was known to sail *down* from the Straits, though she never had been seen sailing *north* again! So there must be two "rummers" working at this game, and where they met to transship their cargoes was for the *Wilmette* to discover. She now lay, steam up, some 20 miles away in the harbor of Racine, while her captain was gamming through the lazy forenoon in the police station, handy to the telephone.

"'Hang on!' yelled Porpus."

Presently the tall one folded himself down into the cabin whence — a few minutes later — there emerged a *shorter* man. He must be a twin brother, except in stature, to the one who has just gone below. The resemblance was startling, yet what piqued the curiosity of the revenue man, even more, was how there had been room for any one else after the large fellow had fitted himself into the cabin. Porpus merely had changed onto his sea legs, and now the *Marie* was cast off and her jib hoisted to the down draft that was blowing out from the river.

Twenty minutes later, the desk sergeant nodded to the *Wilmette's* skipper and handed over the phone. "She's standing out now," began the voice at the other end, "a little black sloop with no topmast." That was all. But it was enough, and without saying a word as to his errand, the captain bade goodbye to the sergeant and hurried down to the wharf.

A strong southwest breeze was now blowing and the *Marie* scurried off with it well on her port quarter, gradually widening the Wisconsin shore as she headed northward. Miles astern the *Wilmette*, aided by the wind and following sea, was doing somewhat better than her 12 knots, for she was a fast boat in those days. By mid-afternoon the mainsail of the sloop, with the sun full upon it, could be made out dead ahead, slowly receding from the horizon. The captain rang down the *Wilmette* to half speed and turned in for a nap. To the crew of the sloop, close to the water as they were, only the smoke of the revenue cutter would be visible in the haze of the southwester astern, and she might be any slow ore boat, flying light for Duluth. After sunset, the captain rang her up again. But here he made his first mistake, for the breeze had fallen off and the *Marie* was slowing to mere steerageway. The scant wind was shaken out of her sails by the lop of the easing seas. It was dark, and suddenly Porpus leaned forward from the wheel and pounded on the cabin top. "On deck, runt, and bear a hand with this mains'l."

"What for?" queried Shorty who had just gone below, "it ain't going to breeze up, tonight."

"No. But I mistrust something else, and that danged gaff is making too much noise for me to hear."

So they lowered away, the headsails as well, till there were only the occasional tap of a halliard and the creak of her rudder to be heard as the sloop wallowed in the shortish troughs. Porpus passareed the halliards and becketed the wheel hard up to still the rudder, and then he went below and pressed an ear to the planking in the lazaret. There was no mistaking the quickened thump-thump of the *Wilmette's* propeller, as she rapidly drew up.

"I *thought* that fellow was firing up too often to be a freighter," announced Porpus, extricating himself from under the cockpit. "She's a yacht, or the *Wilmette*. And if she ain't the *Wilmette* then that revenue dick that come down the dock this morning is my aunt's sister. We'll fool her. Up with them sails!"

So they made sail again and Shorty took the wheel while Porpus lay below and shifted onto his *shore* legs. As the moon came up, they jibed over to catch its light full in the mains'l. Another few minutes and the *Wilmette* might have run them down, for they burned no lamp in the cabin. As it was, she sheered by, scarcely half a cable length away, and her captain, standing on the flying bridge that straddled her pilot house, looked and rubbed his eyes and looked again, and saw only a most diminutive sloop with a tallish figure at the wheel — Shorty standing in one of the net tubs to give him added height — and an even taller person forward, clearing the wheft. This was Porpus, all a'taunt on the cabin trunk. He seemed to reach almost half way up the mast, while the *Marie* was dwarfed to a mere toy! Porpus waved a friendly hand.

"Hell!" growled the captain to the chief who had come

(*Continued on page 114*)

# More Speed for the Power

## *The Value of Properly Conducted Model Tests to Determine Hull Forms for Certain Speeds*

*By* GEO. HILL

ANYONE who visited the recent Motor Boat Show must have gone away impressed with the excellent work of the organizers in giving the public a chance to examine so many fine boats, and with a general feeling of satisfaction that so wholesome a sport as yachting should have so large and generous a following. No single article can do justice to the Show, for there are too many angles of it to be covered. As I am particularly interested in the development of the cruisers, I shall confine my comments to them.

I was somewhat disappointed in the design of the boats shown, for while they were roomy, comfortable and of proper cruiser speeds, many of them were also very high-sided, with the square stern, deep forefoot, straight keel, heavy and unstreamlined skeg that we have come to expect in a cruiser but do not particularly admire. And nearly all of them were equipped with what seemed to me to be excessively high power for their speed. There were plenty of photographs of the boats under way, showing generally the lifting bow and the "battleship" wake that shows how hard they must be to drive.

That it takes power to create such a disturbance, to overcome the defects of form, may be seen from the table given below, where a comparison is made between present-day boats, whose speed and power are taken from the advertisements of their builders, and the speeds and powers of some "old-timers" I have the data of. These old-timers had equivalent accommodations, but it was in some cases necessary to figure speeds and powers from known data, which should be fair for easily driven hulls.

| | PRESENT | | PAST | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Size* | *Speed (m.p.h.)* | *Power* | *Speed (m.p.h.)* | *Power* |
| 26 ft. | 10 | 40 | 10 | 9 |
| 34 | 21 | 200 | 20 | 91 |
| 38 | 14 | 125 | 14 | 23 |
| 38 | 28 | 400 | 28 | 183 |
| 40 | 14 | 130 | 14 | 35 |
| 42 | 12.5 | 125 | 12.5 | 21 |
| 50 | 14.5 | 250 | 15 | 50 |
| 50 | 19 | 170 | 20 | 118 |
| 56 | 12 | 60 | 12 | 30 |
| 56 | 14 | 150 | 15 | 58 |

(It should be stated that the power plants of some of these older boats were heavy duty motors, while in most modern boats high speed engines are used and the maximum revolutions not obtained in actual service.)

It may be said that the present-day builders are simply playing safe and are installing much more power than is used, but when I asked several of them if a little more speed could be attained I was told that it could easily be had by installing a larger engine. If anyone wants to go into the matter further, let him look up the records of the power cruiser races and the powers installed, and then look at the "battleship wakes" before mentioned.

One would have supposed that competition would have long since led to an improvement in the form of these vessels, but it seems to have been easier to let the design alone and to install more powerful engines.

The only way that improvement can be secured is by experimentation with proper sized models under proper conditions. I know that full-sized hulls have been towed, and the speed and pull determined; that models have been towed in tanks and again the speed and pull determined, but it should be evident that such experiments do not in any way reproduce the conditions that *actually* obtain when a vessel is driven by its own wheel, as the water lines are different, the condition of the water is different and the action of the water in the run of the vessel is entirely different. So far as I can learn, none of these experiments have proved entirely satisfactory.

Full-sized vessels have been, and might still be, experimented with under their own power, but anyone that knows anything about the subject knows that it is very difficult to get the exact power output of a gas engine when it is driving a wheel in a vessel, and it is virtually impossible to know, in a run of relatively short distance, that exactly the same power is developed at every instant during the run, or exactly how much of that power is consumed in engine, transmission, stuffing box, inboard and outboard bearing and other frictions so as to get the exact *net* power at the wheel.

Then there is no small difficulty in measuring the speed exactly, and yet if power and speed are not ascertained *exactly*, the test cannot be regarded as more than an indication that certain facts may perhaps be so. No investigator of experience would regard them as of real value.

But tests may be conducted with models of proper size that are not open to any of these objections, and are accurate and trustworthy. For more than twenty years I have been making tests of models with their own wheels driven by an electric motor, running them over a course of known length, timing the runs with a split-second watch and measuring the power input and the friction losses with calibrated electrical instruments. In these tests the propelling conditions were exactly those that obtained in the full-sized vessel, they were in free water, sometimes smooth to observe the wave formation and sometimes rough to observe the effect of waves. In this way the speed and power for the full-sized vessel were obtainable by the application of a simple formula that could be demonstrated as mathematically correct in every detail, and without the use of any factors whose value might vary.

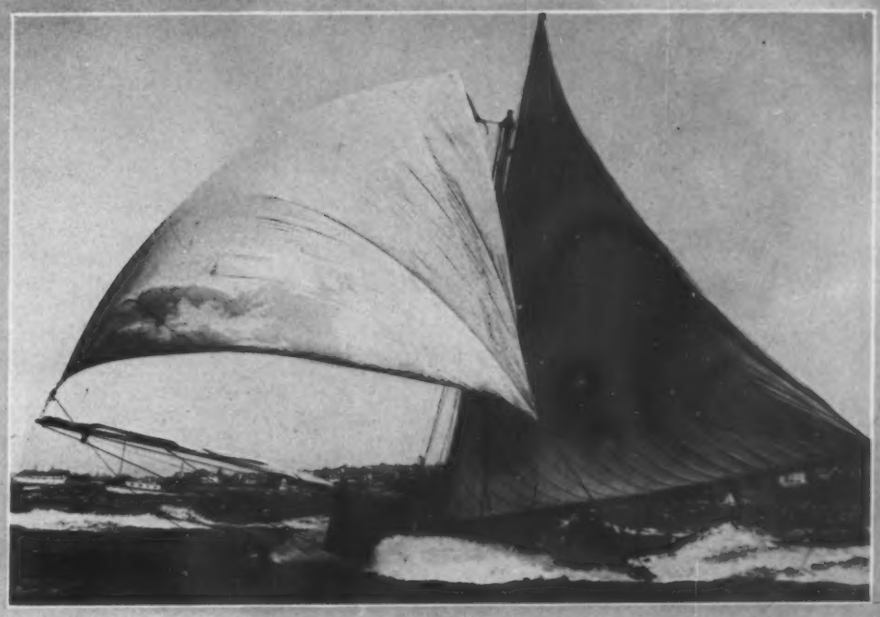
Under these conditions all kinds of variations in form, in the size and speed of the wheel, in the inclination of the propeller shaft, in the effect of various kinds of skegs, in the effect on speed of changes in displacement, could be measured accurately and at relatively small expense.

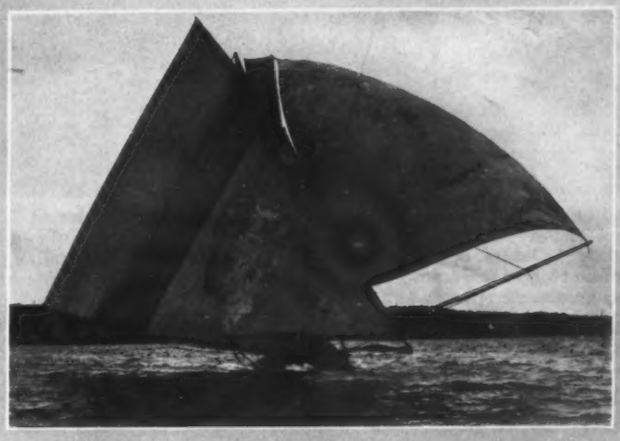
Think of the field thus opened up for practically every yachtsman, naval architect and builder. Owners of existing yachts can have determined the best wheel and power for a given speed. Owners of actual, or would-be, auxiliaries can have determined beforehand not only the proper wheel and power, but the best placing of the wheel for a given speed and just how to treat the hull to get the best effect under power and the least retardation under sail. Naval architects can have determined the power required for a given wheel and speed, or the data for a given speed range. Builders can work out new models that will conform reasonably to their shop practice, and yet that can be driven with much less power than is now required, making it possible to get more room and sell at a somewhat lower price, or else get materially more speed without increasing the power.

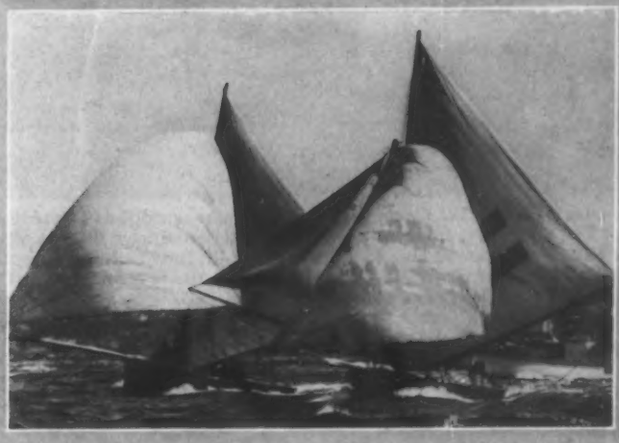
Automobile manufacturers spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in testing new models and in improving present ones. They find that it pays. Why, then, should it not be a good investment for those interested in yachts to spend a few hundreds or a few thousands in trying to improve their product?

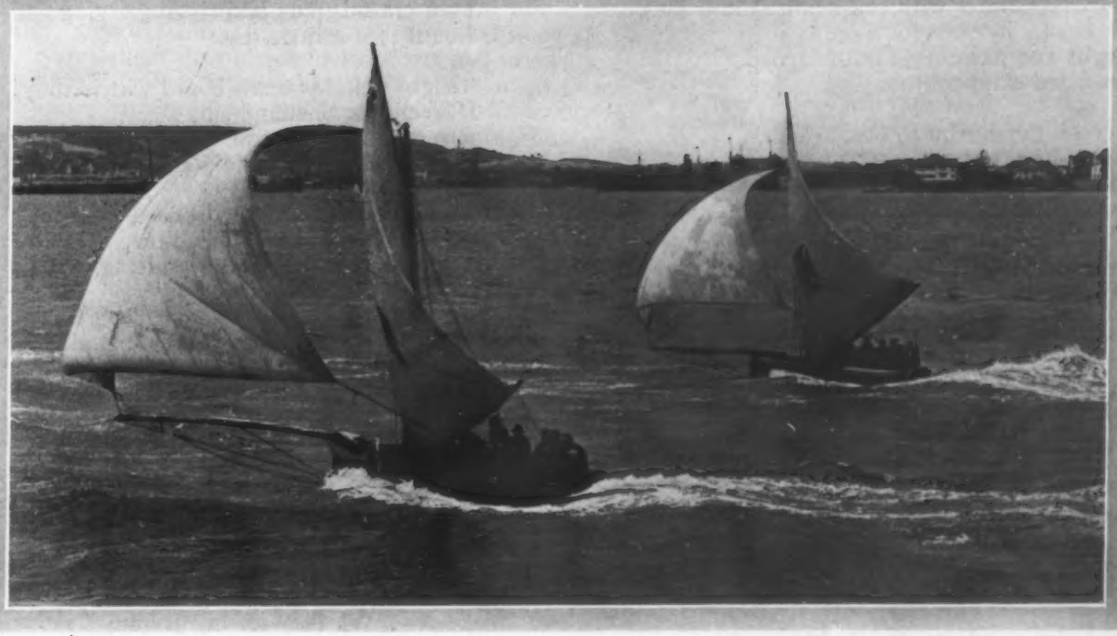
# Sail Carrying in the Antipodes

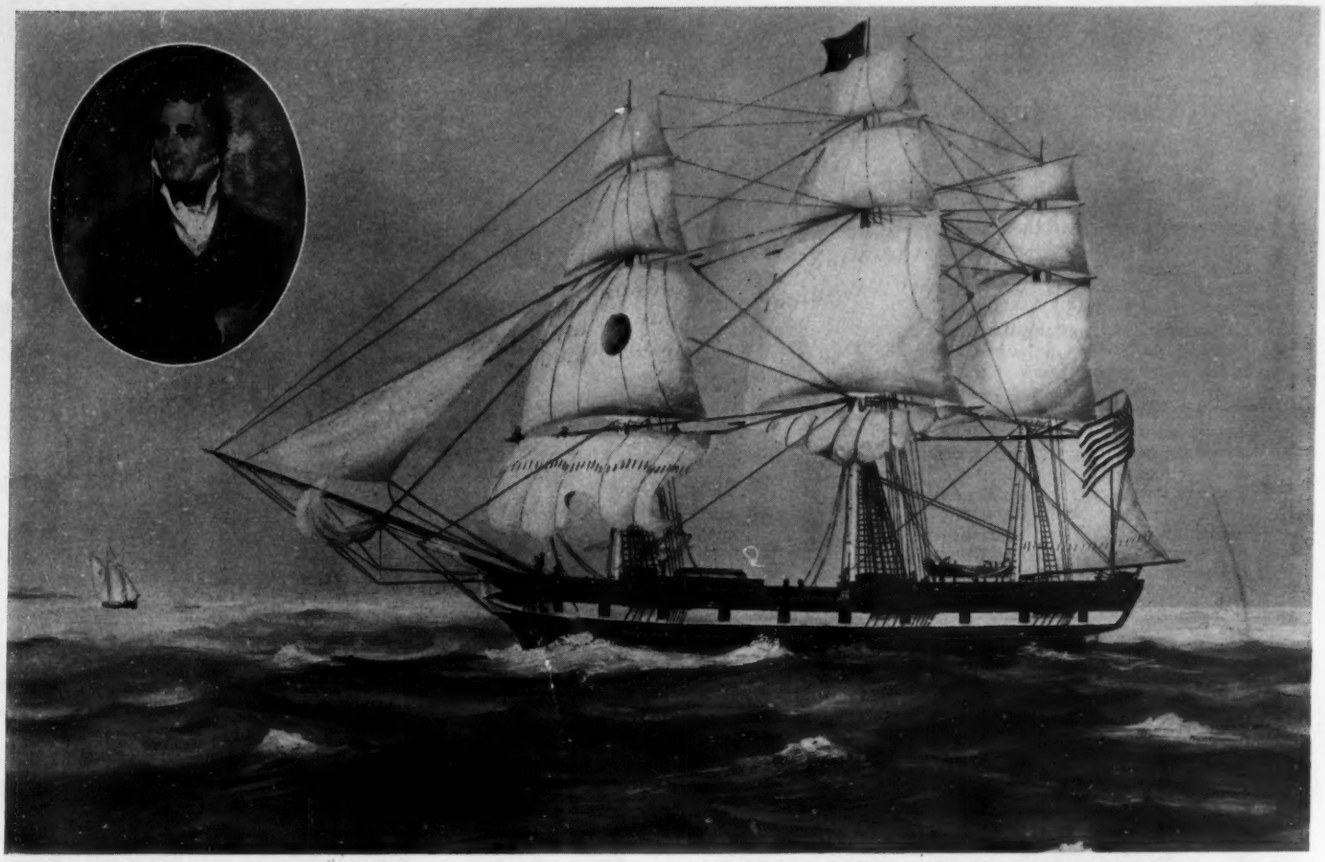
**In Australia, especially at Melbourne and Sydney, yacht racing is as popular as it is in the United States, and in the smaller classes they have developed a hardy breed of sailors, who believe in carrying sail. There are many large classes of these small boats, from 14 to 19 feet in length, of the dinghy type, very lightly built and greatly overcanvassed, carrying 300 to 450 square feet in their working sails. Large crews are necessary to keep them on their feet when sail is piled on. The photographs reproduced here give an excellent idea of the boats and racing conditions under which they are sailed. The photos are by the Sydney Mail.**











The Black Ball packet *Canada*, one of the famous ships of this oldest and most renowned of the packet lines between New York and Liverpool. The line was famous for its smart passages and hard driving officers. The average passage of the Black Ball ships between 1816 and 1825 was 23 days eastbound and 40 days westbound; the fastest voyage, 15 days, 18 hours, being made by the *Canada* while in command of Captain James Rogers, shown in the insert. During the War of 1812 this Captain Rogers was sailing master of the *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") and of the *President*. The painting of the *Canada* is by H. J. Leavitt, from a contemporary print, and both paintings are from the collection of Dr. Roger S. Morris.

# Packet Ships of the Western Ocean

BUCKO mates with brass-bound knuckles,
Husky hellions for a crew,
Freight and passengers both carried,
Iron-fisted skippers too;

So crack the cotton to her, hearties,
"Away-hey! roll and go!"
Eastward in the Roaring Forties,
Hissing wake a swirl of snow;

Hull down astern is a Black Baller,
Foreto'gallun' mast carried away,
A mile ahead's a Swallow Tail liner,
Boston built by Donald McKay.

See! the *Dreadnaught!* Samuels master,
Red Cross on her fore topsail,
The "Wild Boat" of the stormy ocean,
Never heaves to in a gale;

Finnigan's by the port fore swifter,
To McSweeney talking low,
Planning mutiny on the *Dreadnaught*,
In the days of long ago;

Tearing through the Devil's Blow Hole
Carrying on like Hell possessed,
Pain-crazed spars and rigging crying
Loudly for a little rest.

"Eight bells! you starboard watch ahoy!
Hurrah! for Shenandoah,
Rise and shine for the Black Ball line,"
Sounds at the fo'c's'le door.

Close-hauled on the starboard tack,
Blow my bully boys, blo-o-ow,
Weather main royal luff a-lifting,
Away for Liverpool we go.

Westward! back o'er the track again,
Bound for New York city,
With big bully Edwards in command,
A "hell roarer" for a ditty.

So we sail the broad Atlantic, knock
Down, drag out every day;
Crimps are waiting for our landing,
Glad to fleece us of our pay;

Now Navesink light is just in sight,
So it's "Whiskey for my Johnny"
With girls galore while we're ashore,
Hurrah! for a mistress bonnie.

THEODORE P. CLEVELAND

# Getting an Outfit of Blocks

## *"Large Ropes and Small Blocks" Is An Old Seaman's Curse. Have Them Suit Each Other*

*By* CHARLES H. HALL

CAPTAIN TRUCK, of the New York and London packet *Montauk*, dismasted off the coast of Africa, remarked, after the inspection of a Danish vessel conveniently stranded with all her spars standing: "The seaman who cannot rig his ship with sticks and ropes and blocks enough, might as well stay ashore and publish an hebdomadal." At least, so Cooper reports the worthy skipper in his novel *Homeward Bound*, written in 1838. The yachtsman of today could probably do as well as this earlier sailorman, though his opinion of editors may be a trifle more favorable than that which Cooper's character implied. In case of stress he could doubtless rerig his craft with blocks, spars and ropes from another boat.

But could the average yachtsman order a complete and satisfactory set of blocks for a new boat, working only from a set of drawings? We doubt it, for there have been naval architects who were poor hands at rigging a yacht and had to depend on the superior practical knowledge of the man who was going to command her. Indeed, there have been fads for neatness aloft which resulted in the fitting of blocks that were too small for the purpose and which made certain of the Liverpool tea clippers of the Fifties and Sixties notably hard working craft. Some of them were regular man killers. Yachts are not all exempt from this failing, for I have sailed in craft in which either the gear was too large or the blocks too small and have many times cursed a main sheet which would not render in light weather and had to be overhauled when slacked away. Besides the hard work, a block which is too small shortens the life of the rope, not only by the wear in the swallow but by the bending over too small a sheave, thus causing excessive internal friction and wear. Open up a rope which has been thus maltreated and you will find the inside of it badly worn, with the fibers chafed and powdered, even though the outside looks bright and new.

So the naval architect who writes a block list must know his business or the blocks will be out of proportion and things will be said about him by the crew that have no place in a respectable magazine like YACHTING. However, most of the profession are good seamen and often race on craft they have designed, thus getting the full force of any criticisms.

So at this fitting out time of the year let's write a block list for a yacht and, just to get in all the excitement we can, let's choose a small schooner, say 46 feet water line. This will give us plenty of gear to play with. We might choose a modern leg-of-mutton rigged sloop, but the Marconi rig has nearly driven the blockmakers out of business. Instead of the usual cluster of peak and throat halliard blocks she gets along with a sheave in the masthead and maybe a single block on the head of the sail. The schooner will be a heap more fun!

Of course, the rigging list comes first, but let's assume that we have settled the sizes of all the running rigging and are at present concerned simply to specify the outfit of blocks.

Beginning forward, first comes the jib topsail. This will need halliards, downhaul, tack and sheets. Four-inch blocks are about right for the halliards and two of them will be needed. The upper one will have to have a becket for the end of the halliards and a shackle to secure it to the withe. The lower block should have a pigtail hook to secure it to the head of the sail, so that it can be hooked and unhooked quickly when shifting from the baby to a larger sail. The eye on the topmasthead band stands up and down, so that the "regular" shackle is the thing for the upper block. The tack has only a single part, so that we need a little larger block to lead the tack inboard, and get one with a wide mortise. There is an eye for it on the band or "cranze iron" fitted on the end of the bowsprit, but this eye lies fore and aft so we have to have the shackle stand at right angles to the sheave to give the proper lead. The downhaul is of smaller stuff and the block is lashed to the bowsprit rigging and so is fitted with a lashing eye. The sheet is a single part and has no block but is led through a fairleader on deck. So we can now write the first chapter of the block list, remembering that different makers use different terms for the same fitting; what one calls a "regular shackle" another calls a "turnover eye and shackle" and so on. One says "shackle to front" and his competitor "punched eye and shackle." But here's chapter one:

BLOCK LIST, SCHOONER YACHT *Gyasculus*

*Ash shells, composition sheaves, except where otherwise specified*

Jib Topsail Halliards

1 4" Single, turnover eye, shackle and becket.
1 4" Single, pigtail hook.

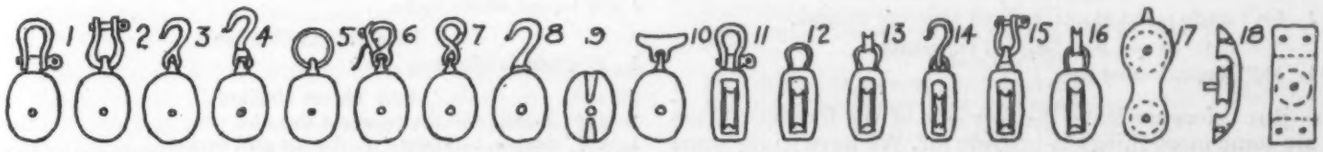
Jib Topsail Tack

1 4½" single, wide mortise, punched eye and shackle.

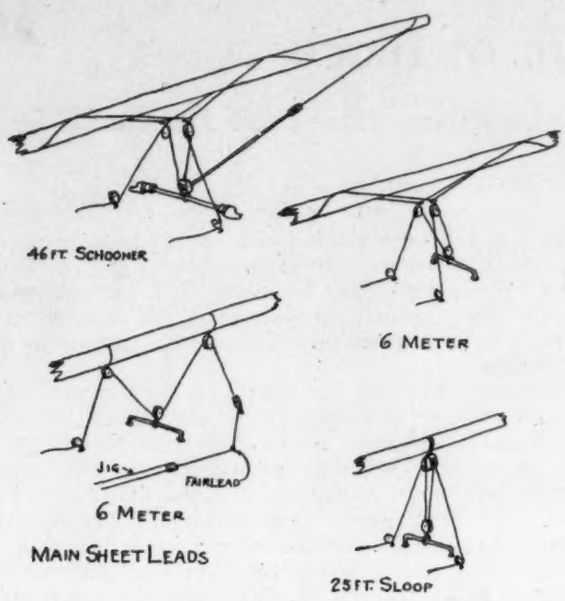
Jib Topsail Downhaul

1 3½" single, lashing eye.

Now let's tackle the jib. The halliards have to carry considerable stress, so the blocks are fitted with graphite bushings. The halliards are also fitted with a jig, so there must be two ends. This means a double block or two single blocks aloft; the latter makes a neater arrangement. The lower halliard block is shackled to the sail, but the cringle is not big enough to pass the eye of the shackle so this must be "upset," that is, the strap of the block must have an eye large enough to pass the eye of the shackle. It must be wider than usual as the tabling makes the head




**Some of the fittings used on blocks. 1, regular front shackle or turnover eye and shackle; 2, upset or reverse front shackle; 3, loose front hook; 4, loose swivel hook; 5, ring; 6, front Coleman hook; 7, front sister hook; 8, stiff front hook; 9, single score for wire strap; 10, bridle attachment; 11, side shackle or punched eye and shackle; 12, lashing eye; 13, eye and thimble; 14, loose side hook; 15, upset or reverse shackle through swivel eye; 16, round block with lashing eye and thimble; 17, fiddle block; 18, cheek block.**




of the sail a bit thick for the ordinary shackle. The jib halliards are heavier than those of the jib topsail, so larger blocks are needed. The jig is an ordinary gun tackle purchase with one of the blocks fitted with a swivel and the other with a shackle through a thimble eye. The downhaul is like that of the jib topsail, but there is no block for the tack, as it is a standing jib. The sheet blocks have to be stout, for they must stand considerable banging around, so we make them "round" blocks, with thick shells of lignumvitae. Each of these blocks is fitted on the end of a wire rope pennant and must have the proper thimbles. The sheet is led through fairleaders on deck, and one part each side has a purchase. This is a gun tackle purchase and is fitted with loose hooks so that it may be stowed out of the way when at anchor.

The gear for the forestaysail is about like that of the jib except that it has a block for the tack and no jigs on halliards or sheet. So here are chapters two and three:

Jib Halliards (Graphite Bushings)

2 5" single, turnover eye and shackle.
1 5" single, large open shackle through lashing eye.

Jib Halliard Jig

1 3½" single, shackle through thimble eye.
1 3½" single, shackle through swivel eye and becket.

Jib Downhaul

1 3½" single, lashing eye.

Jib Sheet (Lignumvitae)

2 4½" single round blocks, eye and wire rope thimble.

Jib Sheet Jig

2 3½" single, turnover eye and loose hook.
2 3½" single, turnover eye, loose hook and becket.

Fore Staysail Halliards (Graphite Bushings)

1 4½" single, turnover eye and shackle.
1 4½" single, large open shackle through lashing eye.

Fore Staysail Tack

1 5" single, shackle through lashing eye.

Fore Staysail Sheet (Lignumvitae)

2 4½" single round blocks, eye and wire rope thimble.

Fore Staysail Downhaul

1 3½" single, lashing eye.

But before we leave the fore side of the foremast there are some more things to provide for. We have to rig some sort of purchase for fishing the anchor and for hoisting in heavy weights, and we must not forget the spinnaker. For the fish tackle, the favorite gear is the Spanish burton. This is a purchase of only two blocks which gives a multiplication of power of three to one, neglecting friction, or two to five allowing for it. The upper block is fitted on the end of a wire rope pennant and one part of the fall is led through it. One end is secured to the hook for fishing the anchor and the other to the other block of the purchase. The second fall is secured to the same hook, led through its own block, and the hauling part comes down on deck.

The spinnaker halliards have a single block at the topmasthead, the boom lift has a gun tackle purchase with the upper block at the masthead and the after guy has a wire pennant with a single block spliced in the end of it. So the block list continues:

Fish Tackle, Burton Purchase

1 5" single, lashing eye and wire rope thimble.
1 5" single, lashing eye and manila rope thimble.

No beckets

1 large galvanized fish hook and rope thimble.

Spinnaker Halliards

1 4½" single, turnover eye and shackle.

Spinnaker Boom Lift

1 4" single, turnover eye and shackle.
1 4" single, turnover eye, shackle and becket.

Spinnaker Boom Guy

1 4" single, single score for wire rope strap.

So much for the headsails and the gear on the fore side of the foremast. Now let's see what's on the after side of the stick. Beginning aloft, the first thing is the fore topsail halliard. This is led through a sheave in the topmasthead, or rather, the topsail tye (flexible wire rope) is so led and to the end is secured the block of the topsail halliards proper, which form a single whip, the standing part being fast aloft. The topsail sheet leads through a cheek block on the outer end of the gaff and another one near the jaws. The clewline has a small block on each corner of the topsail. The topsail tack, a single part, leads down to the fife rail or to a small winch.

The fore throat halliards have a couple of double blocks, the upper one shackled to the eye in the hound band and the lower to the fitting on the gaff jaws. The standing part of the peak halliards is secured to the gaff end and the two upper blocks are shackled to bolts through the mast. The bridle block is on a wire rope bridle and is fitted with one of the attachments on the market. The fore sheet has a block on the boom and one on the traveller. To get the upper one close up to the boom it has a wire rope strap, while the other has a ring which slides on the traveller. Sometimes the hauling part is led forward through another block on the boom and then to the deck. The boom lifts are fitted with round blocks to stand the banging they get. There is sometimes substituted a single lift for the fore boom which is rove through a block on the fore side of the main masthead at the hounds. Now we'll read Chapters Six and Seven.

Fore Topsail Halliard (Graphite Bushings)

1 sheave in topmasthead for topsail tye.
1 4" single, eye and wire rope thimble.

Fore Topsail Sheet

2 gaff topsail sheet chocks.

Fore Topsail Clewline

3 3" single, lashing eye.

Fore Throat Halliard

1 4½" double, turnover eye and shackle.
1 4½" double, turnover eye, shackle and becket.

Fore Peak Halliard

1 5" single, with bridle.
2 5" single, turnover eye and shackle.

Fore Sheet (Lignumvitae)

1 5″ double, double score for wire rope strap.
1 5″ single, ring and becket.

Fore Boom Lifts

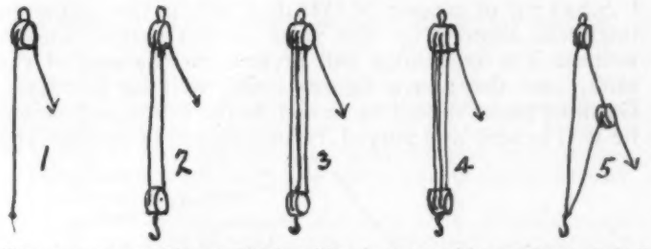
2 4″ single round blocks, turnover eye and shackle.
2 4″ single round blocks, turnover eye, shackle and becket.

But the masts need to have some extra support in a breeze of wind, some stay with a better lead than the shrouds and backstays, so we'd better take care of the runners. Fore and main runners usually have the same size blocks and the same rig, a stout wire rope pennant with a heavy block on the end through which is rove a flexible wire rope with a hook on one end. To the other end is spliced the upper block of the purchase, the lower one having a loose hook and a becket. This upper block is one of the few places where the fiddle block may survive though this type is seldom fitted nowadays. However, it is rather a neat rig, though a double block will do about as well. So the next part of the block list may read somewhat as follows:

Fore and Main Masthead Runners (Lignumvitae)

4 single iron blocks, with shackle, sheaves for ⅜″ diameter wire rope.
4 4½″ x 3½″ fiddle, eye and wire rope thimble.
4 4½″ single, loose side hooks and becket.
4 long, heavy loose hooks, wire rope thimbles.

Now let's look at the gear on the mainmast, beginning aloft as before. The topsail gear is about the same as on the fore except that the sheet block near the jaws of the gaff is spliced in the end of a short wire pennant, so we'll dispose of it thus:




The common tackles. 1, single whip; 2, gun tackle purchase; 3, luff tackle purchase; 4, twofold purchase; 5, single Spanish burton.

Main Topsail Halliard (Graphite Bushings)

1 sheave in topmasthead for topsail tye.
1 4″ single, with eye and wire rope thimble.

Main Topsail Sheet

1 gaff topsail sheet chock.
1 3½″ single, single score for wire rope strap.

Main Topsail Clewline

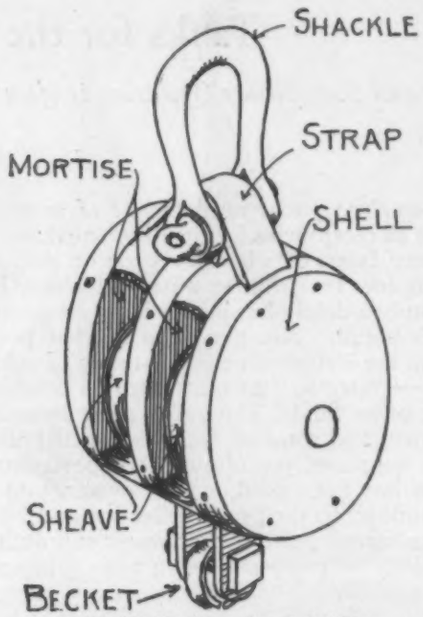
3 3″ single, lashing eye.

The maintopmast staysail has a gun tackle purchase for halliards, and single part tack and sheet. On large schooner yachts there is a block for a forward halliard at the foremasthead, the sail being set flying. There may also be a cheek block on each side of the main boom for the staysail sheet. But let's be simple in our rigging and send a "squarehead" aloft to snap on the hanks as the sail goes up.

Maintopmast Staysail Halliard

1 4″ single, turnover eye, shackle and becket.
1 4″ single, large open shackle through lashing eye.

Throat and peak halliards on the main are heavier than on the fore and also have more parts. Both are double ended, with jigs, and so have no beckets. The upper block of the throat halliard shackles to a thimble spliced in the end of a wire pennant, the lower one to a fitting on the gaff jaws. The gaff bridles are of flexible wire rope and the bridle blocks have one of the usual forms of fitting. One




A double block with a few definitions.

block of each jig is fitted with a swivel, though sometimes this is omitted. There are all sorts of rigs used on the main sheet, but the tendency seems to be toward using wire rope bridles to distribute the stress on the boom, holding it straight and thus keeping the sail in shape. So we'll have a pair of single blocks on bridles, another on a pennant to the boom end, a double one on the traveller and a couple of lead blocks. The outhaul is rigged with a sheave in the boom and a small purchase under the boom. The quarter lifts are rigged with a block at the hounds, sometimes with a few links of chain to give a certain freedom of movement, and a block shackled to the end of the wire part of the lift. The boom tackle is used to steady the boom when running free in a seaway and has a pennant with a luff tackle on it. It may be stopped up under the boom when not in use or unshackled and stowed away. It hooks to a stout eye in the yacht's side forward. So here's another thrilling chapter:

Main Throat Halliard

1 5″ treble, turnover eye and shackle.
1 5″ double, turnover eye and shackle.

Main Throat Halliard Jig

1 3½″ single, thimble eye and becket.
1 3½″ single, shackle through swivel eye.

Main Peak Halliard

2 6″ single, with bridle attachment.
3 6″ single, turnover eye and shackle.

Main Peak Halliard Jig

1 3½″ single, thimble eye and manila rope thimble.
1 3½″ single, shackle through swivel eye.

Main Sheet (Lignumvitae)

2 6″ single, with bridle attachment.
1 6″ single, eye and wire rope thimble.
1 6″ double, turnover eye and traveller shackle.
2 6″ single lead blocks, wide mortise, bolt and bronze cup.

Main Boom Quarter Lifts

2 4½″ single, eye and wire rope thimble.
2 4½″ single, turnover eye and shackle. No beckets.

Boom Tackle

1 4½″ double, turnover eye and shackle.
1 4½″ single, long heavy loose hook and becket.

Mainsail Outhaul Purchase

1 galvanized sheave in boom for outhaul.
1 3″ single, turnover eye, shackle and becket.
1 3″ cheek block.

(*Continued on page 102*)

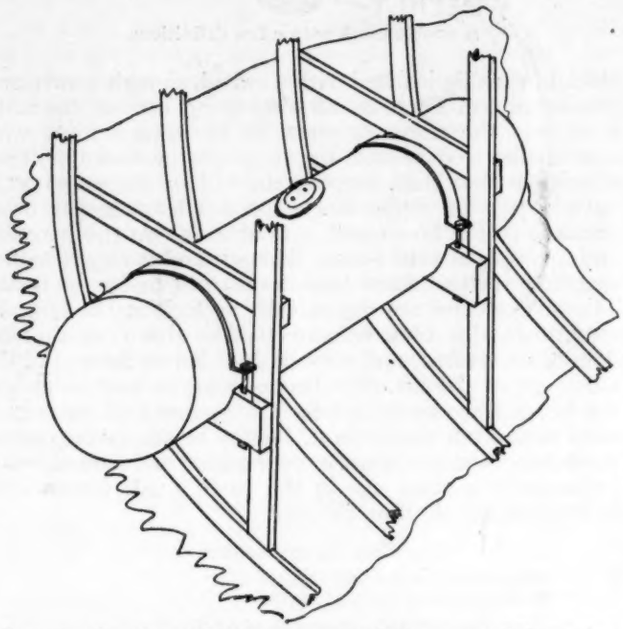
# Tanks for the Power Cruiser and Auxiliary

*Safe and Satisfactory Operation is often Dependent Upon the Care Taken in Selection and Installation*

*By* H. C. AMES

THE modern yacht needs tanks of several kinds to serve as receptacles for the different fluids used every day. Every boat, of whatever type or size, must have some container for drinking water. This may be, in small craft, simply a demijohn, jug, or large glass bottle to hold the day's supply. She may also need a bottle or two to stow in the icebox to insure a supply of cold water for drinking — "dry so," as our Southern cousins say — or to dilute other fluids. The galley must have a supply of fresh water, and some of us, even when cruising, wash.

It has happened too often in the past that but scant attention has been paid by the owner, and sometimes by the builder, to the proper selection and installation of the tanks carrying the fuel or water supply, either as to their quality or to their placing where they would have

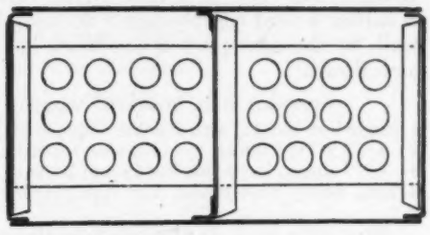


Care must be taken to brace tanks properly to prevent their moving in the violent motion to which a small boat is often subjected.

the least harmful effect on the trim of the boat and be least likely to give trouble. In the case of fuel tanks in particular, great care must be taken in their installation to minimize the danger from leakage either from the tank or the fuel line, and the consequent risk of fire. Frequently tanks are inaccessible and the vents improperly placed. Careful thought on this important matter should be given by naval architect, builder and owner.

In any boat using power there are a number of fluids to be cared for, such as fresh water, fuel for main engine or galley range, lubricating oil, fire fighting compounds, and compressed air. The favorite materials for tanks are copper, steel and iron, each of these having its appropriate use. Tanks may be built by welding, riveting, soldering or brazing. They must be tight, or they are a nuisance, perhaps even a danger. A leaky tank is as much of an abomination as a leaky hull, and as dangerous.

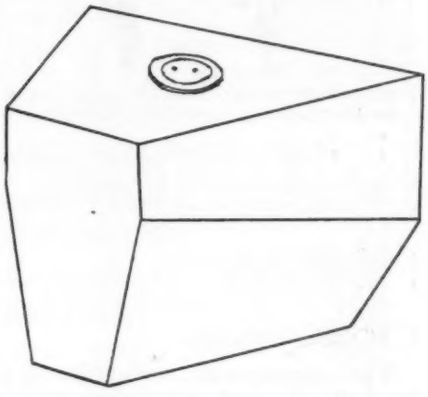
It must be remembered that a boat is in fairly constant motion and that the fluid in any tank will be continually washing to and fro as the boat rolls and pitches. If the tank has flat sides or ends, the fluid will bring up against them with considerable force, tending to spring the tank and open the seams. Therefore all flat surfaces must be well stayed for strength and the tank must also have a number of baffles, or partial bulkheads, to break up the flow of water, or whatever is carried. Cylindrical tanks made of seamless drawn steel, with hemispherical ends, are strong on account of their shape and baffles may be dispensed with in them. These are drawn from solid



Baffle plate for tanks with flat sides or ends.

metal, each end and half of the shell in one piece, and are welded together in the center of their length. They are usually tinned on the inside.

Fuel tanks for gasoline are made of steel or copper. If of steel, the thickness must not be less than No. 14 U.S.S.G.; if of copper, No. 18 U.S.S.G. is the minimum thickness allowed by the rules of the marine underwriters. The scantlings will depend on the size of the tank, and the above figures could well be increased. Gasoline tanks should be tinned on the inside and should be well braced and stayed. Seams should be riveted and

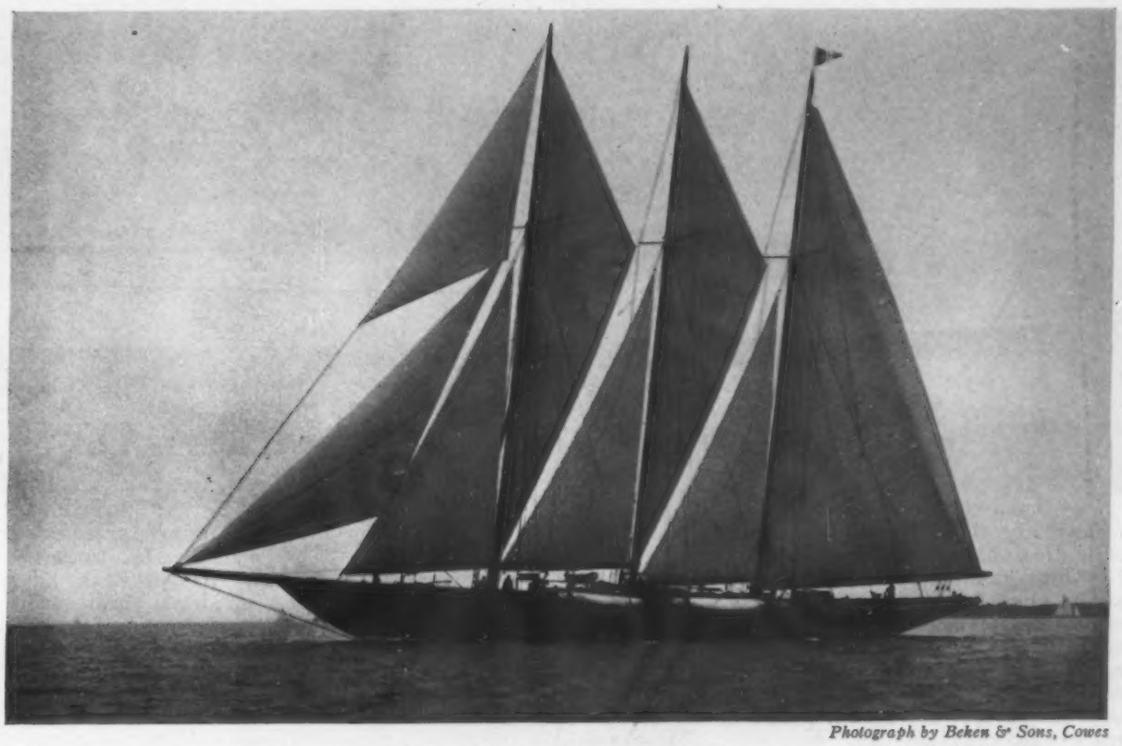


A shaped tank to fit the form of the boat where it is to be placed. Plates large enough to insert a hand for cleaning are essential.

welded, if of steel, or riveted and brazed if of copper. Plenty of swash plates must be fitted.

In locating tanks, care should be taken that the boat's trim will not be affected by emptying them. The piping should be so arranged that it is possible to draw from any tank at any time; if water is taken only from a tank in the fore peak and not from another aft, or if a corresponding weight of fuel is not consumed from the after tank, the boat will naturally trim by the stern. The average yacht is not apt to have her athwartships trim affected thus; that is a matter that usually concerns only the bigger fellows. Stability may, however, be affected unfavorably by the shape of the tanks. I remember one fair sized steam yacht which had practically all the space below her cabin floor filled up with water tanks. As she was a light draft vessel, these tanks were wide and

(*Continued on page 122*)



Photograph by Beken & Sons, Cowes

Something new in rigs. The three-masted schooner *Ailée*, owned by Madame Heriot, of France, is a handsome and most interesting craft. She was designed by Charles Nicholson, and built by Camper & Nicholson, Gosport. *Ailée* was seen in the Mediterranean this winter.

# The Month in Yachting

## Eastern Yacht Club Will Cruise to Maine

ONCE more the Eastern Yacht Club fleet will cruise to the Maine coast this year, but instead of disbanding at Bar Harbor as it has done so frequently since the club began cruising in the early 70's, the yachts will race across the Gulf of Maine to the Penobscot and then beat back to Marblehead, in order that the Long Island Sound boats may reach home in time to prepare for Larchmont Race Week.

In accordance with the agreement made at the schedule meeting at the New York Yacht Club in January, the cruise will start the day following the annual regatta of the Eastern off Marblehead, on Independence Day, and as in 1925, the yachts will be given an all night run to the Rockland Breakwater, about 140 miles. Then will come two leisurely days in the western Penobscot, reuniting at Gilkey's Harbor, Islesboro, and followed by daily runs, probably more or less "up hill" to the westward. The schedule is as follows:

Monday July 8th. Islesboro to North Haven.
Tuesday July 9th. North Haven to Boothbay.
Wednesday July 10th. Boothbay to Portland (Peaks Island).
Thursday July 11th. Portland to Kittery.
Friday July 12th. Kittery to Marblehead.

If the captains desire it, the run from Kittery will be split, with an anchorage at Gloucester one night and then on to Marblehead the next day.

It is believed that the *Resolute* and *Vanitie*, many of the Class M sloops and fifty-footers, several 12-metres, as well as "10's," "8's," and a score of "Q's," with several auxiliary schooners, will make up the racing portion of the fleet.

## Sound Interclubs Again Meet Bermuda One-Designs in Bermuda

FOR the fourth time a team of four boats of the Sound Interclub Class of Long Island Sound will meet a team of four craft of the one-design class owned by members of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, of Hamilton, Bermuda, the date of the races being April 4th, 5th and 6th, and the scene of the conflict being the beautiful harbor of Hamilton. The four Interclubs selected to meet the Bermudians, which will leave the United States on March 30th on the M. S. *Bermuda*, are *Aileen*, the 1929 class champion, owned by Cornelius Shields; *Blue Streak*, Ralph Manny; *Jane*, Fred Gade, and *Anne*, Walter Pierson. *Anne* will be sailed by W. W. Swan, and the other boats by their owners.

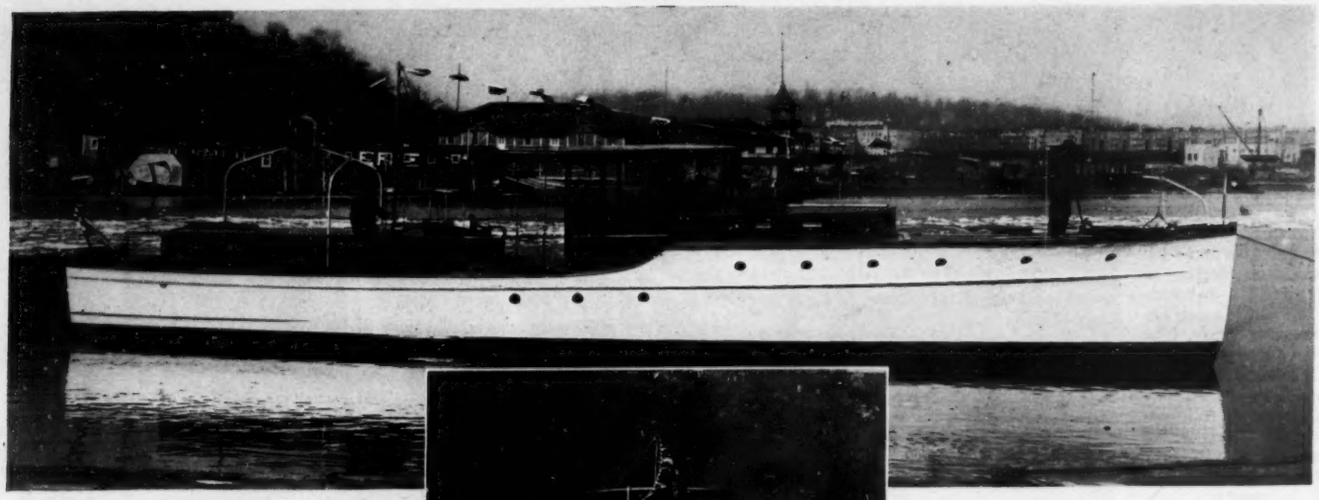
In three previous team matches the Interclubs have defeated the Bermudians twice, both times in Bermudian waters, tasting defeat last September when the British craft took their measure on Long Island Sound. To put it mildly, the Sound sailors are out for revenge, and feel that the stronger winds generally met with in Bermuda are in their favor, while the Bermudians believe that they have improved the sailing qualities of their craft to such an extent that they are fully capable of again taking the Interclubs into camp. A great match is sure to result.

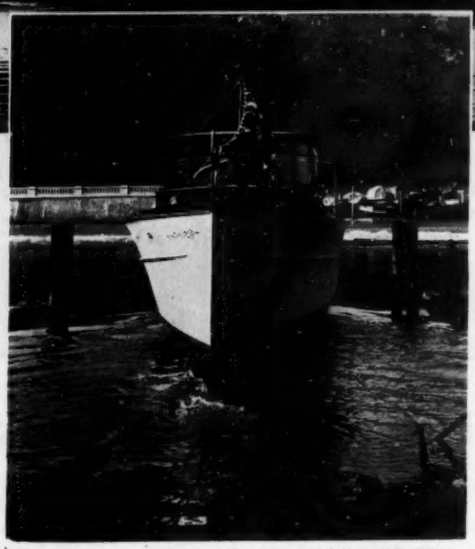
Cornelius Shields was elected president of the Interclub Class at the recent annual meeting of the owners, the other members of the class committee being Henry A. Alker, George V. Smith and Robert W. Goeller. A challenge for a team race by owners of the new Atlantic Coast One-Designs, to be held early in July, was eagerly accepted by the Interclubs.

## Baltimore's First Motor Boat Show

THE success of motor boat shows in other cities, particularly in New York, has prompted Baltimore motor boat dealers to organize in a cooperative way to put on a similar event in the city of Baltimore, which, situated as it is near the head of Chesapeake Bay, has a waterfront that is better suited to pleasure boating than most of the cities of the United States. Impressed by the great interest in the display at the New York Motor Boat Show, Baltimore dealers concluded that there was no reason why a similar event, on a smaller scale, could not be staged in Baltimore that would attract an attendance in keeping with the size of the city.

Preliminary arrangements have been completed. These call for the holding of the event at Lehman Hall, April 22nd to 27th, inclusive. This hall is the most suitable place for the showing of the various types of motor boats handled by the local dealers. Small cruisers and runabouts will predominate, as the size of the hall prohibits the exhibition of larger yachts. But it is pointed out that the smaller craft are more in line with what the average yachtsman and sportsman requires for use on local Maryland waters.





*Vixen*, a new cruiser owned by Adolph M. Dick, sliding off the ways at the yard of her designer and builder, the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp. She is 76 feet in length, with two 300 h.p. Speedway motors.

All the booths of the exhibitors will be located on the main floor. At least fifty different models or types of boats will be shown, in addition to the display of engines and accessories that go to make up a modern motor boat equipment. The exhibition booths are to be limited to Baltimore dealers. This has been decided upon because of the limited space of the exhibition hall.

The cost of this first motor boat show that Baltimore is to have will be borne entirely by the exhibitors. Each exhibitor will subscribe a prorated amount, and only a nominal charge will be placed on admissions. Students of the leading schools of the city will be invited. Tickets will be distributed to the schools, and the students, under the guide of instructors, will be permitted to view the exhibits from 3 to 5 each day. The evenings will be reserved for the general public.

## The Mason's Island Yacht Club

IN Fisher's Island Sound, at a point about one-half mile east of Mystic, Conn., is Mason's Island, jutting out for a distance of about two miles. The Mason's Island Yacht Club, incorporated in the spring of 1928, and formally opened in July of that year, is located on its southeastern point. The island is connected to the mainland by a causeway and bridge at its northerly end. For membership the club draws upon the inhabitants of the island, in addition to yachtsmen of New London, Groton, Noank, and Mystic.

The picture on the next page gives an idea of the club building and its environment. In locating the house great care was taken to provide an adequate yacht anchorage at the same time. The harbor east of the clubhouse and adjacent to it is ideal for boats drawing nine feet and less. It is exceptionally easy of access, well marked, and lies almost directly on the course through Fisher's Island Sound, affording splendid protection from all directions. The holding ground is mud.

The usual amusements of yacht clubs are enjoyed at Mason's Island, such as field and deck tennis. The club also has its own bathing beach and a dock 150 feet long at which one can carry seven feet at low water. Incidentally, the rise and fall of tide at Mason's Island is the least along the Atlantic coast.

Part of the one-design fleet of 26-footers of the Mason's Island Yacht Club.

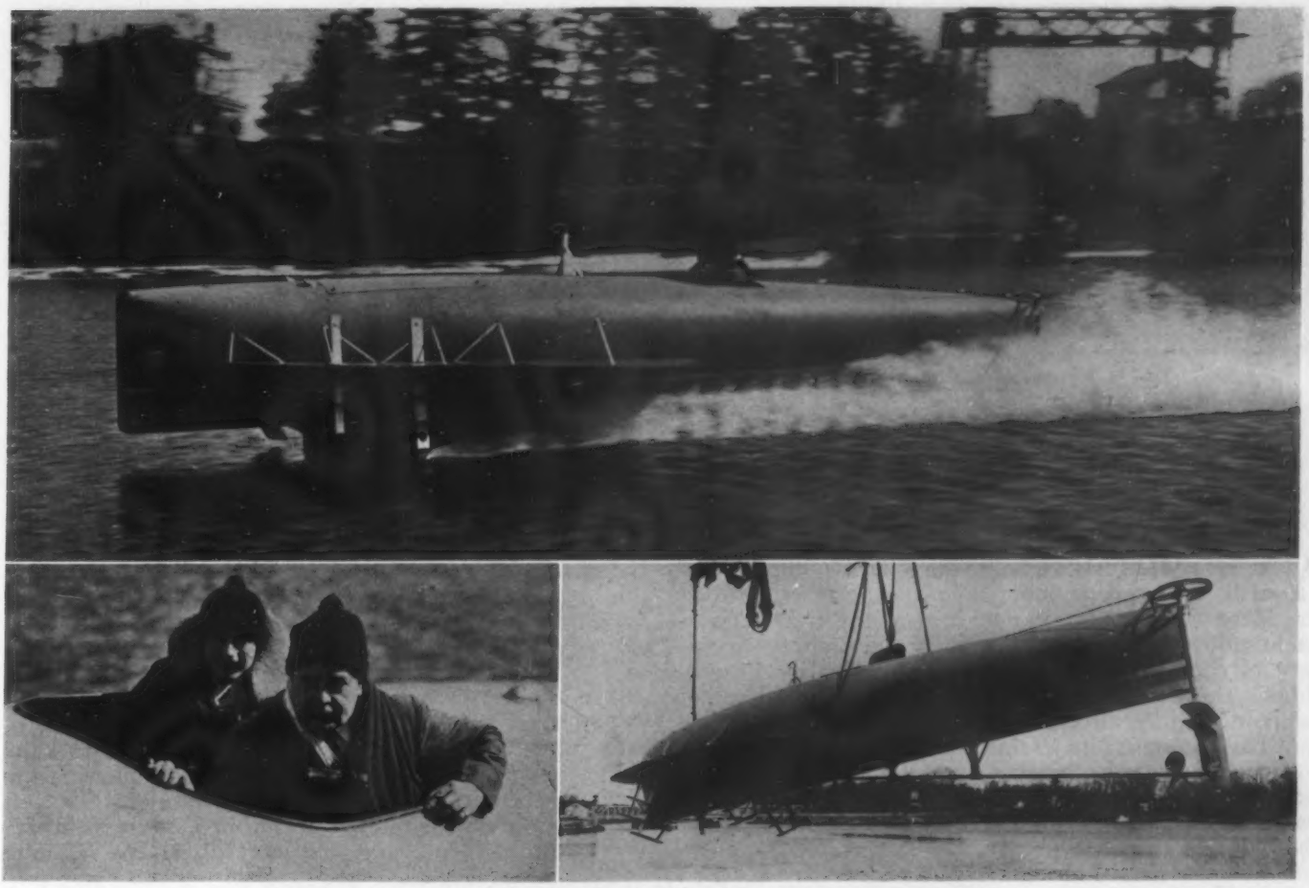
## Thirty-Foot Hydrofoil Boat Makes Fast Time

AN interesting test of a 30-foot speed boat equipped with hydrofoils was conducted by the Ollendorff Boat Co., at Saugatuck, Conn., on March 8th, that resulted in surprising speeds for the power used and which brought out the great stability of boats constructed on this principle.

In these tests speeds up to 55 miles were attained with a 220 h.p. Hispano Suiza motor (Capitol conversion) driving a single submerged propeller, the hull being 30 feet long by 6 feet beam, and weighing 3000 pounds. The hull itself was designed for a 550 h.p. motor, and with this additional power the designer and builder look for speeds in excess of 100 m.p.h. Though not fully tuned up, the performance of the boat was most impressive.

The design is by F. W. (Casey) Baldwin and P. L. Rhodes, a New York naval architect. The former was associated with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in his exhaustive experiments with hydrofoil boats at Baddeck, lasting over a period of years. In a larger boat built by Baldwin at that time, using air propellers, a speed of 70 miles was obtained.

The hull itself is a cigar-shaped affair, designed principally to minimize air resistance, and is very much like the fuselage of a fast seaplane. The hydrofoils are the essential feature of the design. They are a series of steel plates, extending below the hull like a ladder, each a foot and a half long athwartships and from six to three inches wide, growing narrower as they go down. The main set of hydrofoils, placed forward on the hull on each side of the bottom under the motor, includes four blades to a side. Forward of these are a set of preventer foils, only three of them, put there only as a safeguard in case the main set is damaged by driftwood and gives way. Aft, cast as an in-



A 30-foot hydrofoil racer built and tried out recently by the Ollendorff Boat Co., Saugatuck. F. W. Baldwin and Sydney Ollendorff, the builders, in the cockpit.

tegral part of the rudder post, are the after set of foils, of two blades, which turn with the rudder.

When at rest in the water, the boat floats on her own bottom, just as any other displacement hull does, and the hydrofoils are completely submerged. As she moves forward the hydrofoils, functioning in the same manner as airplane wings, lift her up. The faster she goes the higher she lifts, until, at full throttle, the whole hull of the boat, from stem to stern, is raised above the water and she is sliding along on the two lower pairs of foils, one pair forward and one aft. The result is that, instead of dragging thirty square feet of hull surface along the water, she has only about a foot and a half of wetted surface. It is the decreased skin friction of wetted surface, proportionately decreasing the resistance of the boat, that gives her her speed.

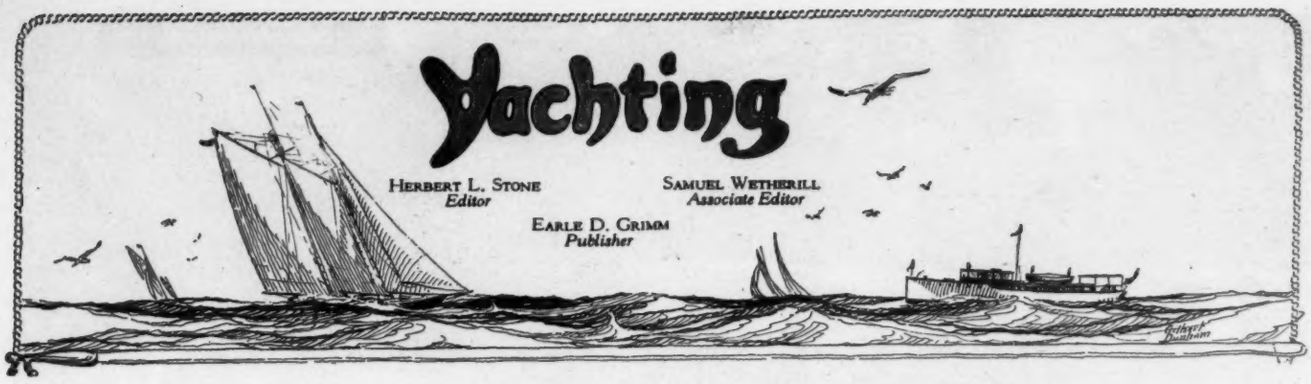
When the boat is traveling at full speed her hydrofoils act in the water exactly as an airplane's wings act in the air, but, as water is some 800 times denser than air, the hydrofoils need be only one 800th as large as airplane wings to get the same effect.

It is recognized that airplanes could be made much faster by reducing the size of the wings once they were in the air, as they need the great wing spread only to get them off the ground. In other words, an airplane that could "reef" its wings after it had gotten under way would be faster than one that could not. But the hydrofoil boat automatically reefs its wings, or foils, since, as it rises, the foils that are no longer needed to lift the boat come clear of the water and cease to figure in the resistance of the boat to forward motion.

The builders of the hydrofoil boat are at work on a smaller hull and engine in which they plan to try their luck in the 151-cubic inch hydroplane class this season. The principle, Mr. Baldwin declares, is applicable to hulls up to one hundred feet in length twin line.

Several outboard racing hulls have also been built on the same principle and have proved very fast in trial runs.

The new clubhouse of the Mason's Island Yacht Club, on Fisher's Island Sound.




# *Editorial*

### Yachtsmen Head Navy Department

YACHTSMEN throughout the United States view with appreciation and pride the appointment by President Hoover of two members of the fraternity of yacht sailors to the posts of Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In the selection of Charles Francis Adams the President has chosen the most outstanding figure in yachting circles. We have faith that the qualities that have brought him to this rank will make him a most efficient head of the Navy Department. He knows the ways of the sea and its traditions; he is sensible to the value of sea power; and he has learned in racing yachts the value of thorough preparation in the creation of an effective machine. Throughout his yachting career Mr. Adams has earned a reputation for absolute fairness and high ideals of sportsmanship. He is, we believe, the first yachtsman of prominence who has ever headed the Navy Department.

In the appointment of the Assistant Secretary, Ernest Lee Jahncke, the President has chosen another yachtsman who has long been prominent in racing circles in the South, who is also "sea-minded," and who has done much for organized yachting during the last twenty years.

There has long been a strong bond of sympathy between the Navy and those who follow the sea for pleasure. With two such well known and respected yachtsmen at the head of the Department this bond of sympathy is immeasureably strengthened.

### The Canada's Cup Again To Be Raced For

During the past month all the difficulties that seemed to block the way to a revival of competition for the Canada's Cup have been swept aside, and another race for this most famous of international fresh water trophies is assured for 1930. This will be the first time that Canada and the United States have met in a race for this cup since 1907. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club has (or will shortly) challenge, and the Rochester Yacht Club, the present holder of the cup, has accepted.

The races will be sailed in Eight-Metre yachts, International Rule, and Canada has started preparations by ordering a yacht to this class from one of the foremost British designers. Rochester will also build, and it seems likely that this race will see the Eight-Metre Class firmly intrenched on Lake Ontario — next year. The deed of gift has also been altered so that future challenges for the trophy must be in by April 15th of the year prior to that in which the race will be sailed. This should give ample time to design, build and prepare thoroughly for a match of the importance of this one.

The resumption of racing for this time-honored cup should give international racing a great stimulus on the Lakes, and both organizations are to be congratulated on the sportsmanlike manner in which they have wiped out old differences.

### Many Motor Boat Shows

The revival in many cities of public exhibitions of motor boats is indicative of the tremendous growth in interest in this branch of yachting, and speaks well for the future of both the sport and the industry. Following the New York and Boston Motor Boat Shows, exhibitions have been arranged for this spring in Detroit, Chicago, Baltimore, San Francisco and other cities. The response of the public, dealers, and manufacturers to these proposed shows leaves but little doubt of their success, and in most of the cities mentioned it looks as if these exhibitions would become annual events. This is most gratifying, and is as it should be. The general public is fast becoming interested, and the value of such exhibitions in crystallizing this interest cannot be overestimated.

### Wanted — Yacht Basins and Service Stations

Ridding the waters of driftwood in the vicinity of any large city, and getting the municipalities to provide adequate yacht basins for the storage and care of power boats are two things that will stimulate a greater interest in boating than anything else. And these things are especially vital to a growth of the sport in New York waters.

Two bodies seeking to accomplish these ends have been formed recently in New York City, and both are working hard to bring about the desired end. One is made up of the users of power-driven craft who want to see the city provide proper basins for the storage and care of yachts, and the other is a committee of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers which is urging upon the Dock and Park Departments the need of providing public dockage and anchorage basins along the water front the city has under development, especially along the Hudson, on Riverside Drive, above 72nd Street. Other large cities throughout the United States have provided basins for the use of those who own pleasure boats. New York City has its municipal golf links, tennis courts, and fields for baseball and football, but never a basin or any provision for housing the 30,000 motor boats owned by its citizens.

Unless the needs of the boat owners are pressed upon the city it is not likely that any adequate provision for the care of their boats will be provided. Comprehensive plans have been presented by the associations mentioned. These should have back of them the whole-hearted support of all yachtsmen in these waters.

# *In the World of Yachting*

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

*AFTER many years of waiting the yachtsmen of the country have received presidential recognition through the appointment of Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, who needs no introduction, as Secretary of the Navy.*

*Because of his prominence in yachting for nearly half a century it would seem as if the selection of Mr. Adams was ideal, but down in Marblehead they say that "Charley Ad" (to differentiate him from Charley Curtis, Charley Welch and Charley Foster, his racing antagonists) is going to put staysail rigs on the submarines, which typifies his interest in a motorized boat.*

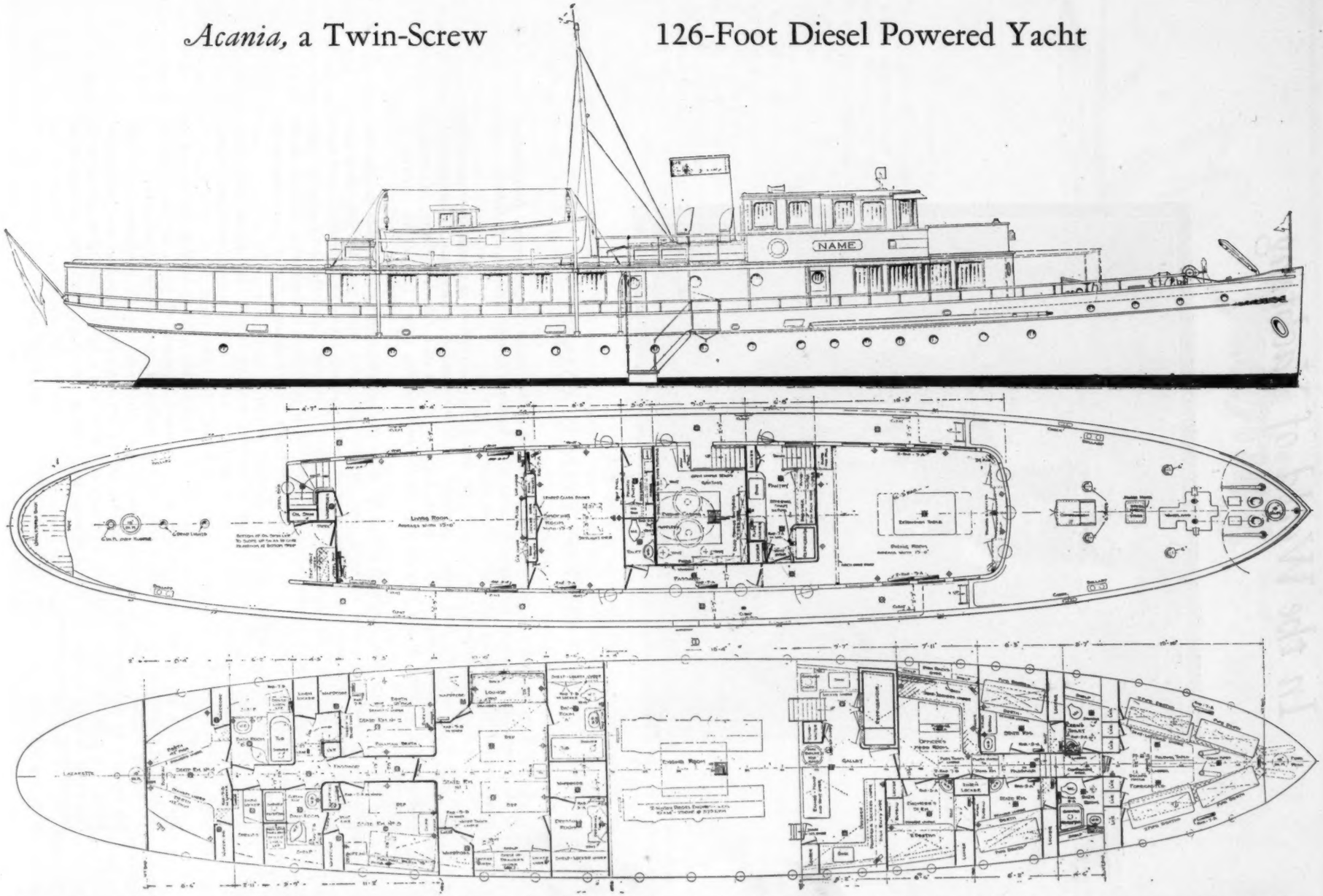
*But they also recalled a speech which he made to fourscore youngsters, in which he emphasized preparedness, and declared that the boat that won races was the boat that was "always ready." He may not be able to go on board the battleship "California" and tune her up as he did the "Resolute," the "Auk," the "Harpoon," and the forty or fifty other units of his marvelously successful racing fleet, but it is dollars to doughnuts that while he stays on the job the United States Navy will be ready for a fight or a frolic — which may be taken to mean either a greater navy or a Kellogg peace.*

*Some years ago, Secretary Adams was discovered waiting like a Peri at the gate of the Motor Boat Show. "What is there for me to see here, Bill?" he inquired of a Boston friend. "Not a darn thing, Charley, you had better go home," was the reply.*

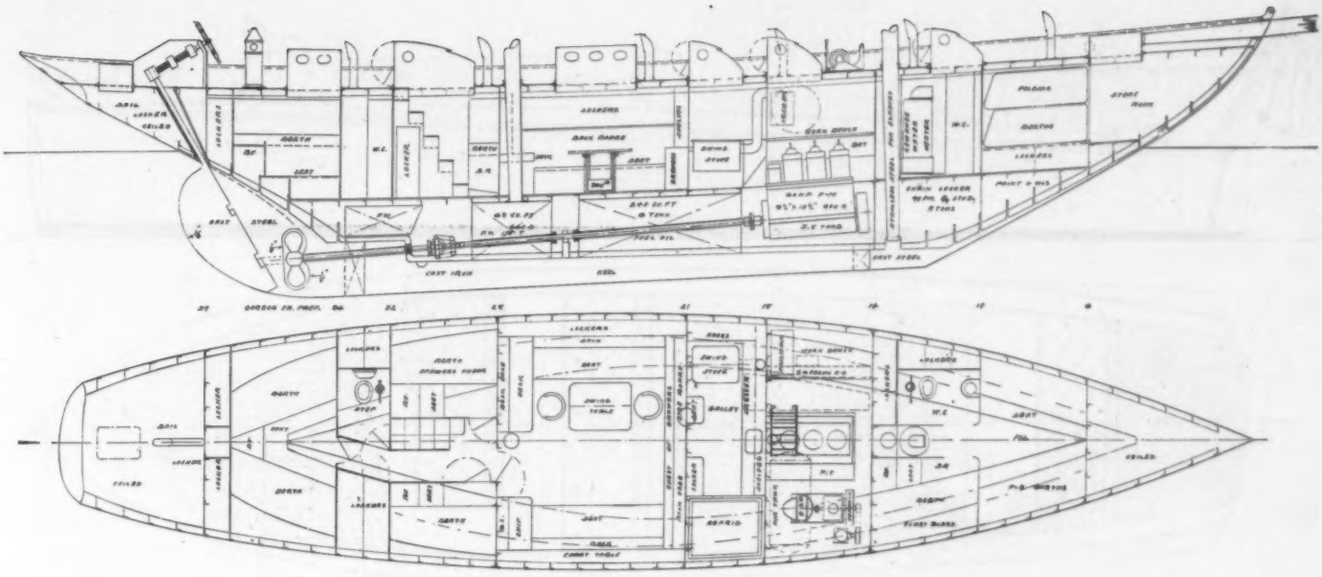
*Time after time he has started across Massachusetts Bay after a hard day's racing at Marblehead in one of his sailing craft, and remained becalmed all night off the lightship because he refused to buy a motor boat or tack an outboard on the stern of his tender.*

*Charles Francis Adams is what Kipling calls a "stick and string" yachtsman, but with his interest in and knowledge of the sea, his almost uncanny judgment and his passion for being ready, he ought to qualify as Secretary of Uncle Sam's fighting fleet. And when, or if, Secretary Mellon retires, President Hoover will have a chance of appointing an expert on finance from his own cabinet.*

# *Acania,* a Twin-Screw 126-Foot Diesel Powered Yacht

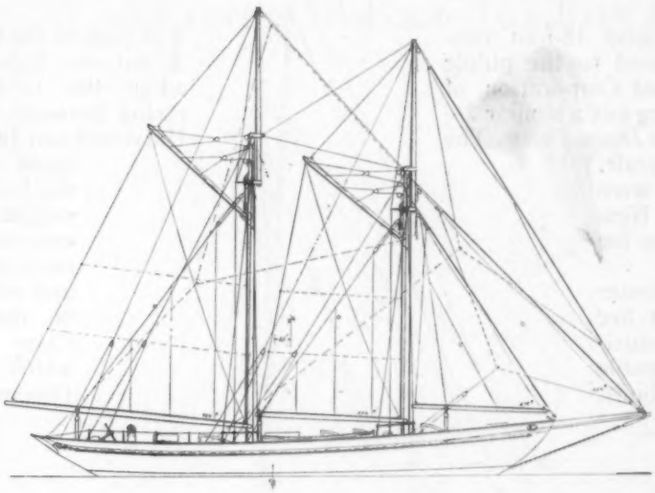



The handsome Diesel-powered yacht *Acania* was designed for Arthur E. Wheeler, of New York, by John H. Wells, Inc., and is 126 feet over all, 21 feet 8 inches beam and 8 feet draft. She was launched recently at the yard of Pusey & Jones, Wilmington, Delaware, and will go into commission in May. Her power plant consists of a pair of 250 h.p. Winton Diesel motors.

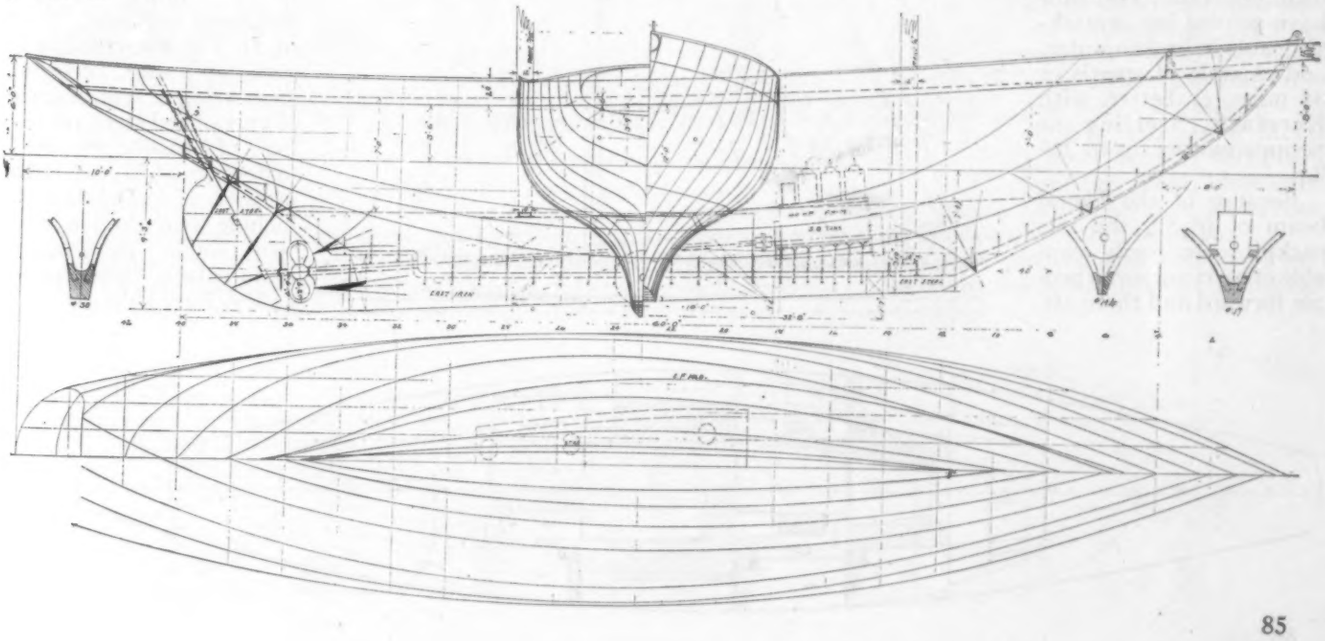


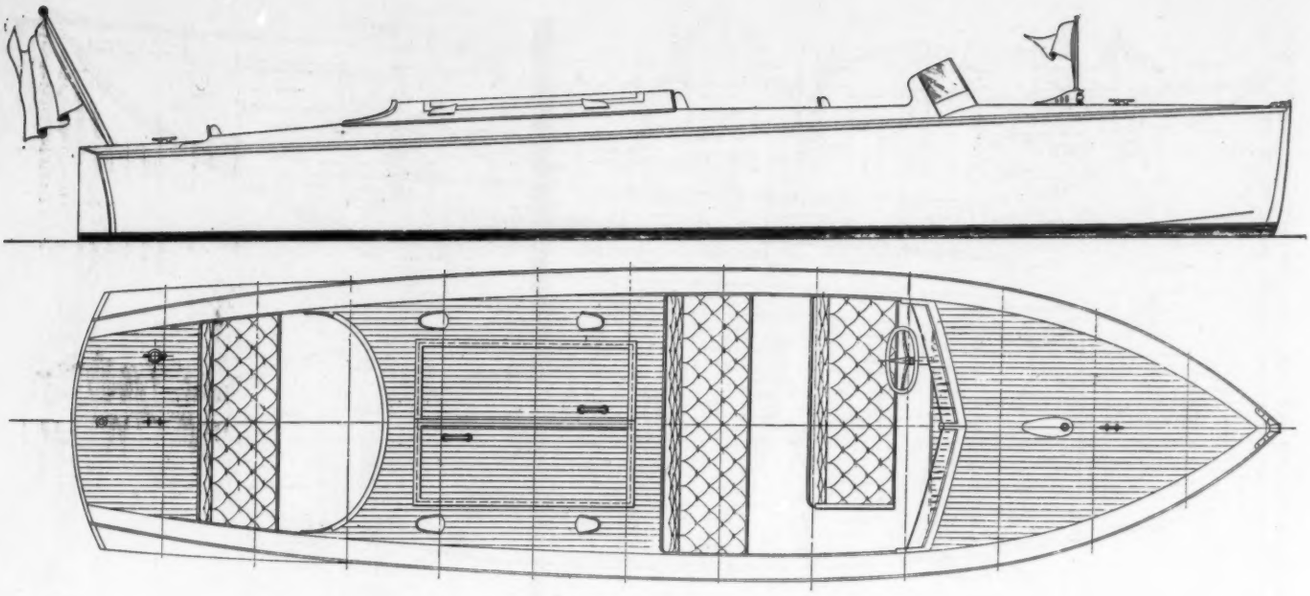
# A Seagoing Diesel Auxiliary of Unusually Rugged Construction

THE plans on this page were drawn by R. E. Barry, of New York London, for a New York yachtsman, and show a 60-foot water line schooner of unusually rugged construction, designed for comfort and seagoing ability on long cruises offshore. The lines and sections indicate a very able boat, and one which should be easy to drive with the moderate gaff-headed schooner rig. A 60 h.p. Fairbanks-Morse engine, installed forward, insures a large cruising radius with the generous fuel tankage provided.



The hull will be built of steel, both for watertight subdivision, and to avoid any change in sheer, which occurs at times with wooden construction. The keel is an iron casting with floors, engine foundation and stern tube cast in, a form of construction used successfully by this designer in the ketch *Mohawk*. Steel decks, with insulation below, are designed to prevent leaks, especially during the layup period. The interior layout is somewhat out of the ordinary, and strict attention has been paid to details.



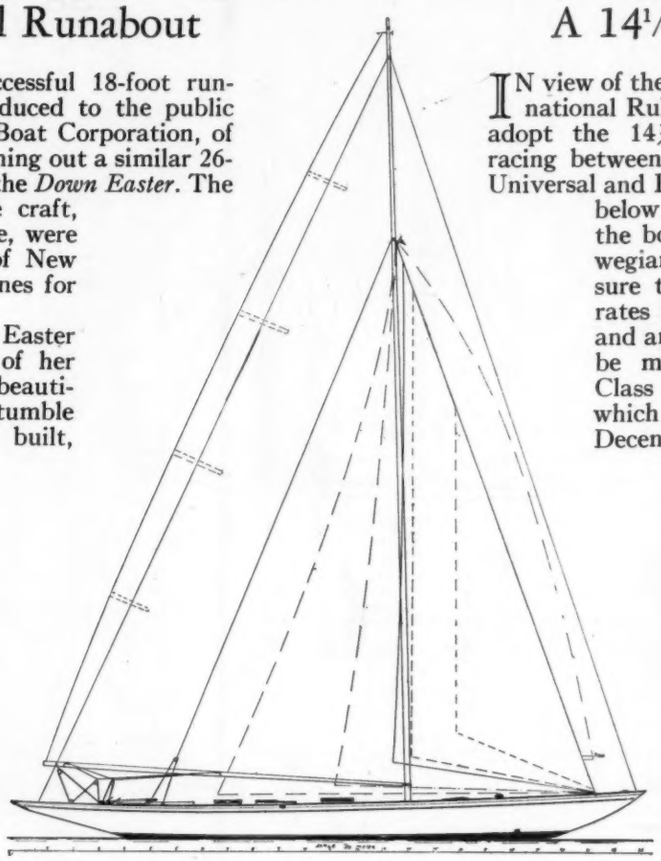


## 26 Feet of Real Runabout

FOLLOWING their successful 18-foot runabout which was introduced to the public last year, the Down East Boat Corporation, of Camden, Maine, is now turning out a similar 26-foot stock model known as the *Down Easter*. The plans of this snappy little craft, which are reproduced above, were drawn by P. L. Rhodes, of New York, who also drew the lines for the 18-footer.

The new 26-foot Down Easter follows closely the design of her predecessor, with the same beautifully flaring bow and gentle tumble home aft. She is ruggedly built, with oak frames and mahogany planking, with fastenings and all equipment of bronze. Test runs have proved her remarkably able in broken water, and capable of speeds of 38 miles, or better, with Kermath, Sterling or Scripps motors up to 200 h.p.

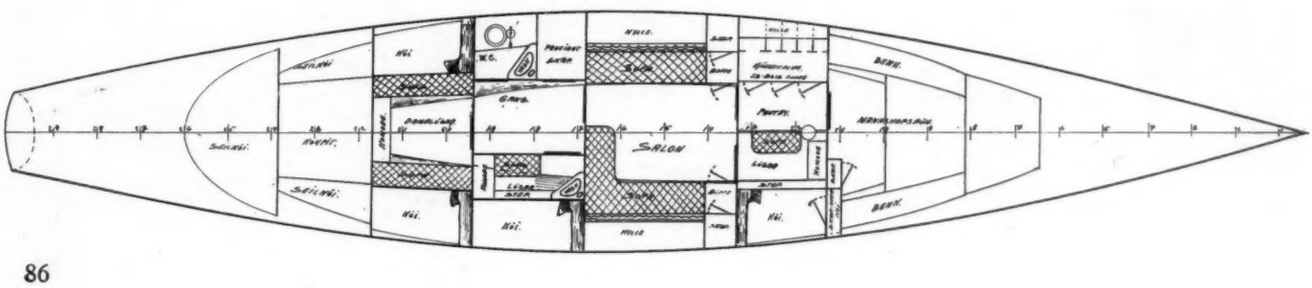
Because of the liberal beam of 6′ 8″, the two cockpits are easily capable of carrying seven people forward and three aft.

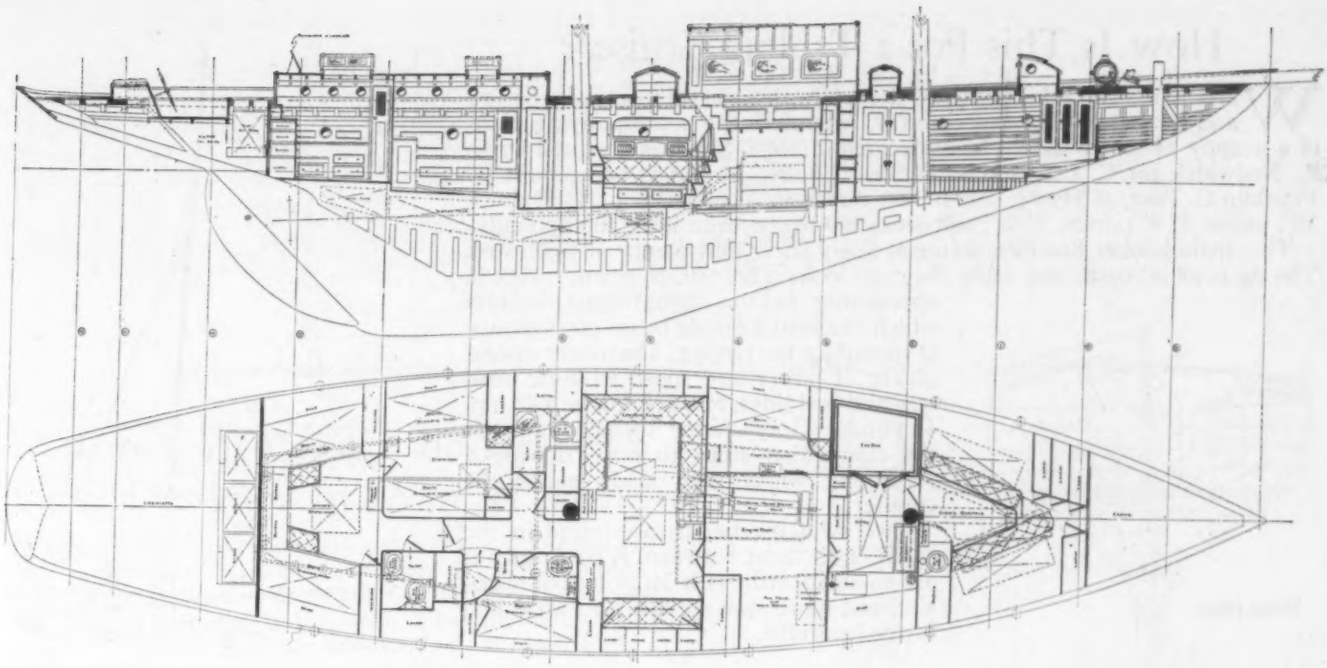


## A 14½-Metre Boat

IN view of the fact that at the recent International Rules Conference it was voted to adopt the 14½-Metre Class to promote racing between boats built both under the Universal and International rules, the design below of a 14½-metre boat from the board of the well-known Norwegian designer, Johan Anker, is sure to be of interest. This craft rates in Class M, Universal Rule, and an interesting comparison may be made between her and the Class M Mower-designed boat which appeared in YACHTING for December, 1928.

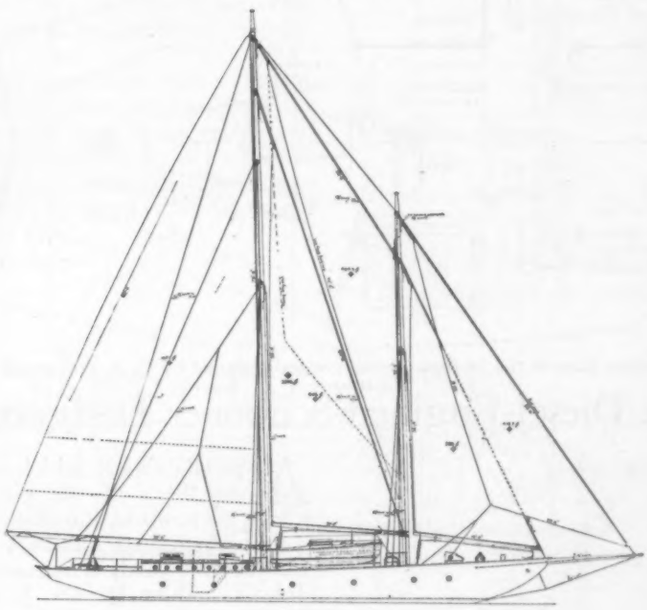
The dimensions of the Anker boat are: l.o.a. 80′ 3″; l.w.l. 52′ 10″; beam, 15′ 4″; draft, 9′ 10″; measured sail area, 2783 sq. ft. The construction is semi-composite, keel and stem being of oak, frames of galvanized steel, planking of mahogany and fastenings of bronze. The interior accommodations include one double and two single staterooms, main saloon, toilet room, galley, forecastle, etc.





# *Sphinx*—A Fast and Seaworthy 78-Foot Auxiliary Cruising Schooner

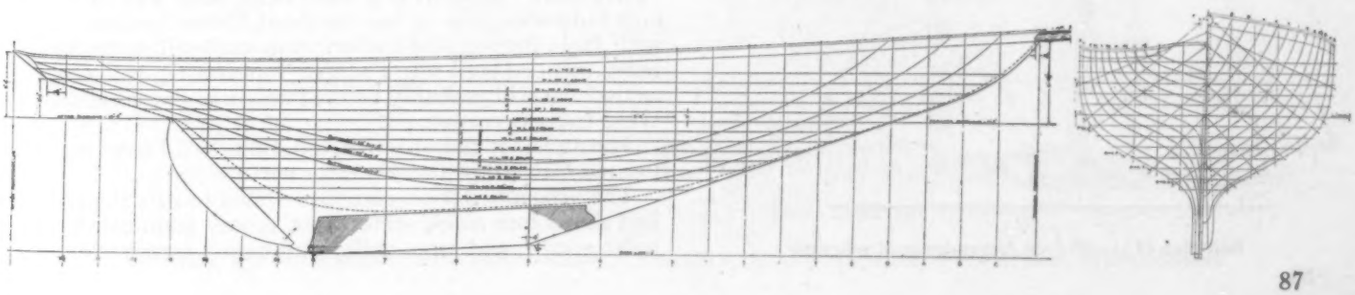
MANY cruising yachtsmen are satisfied with a craft which is a good, comfortable, seaworthy hooker, and easy to look at. Others demand, in addition, all the speed which can possibly be crammed into the hull and rig. The latter class will be interested in the plans reproduced on this page of the auxiliary staysail schooner *Sphinx*, designed by Thomas D. Bowes for Alexander Sellers, of Philadelphia, and built by the Salisbury Shipbuilding Co., of Salisbury, Md. She is 78′ over all, 55′ water line, 17′9″ beam and draws 9′10″ of water, and carries 31,000 pounds of outside ballast and 3500 sq. ft. of sail in her staysail schooner rig.



*Sphinx* has rather a straight sheer, good freeboard, and easy and pleasing lines. Regarding her speed, her designer writes: "While designed primarily as an auxiliary Diesel-powered cruising boat, she has proved exceptionally fast and a fine sea boat. . . . With her Universal Rule rating of 45 it would be extremely hard for even an out-and-out racing schooner to compete with her." *Sphinx* is very strongly constructed, being strapped with galvanized iron knees on every frame. Her decks, houses, and exterior trim are of teak.

Her accommodations below decks are unusual for a craft of her size, and include a main saloon, one single stateroom, two double staterooms and two baths. Forward she has a large separate engine compartment containing the 40 h.p. Fairbanks Morse Diesel motor, auxiliary lighting plant, batteries, compressors, pumps, etc., a large captain's stateroom, generous galley and forecastle with full headroom.

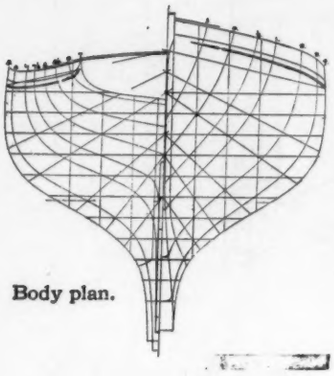
Her equipment is most modern and complete, and includes electric winches on her hollow masts, making sail handling easy and simple.



# How Is This For a Tabloid Cruiser?

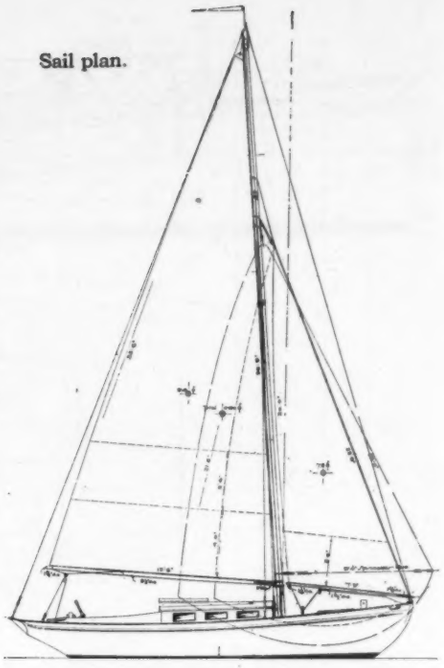
WHILE many tabloid cruisers are built abroad, they seem to be few and far between in this country, wherefore the accompanying plans of a snappy 24-footer should be of decided interest. She was designed by C. A. Nedwidek for C. C. Jenkins, of Sea Cliff, N. J., and is being built by Franklin G. Post, of Mystic, Conn., her dimensions being: l.o.a. 24′ 3″; l.w.l. 18′; beam, 7′ 9″; draft, 4′ 9″; sail area, 290 sq. ft.; iron keel, 3000 pounds.

This little hooker has nice sections, lively sheer and plenty of freeboard. The rig is all inboard, and while the mast looks a bit tallish, it will shrink in appearance in the actual boat, besides which the boat's ample beam gives plenty of spread for the rigging. The owner wished plenty of power and speed to buck head seas and bad tides, so there will be a 40 h.p. 4-cylinder Gray motor installed abreast the companion steps to port, driving a feathering wheel with shaft under the counter.

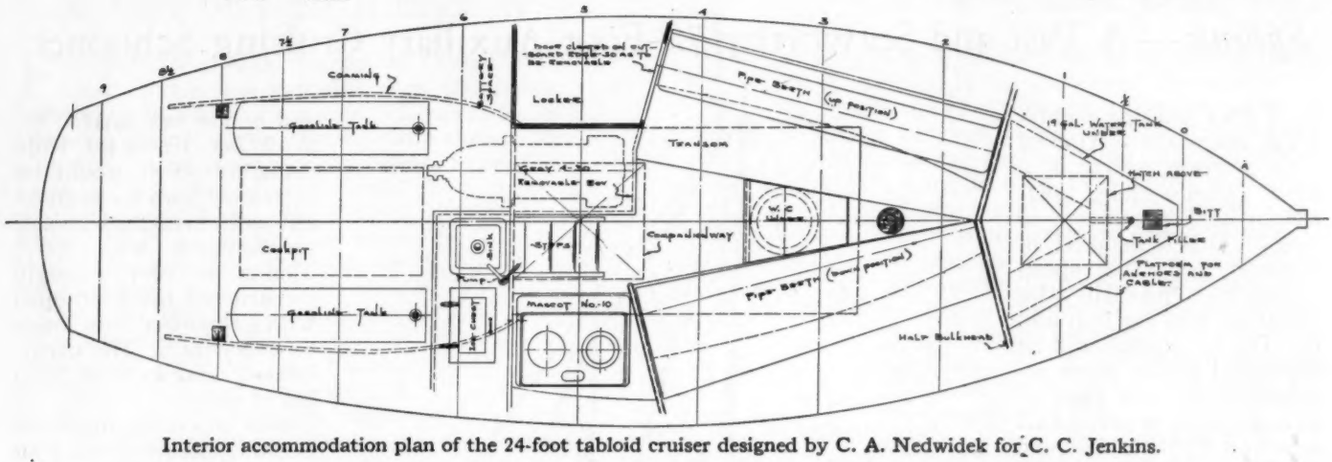


Body plan.

Two swinging berths are found in the cabin, with toilet between. A coal range is aft to starboard, with large locker opposite, and more stowage space forward and in the lazarette.

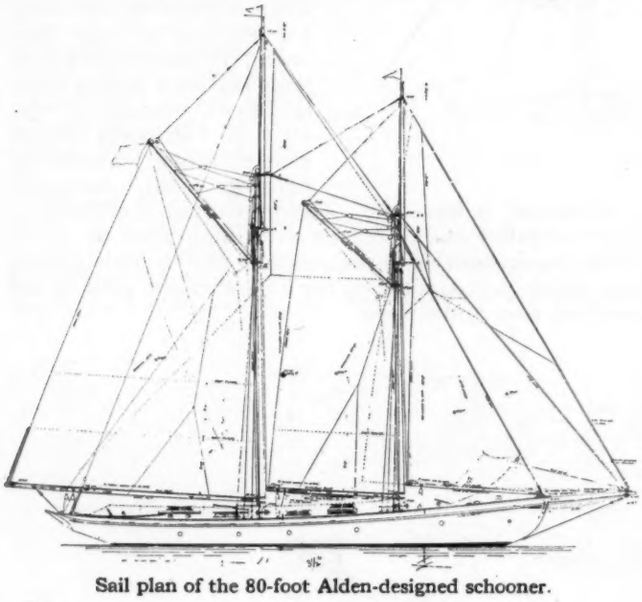


Sail plan.




Interior accommodation plan of the 24-foot tabloid cruiser designed by C. A. Nedwidek for C. C. Jenkins.

# An 80-Foot Diesel-Engined Schooner Designed by Alden



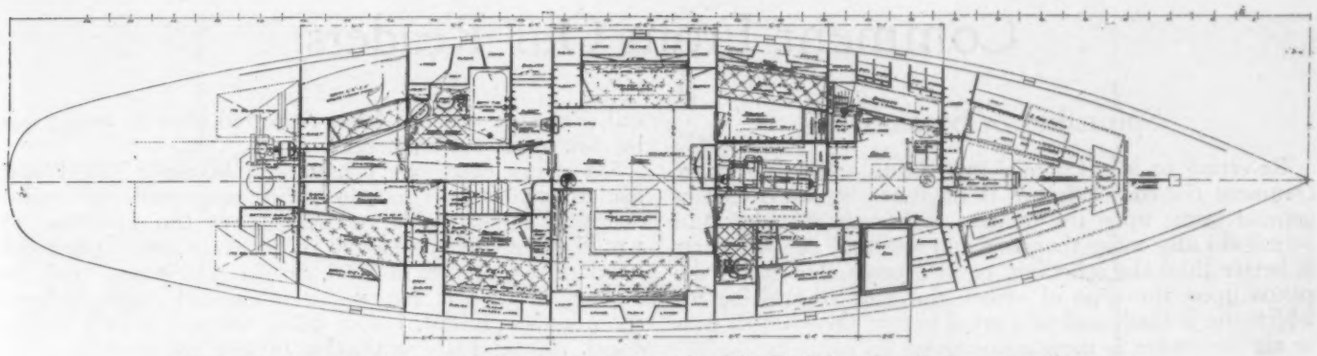
Sail plan of the 80-foot Alden-designed schooner.

A SCHOONER which will be a notable addition to the fleets of the New York and Eastern Yacht Clubs is shown in the plans on this and the next page, of a Diesel-engined auxiliary now nearing completion at Pendleton's yard, Wiscasset, Maine. She was designed by John G. Alden for Dr. J. Remsen Bishop, of Peekskill, N. Y., and is of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 80′; l.w.l. 61′ 7″; beam, 18′ 9″; draft, 10′ 2″; sail area, 2770 sq. ft. in the four lowers; outside ballast, 25,000 pounds; inside ballast, 27,000 pounds.

In general, the design is very similar to Mr. Alden's last year's schooner *Malabar IX*, showing the high, "pilot boat" bow, with a flush deck, keel well aft, and high bulwarks. The rig has the usual Alden characteristics with large foresail and rather small mainsail, both masts being stepped well aft. The gaff topmast rig was chosen as the boat will probably be used next winter for extensive West Indian cruising.

The auxiliary power is a 40 h.p. Standard Diesel motor, located forward of the owner's quarters.

The accommodation plan was drawn to suit the owner and shows four single staterooms, roomy main cabin, two toilet rooms, and large galley and crew's quarters.

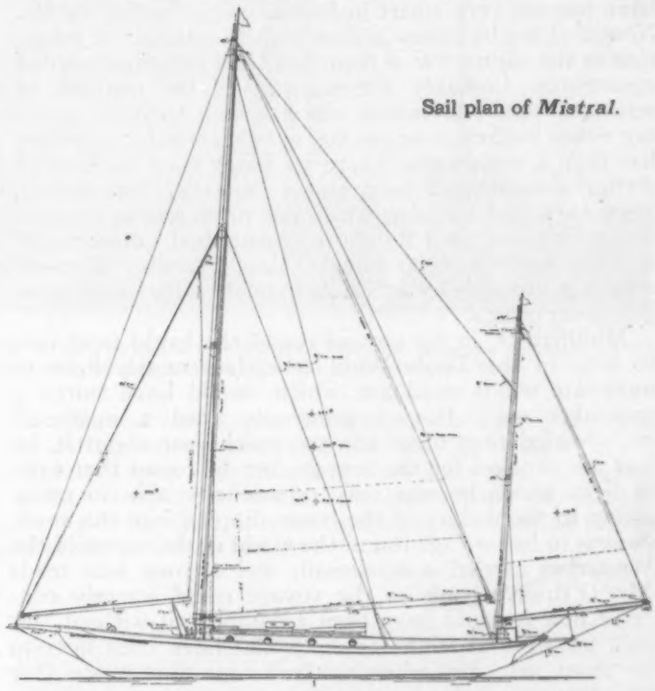


Accommodation plan of the 80-foot schooner designed by John G. Alden, described on preceding page.

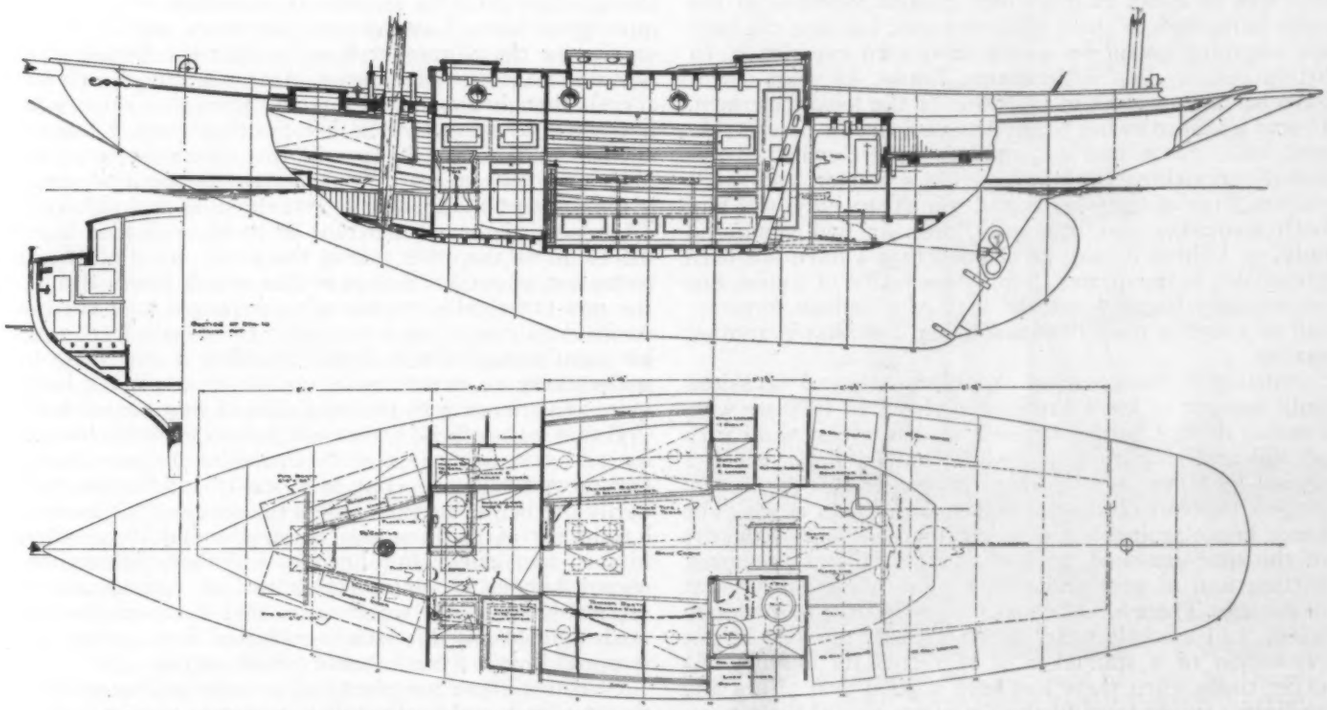
# *Mistral,* A 45-Foot Jib-Headed Yawl Designed by Wm. H. Hand

THE handsome jib-headed yawl *Mistral*, whose design is reproduced here, was a familiar sight last summer in the waters adjacent to South Dartmouth, Mass. She was designed by the well known New Bedford naval architect, William H. Hand, for Henry A. Ross, of Philadelphia, and built by the Reed-Cook Construction Co., her dimensions being: l.o.a. 45′ 4″; l.w.l. 33′ 1″; beam, 11′ 6″; draft, 6′; sail area, 1100 sq. ft. She has proved to be a splendid little craft for afternoon sailing and cruising, is smart under canvas, and travels at a fine clip when her F-4 Scripps motor is called upon to do its bit in calm weather.

No effort was made in the arrangement plan to cut up the interior with bulkheads, the owner desiring few units, but large ones. The forecastle, with two bunks, is followed by a large galley. The spacious main cabin has four berths, while aft is a big toilet room with unusual locker space opposite — a simple but decidedly effective arrangement for real cruising in a craft this size.



Sail plan of *Mistral.*



Inboard profile and accommodation plan of *Mistral,* designed by Wm. H. Hand for Henry A. Ross, of Philadelphia.

# Comment From Our Readers

## Spinnaker or Squaresail

Referring to Mr. Loomis' interesting article and your comment thereon, I do not think that one can decide in general terms upon the relative merits of spinnaker and squaresail any more than one can say that the ketch rig is better than the schooner, or vice versa. The latter depends upon the type of vessel, the kind of cruising for which she is used, and to a great extent upon which gear or rig the owner is most accustomed to.

All yacht hands know how to set a spinnaker, and many have become very smart in handling it in racing yachts. Now that yacht hands seldom ship in coasters or fishermen in the winter few of them have had any experience of squaresails. Probably the majority of the methods of setting a squaresail which one has seen tried in yachts are either inefficient or are too cumbersome for anything less than a week's run. There are many good methods of setting a squaresail, for example *Saiorse's*, *Jolie Brise's*, *Tern IV's*, and the plan which one often sees in coasters and which was used by the now vanished cutter-rigged trawlers working out of King's Lynn. Probably all these methods are equally efficient, though some need more gear than others.

Muhlhauser, in his voyage round the world from east to west in the Trade Wind zone, had mostly light to moderate winds dead aft, which should have suited a spinnaker well. Having previously tried a squaresail and decided that there was too much gear about it, he had a spinnaker for the voyage, but he found that even in light winds he was only occasionally able to set it owing to the danger of the boom dipping into the swell. *Saiorse* in her voyage round the world in the region of the Westerlies carried a squaresail, and anyone who reads Mr. O'Brien's book on the voyage could scarcely conceive how it could have been accomplished without this sail, for without it the vessel would have been hove-to on many occasions when the best runs were made. One hesitates to speak of one's own modest ventures in the same paragraph as these great voyages, but one can only say anything useful by giving one's own experience. In fitting out my first little cutter, *Ianthe*, 43 years ago, I gave her a squaresail in imitation of the local fishermen. It was a failure owing to my inexperience in its use. My next boat, *Foam*, had a spinnaker. I have owned at different times three yawls, a ketch, a schooner, and seven cutters. Four of these boats had spinnakers only, two had both spinnaker and squaresail, and six had squaresail only, so I think it may be claimed that I have not been prejudiced in the matter. In all these boats, of course, one occasionally boomed out the tack of a balloon forestaysail as a sort of mast-head spinnaker, but that is another matter.

Squaresails have caused trouble on several occasions until one got to know the way of them. In 1899 we were running down Channel before a moderate east wind with all sail and spinnaker in a yacht named *Rover* which I owned for a few months only. A heavier roll than usual dipped the end of the spinnaker boom into a sea. The boom broke against the main rigging. The sail, with part of the spar attached, took charge forward of the mast, getting foul of everything and doing a certain amount of damage. There have been occasions in light to moderate winds and smooth water when I have rejoiced in the possession of a spinnaker or regretted its absence. At other times when there has been a good deal of sea and perhaps a strong wind I have been very glad of the squaresail, or in its absence have regretted that it would not be safe to set the spinnaker.

On many occasions I have run before a heavy sea, sometimes for days together, with squaresail, and mainsail well reefed down, when without the squaresail it would have been necessary to heave-to and so lose the wind. For example, in 1926, on the way home from the Azores, *Tern IV* ran under squaresail, and mainsail more or less reefed, before a big sea and a very strong wind, sailing 1,020 sea miles in five consecutive days. She ran quite safely, but if the conditions had been just a little worse it would have been necessary to heave-to. Without the squaresail there would have been no doubt about it; we should have been hove-to until this fine breeze left us behind, and should have had a tedious passage with (as subsequent meteorological reports showed) variable winds, and of course the heavy swell left from the breeze.

The probability is that a man who has had equal experience of spinnaker and squaresail would prefer the former sail for ordinary coastal yachting and the squaresail for deep water cruising. But even so, one cannot be sure, for there is the personal element which is apt to over-ride logic and experience.

CLAUD WORTH.

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## Wanted — A Hakluyt

The Spaniards are, I hear, trying to fix a yacht race from Plymouth to Santander, and are getting very little response from England, where the yachting press with one voice wishes French, Spanish and American owners "bon voyage," but declares that there will be no British entries. This is a symptom of the extreme insularity of British yachtsmen, who would pretend that there are no seas in the world except British waters. This pretence is puzzling to strangers, until they know that it is only a pretence, for the English do really sail the Seven Seas, though they do it by stealth, as something which is not quite good form. I am as sure that there will be British entries for the Santander Race as that the British yawl *Seaweed* sailed to Melbourne, Australia (for I saw her there), though nobody in England knows or cares what happened to her after she left Southampton. I am not British, and do not believe in this official secrecy; the man who sails a small boat across the oceans cannot avoid some publicity, and he gets the least desirable kind. Therefore it is no wonder that he looks apologetic if you meet him on the other side of the world; for if all the information about his doings is that which filters through the non-technical press his relatives ought to have him certified as insane, and he ought to be asked to resign his membership of the Royal Stickfast Yacht Club for undertaking an irresponsible voyage in a spirit of levity quite at variance with the traditions of that august body.

If that is the official attitude of British yachting towards its own countrymen, how much colder its reception of the mere foreigner — but how easily intelligible! Certainly the Royal Stickfast offers the stranger the material hospitality of its luxurious clubhouse and its excellent kitchen and cellar; but he may feel that the members regard him as an unknown animal of curious and inexplicable habits. It would seem that if his nature were made known and his habits explained in a proper way it would be more comfortable for all parties.

Of course there are plenty of younger sailing men who would take a real interest in an overseas visitor, but not

*Photos by W. C. Sawyer*

**Launching of the new Eight-Metre *Marin*, the first of the new "Eights" to go overboard. She is owned by Ralph Ellis and was built on the West Coast from designs by Nicholas Potter. In the recent races off Los Angeles she lost a close series to *Babe*.**

so many as there might be if the facts of ocean cruising were more familiar; for England has to a great degree lost that sea sense which encouraged yachting so much in its early days. Now a ship means generally a floating hotel, and a yachting cruise a month's sojourn in the said hotel, except to those antiquaries who have instituted a cult of the defunct windjammer, but apparently fail to trace her relationship with the little yachts which now alone keep their sails spread upon the oceans.

Now, who shall explain the small but growing company of deep-water yachtsmen? Not the lay journalist, who attributes to us motives which do not actuate us and dangers which we never meet. Sometimes we can explain ourselves; Slocum did — so well that he set me on my travels; but there we are in the hands of the publishers who, no less than the journalists, have to consider the taste of the public. I suppose it is as much the exception for a yachtsman to see his travels printed in the form in which he wrote of them as it is for me to read them without being brought up all standing a dozen times by the omission of some detail of seamanship or navigation which has fallen under the blue pencil. We fare better in the yachting press, and in the journals of the various cruising clubs; but these have so limited a circulation that on the general subject of ocean passages in small vessels we are preaching to the converted, and in individual cases we are explaining ourselves to those that know all about us.

I want to see something better, in a more permanent and accessible form, and I think a good many other people want it, too. The general yachting public wants a true description of conditions at sea in a small ship; those who contemplate long voyages want the experience of their predecessors in the design of boat and rig; and those who are actually starting want sailing directions other than those written for big and weatherly ships (I, at least, have found a thousand miles standing through fresh Trades more trying than five thousand in the Roaring Forties).

One who is personally familiar with deep-sea work could make a useful book by abstracting such logs as are available, by a critical appreciation of accounts written in a manner too popular for the practical navigator, and by taking down, before it is too late, the recollections of those voyagers who have kept no written record. Though such a compilation would have many gaps which, alas! can never be filled, it would ensure that no future cruises of merit sank into oblivion.

CONOR O'BRIEN.

***Seven Seas*, a full-rigged ship, purchased by Inglis M. Uppercu, of New York, to be used as a yacht. She sailed from England, February 21st, for Hampton Roads.**

# Under the Lee of the Longboat

*by Cap Stan*

JACK PARKINSON did a very good job in his defense of the squaresail in the last issue. I have heard several yachtsmen defend the squaresail verbally, but they are such shrinking violets that they don't come out in cold type and tell the world about it. After hearing many pros and cons on the subject, it seems as though the squaresail, on the average ocean trip, would be of occasional value, when the wind was in just the right quarter, and blowing too hard for spinnaker or balloon sails. On the whole, I think I'll stick to spinnakers — two of them, if necessary, with two poles, one for light and the other for heavy breezes. Some day when somebody actually demonstrates to me just how the blooming squaresail is rigged and set, and, furthermore, shows me that it is better than a spinnaker, then I'll be convinced — maybe.

* * *

There are already so many classes racing on Long Island Sound that at any of the open regattas the last class doesn't get away until some of the early starters are almost home. And this year several new classes are to be added, each to have its individual starting gun and five-minute starting interval — the Atlantic Coast One-Designs, Sound Junior Class, Open Eight-Metres, 22 Square-Metres, and so on. A serious situation is growing worse, and no one seems to know what to do about it.

* * *

The new Atlantic Coast One-Design Class is all right as a name, but a pretty big mouthful. Someone has suggested that it be shortened to the A & P Class. Why not call 'em Gypsies?

* * *

The new navigation tables which I mentioned last month are published by the Hydrographic Office, and are known as H. O. 208. You can get them from almost any dealer who handles nautical instruments and charts, for the large sum of 75 cents.

And while we're on the subject of navigation, I'd like to ask somebody who has been through the mill to tell us where to get hold of one of those small, compact and simple radio receivers with which to get the time signal from Arlington and elsewhere. Not one of the ordinary "broadcast receivers," but a special job which grabs off code and time signals on the lower wave lengths. I am reliably informed that there are such sets, but who makes them, and where do you buy them?

* * *

You'll have to hand it to Slade Dale for penning the most vivid and convincing yarn of the utter misery of a severe attack of seasickness which has seen the light of day in recent years. I confess I got a good laugh and several grins out of it. But it didn't strike everyone as being so awfully funny, for a chap was grousing about it to me a few days ago: "Doggone it, my wife read that article and now she says she'll never go aboard the boat again." The lady's feelings are quite understood in this quarter. I have a sneaking suspicion that if I ever got as seasick as Dale did, I'd buy a farm and go live on it.

* * *

In an article on *Miss England*, the speedboat which Major Segrave hopes will shatter all records, *Motor Boating World* (British) has this to say: "Never before has there been a speedboat on which so much scientific thought, research and experiment has been expended." So far, *Miss England* has proved to be so capricious, unstable and unreliable that it is doubtful if she could beat a Gold Cup runabout. Scientific thought, research and experiments are quite all right in their way, but a few trial trips in British waters might well have shown them to be quite all wrong in this case. Apparently *Miss England* is a hope shatterer, not a record smasher.

* * *

The measurement rule used in the Gibson Island Race is a step backward in long distance racing, when one considers the improved rules in the Fastnet and Bermuda races. It would be easy to beat — build a short-ended, beamy sled and put a big rig on her and go out and win. The only reasons I have heard for sticking to this rule, which was also used in the 1927 Gibson Island Race, are that it worked satisfactorily in 1927, and is a simple and easy way to measure and rate the boats. The first reason is a poor one, at best. The second one has some merit, inasmuch as it is fairly difficult to take the measurements demanded by either the Bermuda or Fastnet rules. Still, it has been done, and could be done again. And why penalize boats with Marconi mainsails? No one has been able to prove to my satisfaction that they are any faster

(*Continued on page 126*)

# Books for the Yachtsman's Library

## *Under the Red Jack*

*By* C. H. J. Snider

(The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto)

IN this volume the author, a yachtsman of distinction and the writer of several books on nautical history, brings together the stories of the privateers which carried the flag of the Maritime Provinces of Canada during the War of 1812, when private armed vessels on both sides of the border did much to uphold the seagoing traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The merchant seaman of those days, trading to all parts of the globe, was more or less familiar with the use of great guns and small arms, for often he was under the necessity of fighting for ship and life. Naval service, with its rigid discipline and frequent abuses of power by tyrannical captains, appealed little to Merchant Jack, though he was often impressed by force and compelled to serve under the royal ensign. At the outbreak of any war, the commerce of the great carriers was open to attack and the time-wasting convoy system was usually soon inaugurated. A few bold merchant shipowners armed what were called "running ships" and sent them to sea to make the best of their way, unaided by any naval convoy vessel. Others, looking for adventure and profit, fitted out armed vessels and sent them out to cruise against the enemy's commerce. These craft were usually fast, well armed and carried heavy crews so that captured vessels could be manned and sent into port for adjudication by prize courts. They were commissioned by the government and their owners had to file bonds to insure the proper behavior of their ships.

Many returned to port empty-handed; others proved veritable scourges of the sea. They had to be prepared to fight for life and liberty on occasion, though a number of prizes were taken with little resistance. More than once privateers beat off heavier vessels of the enemy or offered heroic resistance to overwhelmingly superior forces.

Mr. Snider has collected in this one volume the records of some 49 Canadian craft, telling the story of those more important in considerable detail and in a breezy style that presents a vivid picture of affairs at sea in a century-old war. He pays high tribute to the quality of those who manned these daring vessels, pointing out that they were all picked men, for privateer crews were on shares, and not on wages, and there was no room for idlers or for the inefficient.

A curious side issue brought out in the story is the extent of the "license system," in which vessels of one belligerent traded under the protection of the other. This has always existed in war, though always under cover, and is usually overlooked or suppressed by historians. Thinking Americans may well recall the Hartford Convention and the attitude of New England, which strongly disapproved of a war that promised to wreck the Yankee merchants' carrying trade.

The book is the fruit of many years of research and should be of interest to everyone with a drop of salt in his veins. Written from the Canadian viewpoint, it seems at times a bit biased, but perhaps it will serve as a corrective to some of the loud screams of the eagle in accounts written on the southern side of the international border.

C. H. H.

## *Winning the King's Cup*

*By* Helen G. Bell

(G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1928, $2.50)

A RATHER different and interesting account of an ocean race is now at hand in this new book by Helen G. Bell, daughter of the owner of *Elena*, winner of the King's Cup in the race to Spain during the summer of 1928. Miss Bell was one of the afterguard of the yacht during the race.

The account of the race itself occupies but one of the seven chapters of the book, but by this very brevity it gains a certain amount of interest for the uninitiated in the art of racing. It takes out the detail that might be confusing to the landlubber, and gives in its place only the atmosphere of tenseness existing during the Atlantic crossing.

It will be remembered that newspaper accounts of the race told that the *Elena's* boatswain was unable to get action from the crew except by yelling "Taxi!" The crew was evidently a green one, but the trials and tribulations, both in getting the crew, training them, patching ballooners that split, and re-split, are all well woven into the tale.

The anxiety of the crew of *Elena* during the first few days of neck and neck racing with *Atlantic*, and the later worry and wonder concerning the relative positions of the two boats, make easy reading for anyone, novice or old salt.

For the man who has had his share of ocean racing there is plenty in the book of interest. Detail is provided in discussing the selection of courses, the changes made upon receipt of weather conditions by radio, and the employment of certain rigs for the race, together with the reasons why they would be left at home on a future venture of the kind.

The accommodations and design of the ship are given, as well as a mass of detail related to getting ready, and the full list of supplies taken aboard to feed the entire ship's company.

The book is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs. Charts of the race add interest for the man who does it himself.

James G. Stone.

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## *Cochrane the Unconquerable*

*By* Archibald D. Turnbull and Norman R. Van Der Veer

(The Century Co., New York)

ONE of the most picturesque figures in naval history is here portrayed by two naval officers of our own service. The tale is that of Thomas Cochrane, later the Earl of Dundonald, who, at the opening of the story, had distinguished himself in command of H. M. S. *Speedy*, a man-of-war brig that rolled up a surprising count of prizes in the Mediterranean. Her captain apparently did not know the meaning of fear. Afloat and ashore, he distinguished himself, in an age in which heroism was a commonplace. The Spaniards, whose coasts and commerce he scourged, called him "El Diablo" and wove about his name an ever-growing reputation for cunning

(*Continued on page 120*)

**Three boats converging on a turning mark in a race. Which has the right of way and which will emerge from the situation with the greatest advantage?**

# Which Boat Will Take the Lead?

## *All Racing Men Will Be Interested in the Solution of This Racing Problem*

*By* MANFRED CURRY

Situations similar to the one shown in the accompanying photograph are constantly occurring wherever races are closely contested. The questions as to right of way, and what the positions of the three boats will be when they finally emerge from the situation, are worthy of study by all racing men.—EDITOR.

IN studying the accompanying photograph the reader may well put this question to himself; but the correct answer is exceptionally difficult to predict. Nearly all similar photographs permit of an almost certain prediction as to the outcome of the maneuver represented and the resulting position of the boats. In this case, however, the conditions are such that various solutions are possible, the most likely of which are given in the following sketches. It is left for the reader to imagine new situations or to agree with any of those sketched by the writer, and believed by him to be the most likely.

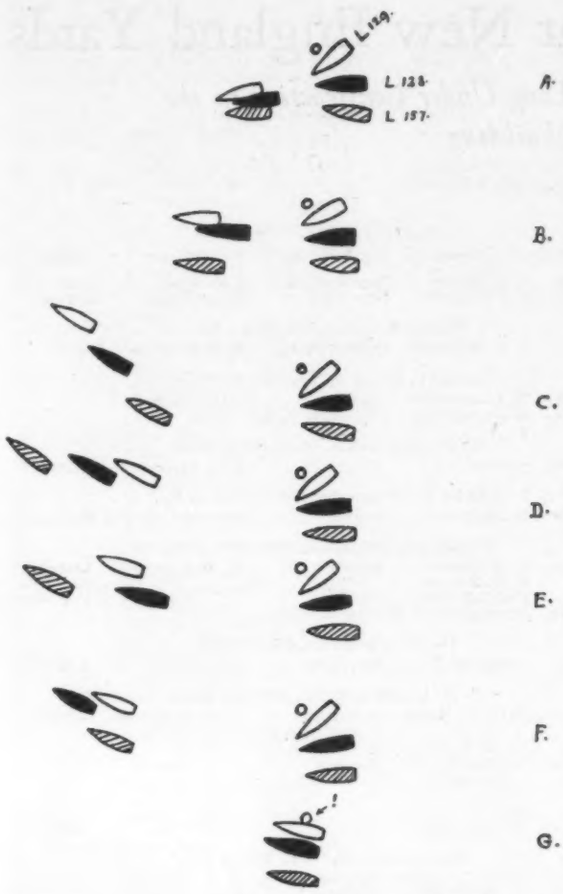
*Sketch A:* L 157 lays great stress on pointing high immediately upon rounding the mark, and her skipper does not feel obliged to give room at the mark to the other boats to windward, because he considers himself already on the new tack and as close on the wind as he can go. L 128 is of a similar opinion. L 129, in contrast to her two competitors, demands room and pushes in between the mark and her opponent lying closest to it. In order not to touch the mark L 129 can, for the present, do nothing but sail a pretty straight course. What is the result? The center boat (L 128) is caught between her two competitors — all three boats touch. In the foul, L 128 is the last boat to get free. Who was at fault?

*Sketch B:* The room between the mark and L 128, which L 129 has at her disposal for rounding, is so narrow that the two boats cannot avoid touching, although L 129 does succeed in pushing through it. In order to prevent a collision the inside boat turns sharply at the mark, but it is just this maneuver which causes a contact, as the stern of L 129 is swinging towards the weather side of L 128. In trying to escape the one trap, L 129 has been caught in the other! The skipper of the third boat, L 157, who has recognized the situation in time, bears off a little, which enables him to pass the other two boats and gain the lead unhindered later on.

*Sketch C:* Experience has taught us to value an inner position on rounding a mark. We know that the inside boat is able to round the mark sharply and point high immediately afterwards. The other boats are forced to make a wider curve, as they are obliged to give room to all boats lying nearer to the mark than themselves, by which maneuver they not only lose distance but also get into the disturbed wind and water of the boat to windward. The distances between the boats thus becomes greater and the boat lying nearest to the mark walks out in front of the second nearest, which is in the so-called "hopeless position."

*Sketch D:* In order not to touch the mark, the inner boat, L 129, luffs with a sharp turn, thereby losing headway, so that her opponent to leeward, L 128, advancing with full headway, passes her. Similarly, L 157, the third boat of the group, advances with such excellent headway (as can easily be seen from the photograph) that she passes to leeward of L 128. It is a well known fact that the yacht to leeward always has the advantage so long as her bow is not *behind* the bow of the yacht to windward. We know that the boat too close to leeward carries with her an air cushion very detrimental to the boat to windward. The difference of heeling angle of the three yachts clearly demonstrates the different development of the power of the three sails. The boat farthest to leeward heels the most, the boat farthest to windward the least. The rounding maneuver therefore determines the following subsequent position of the boats.

*Sketch E:* L 128 bears off a little, thereby giving the inner boat, L 129, sufficient room to round the mark in an easy curve, and by trimming her sheets she so increases her speed that she passes L 128 to windward. Furthermore, L 129 has the possibility of pointing higher than L 128 who, being in the disturbed wind of




her competitor, must bear off somewhat. The case of L 157 is, however, quite different. The exceptional speed of this boat, which steers a straight course and loses no headway, forces her steadily ahead. So we see that in this situation the center boat has already lost the game, whereas the other two still have their duel ahead of them.

*Sketch F:* The inner boat, arriving at the mark with comparatively little headway, is overtaken by L 128 lying next to her. L 157 cannot luff, and therefore falls into the disturbed wind of L 128 and drops to third place.

*Sketch G:* The space between the mark and L 128 is wide enough to allow a yacht lying parallel to her to pass between, but not to make a turn. In trying to avoid a collision L 129 fouls the mark.

What really happened is known thus far only to the owners of the boats and to the photographer. Which of the conclusions given above seems the most likely to our readers?

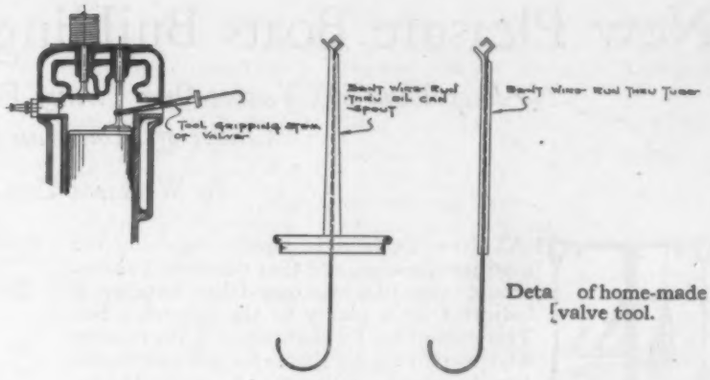
## A Handy Valve Tool

AT this time of year, when boats and engines are being overhauled in anticipation of the season afloat, owners of power boats or auxiliaries may be interested in a valve tool which I devised and have found very handy.

This tool was made especially for use on heavy duty engines of the valve-in-head type, having spark plug holes in the side of the head. Broken valve springs are rather common in marine engines of this kind when long runs at high speed are made.

In spite of all precautions a valve will sometimes slip into the cylinder, making it necessary to remove the head and, on some engines, an overhead camshaft. With the tool described here the valve can be replaced quite easily through a spark plug hole.

The tool is simple to make and consists of a piece of tubing — an oil spout may be used — with a length of stiff wire run through it, a hook being formed on the end of the wire to fit the valve stem. The end of the tube is shaped as shown, to assist in gripping the stem firmly. The tool can be bent to fit the job.




Deta of home-made valve tool.

By shining a flashlight through the valve guide, or plug hole, the stem can be located and gripped by drawing the wire into the tube. The valve can then be replaced. The piston should always be at top dead center, of course, as this prevents the valves from falling entirely out of reach.

The device can be used also, to pick up any small part that has fallen into a place which cannot be reached by the hand.

T. C. McDowell

Woods Hole, Mass.

## A Motor Boat Show for Chicago

THE Chicago Stadium, a new arena on West Madison Street, which, when finished, will be the largest exhibition building in the world, has been selected by the American Power Boat and Engine Manufacturers Association for the holding of their annual Motor Boat Show, on May 1st to 5th, inclusive, this year.

This will be the first Motor Boat Show held in Chicago in over sixteen years, and, sponsored by the manufacturers, should be one of the biggest of its kind in the history of that city. Next to the automobile show in New York, Chicago and Detroit, Motor Boat Shows have proved the greatest public magnet in exhibitions.

Secretary D. W. Edenburn, of the American Power Boat Association, one of the prime movers in the organization which will sponsor the exhibition, negotiated the arrangements for the show and arranged for an underwriting of the space to guarantee the expenses of the venture.

**Interior of the new "Gar" Wood, Inc., showroom, on Broadway, New York City, the first of its kind on that famous thoroughfare. In the foreground is seen the model 40 limousine Black Beauty, backed by the small "30" model and the "50," the latter a 55-mile per hour runabout. Boats may now be examined and purchased like motor cars.**

# New Pleasure Boats Building at New England Yards

## *No Less Than 322 Yachts Over Twenty Feet Long Under Construction in the Cradle of American Shipbuilding*

*By* WILLIAM UPHAM SWAN

THAT New England is rapidly regaining her maritime prestige, and that therefore Yankees should cease to whine over fallen fortunes, is indicated by a glance at the appended list. This shows that the yachtsmen of the country who yearly seek her shores for rest and recreation, have ordered this year from the 43 boat yards between the Connecticut and Penobscot Rivers, no less than 322 pleasure craft of over 20 feet overall length, whose value is estimated at more than eight million dollars.

In the year of 1829 the little semaphoric telegraph on the hill at Hull signalled to the city the arrival of 1,309 vessels off Boston Light, only 20 of which had steam even as an auxiliary, and a large majority were of less than 200 tons burden.

An even century later finds 5,280 pleasure craft enrolled in more than 150 yacht clubs on the coast, lakes and rivers of New England, which have a total membership of more than 13,000 yachtsmen.

Back in 1829 the only pleasure boats in New England were a few little sloops at Nahant and Newport, while the famous Drean Club, which initiated organized yachting in America, was still six years below the horizon.

The 1929 yachting fleet is a mighty armada, and in numbers and size of the boats building, the largest by far that New England has ever known. Of the grand total no less than 45 are between 50 feet and 75 feet, nineteen between 75 and 100 feet, eleven between 100 and 200 feet, four over 200 feet and one — a 343-foot electric turbine steel vessel which is building at Bath for J. P. Morgan — is some 40 feet longer than his present *Corsair*. It is estimated that she will represent something more than two million dollars when she slides into the Kennebec River next fall.

### The 1929 List of Yacht Construction in New England East of the Connecticut River

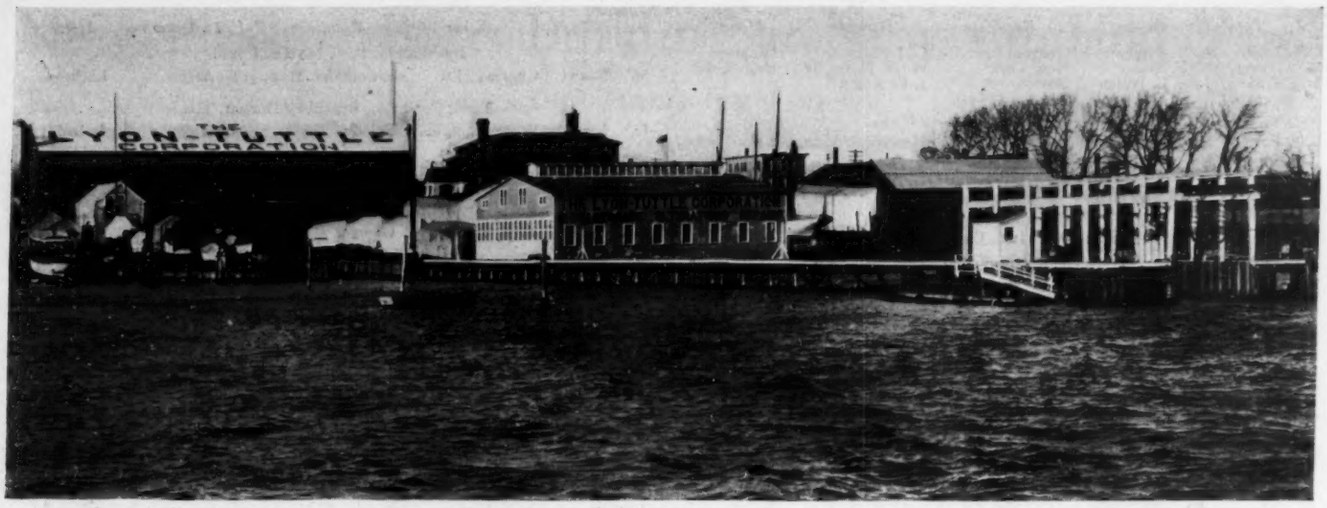
| *Length O.A.* | *Type* | *Owner* | *Residence* | *Designer* | *Motor* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | Charles F. Anderson, Wareham, Mass. | | | |
| 24′ | Cat | J. R. Rothery | Wollaston, Mass. | C. F. Anderson | Palmer |
| | | Bath Iron Works, Inc., Bath, Me. | | | |
| 343′ | Power | J. P. Morgan | New York | H. J. Gielow, Inc. | Turbine Electric |
| 266′ | " | H. W. J. Manville | Pleasantville, N. J. | " | Bessemer |
| 130′ | " | A. J. Davol | Providence, R. I. | A. Loring Swasey | Winton |
| | | Reuben Bigelow, Monument Beach, Mass. | | | |
| 28′ | Kncbt. | Six boats for members | Edgartown Y. C. | C. D. Mower | |
| 24′ | Power | R. M. Kelley | Yarmouth, Mass. | R. Bigelow | Gray |
| | | N. Blaisdell, Woolwich, Me. | | | |
| 35′ | Yawl | H. L. Handerson | Baltimore | J. G. Alden | Gray |
| 35′ | " | D. K. E. Fisher | " | " | " |
| 35′ | " | C. E. Elliott, Jr. | " | " | " |
| 35′ | " | Dr. James B. Ayer | Boston | " | " |
| 35′ | " | J. H. Nichols | " | " | " |
| 35′ | " | John Bishop | " | " | " |
| | | Britt Brothers, West Lynn, Mass. | | | |
| 38′ | Power | James M. Beale | Boston | J. G. Alden | Lathrop |
| 36′ | Ketch | J. G. Alden | " | " | Gray |
| 34′ | Power | E. J. Bliss | Edgartown | " | Sterling |
| 34′ | " | George P. Metcalf | Providence | " | " |
| 34′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 34′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 32′ | " | Mrs. Eleanor Saltonstall | Boston | " | " |
| | | Camden Yacht Building Co., Camden, Me. | | | |
| 55′ | Power | William Procter | New York | J. G. Alden | Sterling |
| | | Casey Boat Bldg. Co., Fairhaven, Mass. | | | |
| 56′ | Power | G. B. Townsend | Philadelphia | T. D. Bowes | Hill-Diesel |
| 41′ | Yawl | Parker Converse | Marion, Mass. | Major Casey | Scripps |
| 41′ | " | E. L. Ryerson | " | " | " |
| 41′ | " | Detroit yachtsman | Detroit | " | " |
| 38′ | " | A. A. Spare & G. Akin | New Bedford | " | Gray |
| 38′ | " | G. C. Cochran | Brooklyn | | " |
| 36′ | Ketch | A. T. Weeks | New Bedford | J. G. Alden | Gray |
| 30′ | Cutter | E. J. Steinblein | New York | Major Casey | Kermath |
| | | Winfield S. Carter, Friendship, Me. | | | |
| 34′ | Yawl | R. E. Winslow | Quincy, Mass. | R. E. Winslow | Gray |
| | | George L. Chaisson, Swampscott, Mass. | | | |
| 28′ | Ketch | W. C. Bowditch | Boston | J. G. Alden | |
| 22′ | Kncbt. | 22 for members | Nantucket Y. C. | " | |
| | | W. H. Chamberlain, Marblehead, Mass. | | | |
| 21′ | Kncbt. | ——— | | J. G. Alden | Kermath |
| | | Charles E. Clement, Southwest Harbor, Me. | | | |
| 50′ | Power | Richard Harte | Boston | Eldredge-McInnis | Sterling |
| | | Crosby Yacht Bldg. Co., Osterville, Mass. | | | |
| 38′ | Power | F. B. Collins | Boston | H. M. Crosby | Lathrop |
| 34′ | " | F. D. Sawyer | " | " | Sterling |
| 29′ | " | Frank A. North | " | " | Van Blerck |
| 28′ | Kncbt. | Seven members of Wianno Club | | " | |
| | | Dauntless Shipyard, Essex, Conn. | | | |
| 58′ | Schr. | George W. Mixter | New York | J. G. Alden | Red Wing |
| | | J. M. Densmore & Co., Atlantic, Mass. | | | |
| 120′ | Power | Percy L. Hance | New York | J. M. Densmore | Winton |
| | | Dyer Motorcraft Co., East Greenwich, R. I. | | | |
| 38′ | Power | William H. Vanderbilt | Newport | G. L. Spencer | Kermath |
| 38′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 38′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 21′ | " | 25 stock boats | | Dyer M. C. | Universal |
| | | Harvey Gamage, South Bristol, Me. | | | |
| 62′ | Schr. | Linus G. Coggin | Hingham, Mass. | R. E. Winslow | Cummins |
| 55′ | " | W. W. Duffett | Boston | J. G. Alden | " |
| 46′ | Ketch | F. J. Mather, Jr. | Princeton, N. J. | " | Scripps |
| 45′ | Schr. | James R. Offield | Chicago | Eldredge-McInnis | Gray |
| 40′ | Yawl | R. D. Hale | Boston | J. G. Alden | " |
| 40′ | Ketch | Philip Wadsworth | " | " | Lathrop |
| 38′ | Yawl | Harold Amory | " | " | Gray |
| 38′ | " | E. S. Ballard | Chicago | " | " |
| | | G. W. Gardner, Swampscott, Mass. | | | |
| 24′ | Power | H. B. Mortimer | Barnstable, Mass. | S. S. Crocker, Jr. | Palmer |
| | | Gloucester Boat Yard | | | |
| 47′ | Schr. | Ward Robinson | Chicago | Eldredge-McInnis | Gray |
| | | Goudy & Stevens, East Boothbay, Me. | | | |
| 85′ | Schr. | A Southern yachtsman | | J. G. Alden | Standard-Diesel |
| 43′ | " | John G. Alden | Boston | " | Scripps |
| 43′ | " | R. M. Rolson | Chicago | " | " |
| 43′ | " | Dr. Fritz B. Talbot | Boston | " | " |
| 43′ | Power | A. S. Porter | Brookline, Mass. | " | Kermath |
| 30′ | " | Garrett A. Hobart | Paterson, N. J. | Goudy & Stevens | " |
| | | James A. Graves, Marblehead, Mass. | | | |
| 60′ | Schr. | Geoffrey Whitney | Boston | Howard & Munro | Murray & Tr. |
| 37′ | Power | David C. Percival | " | " | Sterling |
| 37′ | " | Henry Partridge | " | " | " |
| 35′ | Ketch | J. R. Rockwell | New York | " | Red Wing |
| 24′ | Kncbt. | Charles C. Clapp | Boston | " | |
| Class Q | Sloop | C. H. W. Foster | " | L. F. Herreshoff | |
| | | Gray Boats, Thomaston, Me. | | | |
| 60′ | Power | Robert Winsor | Boston | Gray boats | Sterling |
| 40′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 38′ | " | Carl R. Gray | Omaha, Neb. | " | " |
| 36′ | " | ——— | | " | Scripps |
| 32′ | " | T. W. Backckus | Wilmington, Del. | " | Red Wing |
| 32′ | " | G. S. Buchanan | New York | " | Sterling |
| | | W. H. Hand, Jr., Fairhaven, Mass. | | | |
| 60′ | Ketch | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Fairhaven, Mass. | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Hall-Scott |
| | | Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Bristol, R. I. | | | |
| 150′ | Power | H. S. Vanderbilt | New York | Herreshoff Co. | Treiber-Diesel |
| 83′ | Sloop | George M. Pynchon | Greenwich, Conn. | L. F. Herreshoff | |
| 45′ | Power | A. F. Rafferty | New York | Herreshoff Co. | Sterling |
| 43′ | " | Irving Bonbright | " | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Hall-Scott |
| 27′ | Kncbt. | Seven stock boats | | Herreshoff Co. | |
| | | Hodgdon Bros., East Boothbay, Me. | | | |
| 85′ | Power | Parker W. Whittemore | Boston | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Winton |
| 68′ | Schr. | Vernon West | Portland | George Owen | Fairbanks |
| 65′ | " | P. Shaw Sprague | Boston | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Hall-Scott |

| Length O.A. | Type | Owner | Residence | Designer | Motor |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 65′ | Schr. | A. E. Pierce | Chicago | C. D. Mower | Lathrop |
| 55′ | Power | N. S. Seeley | New York | W. H. Hand, Jr. | Hall-Scott |
| Class Q | Sloop | John G. Alden | Boston | J. G. Alden | |
| | | **Lamb & O'Connell, Atlantic, Mass.** | | | |
| 50′ | Power | Eastern Steamship Co. | Boston | Howard & Munro | St'nd'rd-Diesel |
| 47′ | Schr. | Stuart W. Glazier | Hartford | Eldredge-McInnis | Gray |
| 30 | Sq. Met. | E. Arthur Shuman, Jr. | Boston | Howard & Munro | |
| | | **F. D. Lawley, Inc., Quincy, Mass.** | | | |
| 75′ | Power | Ray L. Skofield | Norwalk, Conn. | Eldredge-McInnis | Winton |
| 50′ | " | James S. Booth | Detroit | J. H. Wells | " |
| 32′ | " | Mrs. H. R. Hardwick | Boston | F. D. Lawley | Kermath |
| 30′ | " | ——— | | " | Gray |
| 30′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| 30′ | Knebt. | D. Devereux Barker | Marblehead | F. C. Paine | |
| 30′ | " | Charles Barker | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | G. Paul Brackett | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Paul Childs & J. A. Jeffries | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Dane Brothers | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Reginald Foster, Jr. | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Shepard Brothers | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | H. J. Sargent | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | F. C. Paine | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | E. Sohier Welch | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | John Parkinson | Marion, Mass. | " | |
| 30′ | " | " | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Thomas Callaway | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | R. W. Cumming | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | G. B. Dabney | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Gardner Emmons | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | N. F. Emmons | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Francis Gray | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | F. D. Hamlin | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Davis Taylor | " | " | |
| 30′ | " | Seth M. Milliken | East Blue Hill, Me. | " | |
| | | **George Lawley & Son Corp., Neponset, Mass.** | | | |
| 220′ | Schr. | Carll Tucker | New York | Henry J. Gielow, Inc. | Bessemer |
| 205′ | Bktn. | Walter P. Murphy | Chicago | A. B. Raymond | Winton-Diesel |
| 165′ | Schr. | Ross W. Judson | Detroit | Henry J. Gielow, Inc. | Bessemer |
| 115′ | Power | George Whitney | New York | " | " |
| 104′ | " | W. W. Aldrich | " | " | Winton-Gas |
| 74′ | Ketch | Demarest Lloyd | Washington | J. G. Alden | Red Wing |
| 68′ | Power | ——— | Detroit | George Lawley & Son | Sterling |
| 56′ | " | Schuman Fairchild | New York | F. K. Lord | Liberty |
| 50′ | Sloop | Robert McCurdy | " | J. G. Alden | Scripps |
| 41′ | " | G. N. Gregory | Marblehead | L. F. Herreshoff | Lathrop |
| 8 Metre | " | Frank C. Paine | Boston | F. C. Paine | |
| Class Q | " | Harold S. Wheelock | " | " | |
| Class R | " | Samuel Dauchy | Chicago | W. S. Burgess | |
| Class R | " | C. T. Fisher | Detroit | " | |
| 30 Sq. Met. | " | Charles A. Welch | Marblehead | George Owen | |
| 30 Sq. Met. | " | George McQuesten | " | L. F. Herreshoff | |
| Three launches | | H. W. J. Manville | New York | H. J. Gielow | Kermath |
| Two lifeboats | | " | " | " | |
| Two launches | | Carll Tucker | " | " | Kermath |
| Two lifeboats | | " | " | " | |
| Two launches | | R. W. Judson | Detroit | " | Kermath |
| Two launches | | W. P. Murphy | Chicago | A. B. Raymond | " |
| Two launches | | George Whitney | New York | H. J. Gielow | Universal |
| | | **G. Frank Lawson, Dorchester, Mass.** | | | |
| 47′ | Schr. | A. W. Moffatt | Brookline | Eldredge-McInnis | Scripps |
| 43′ | Power | R. W. Barstow | Fond Du Lac, Wis. | R. M. Burbank | Red Wing |
| | | **S. F. McFarland, South Bristol, Me.** | | | |
| 30′ | Yawl | Arthur Rotch | Boston | S. S. Crocker, Jr. | Gray |
| 21′ | Knebt. | Two for J. G. Alden | " | J. G. Alden | |
| | | **Charles A. Morse & Son, Thomaston, Me.** | | | |
| 80′ | Schr. | Arthur Crisp | New York | J. G. Alden | St'nd'rd-Diesel |
| 70′ | Power | Grenfel Assn. | Battle Harbor | " | Fairbanks-Morse |
| 50′ | Schr. | Alexander C. Tener | Pittsburg, Pa. | " | Red Wing |
| 50′ | " | George G. Gordon | Nantucket, Mass. | " | Scripps |
| 34′ | Yawl | W. Gilbert Dunham | Larchmont, N. Y. | " | Gray |
| 22′ | Sloop | Albert Gould, Jr. | Boston | " | |
| | | **F. S. Nock, Inc., East Greenwich, R. I.** | | | |
| 100′ | Schr. | Charles Johnson | New York | Arthur James | C. O. |
| 26′ | Power | ——— | | " | Scripps |
| 26′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| | | **H. S. Parkhurst, Onset, Mass.** | | | |
| 45′ | Power | A. J. Knight | Littleton, Mass. | J. Dunnell | Scripps |
| | | **F. F. Pendleton, Wiscasset, Me.** | | | |
| 85′ | Schr. | J. R. Bishop | New York | J. G. Alden | St'nd'rd-Diesel |
| 55′ | " | C. D. Alexander | Portland | " | Red Wing |
| 55′ | Ketch | F. Haven Clark | Boston | " | Scripps |

| Length O.A. | Type | Owner | Residence | Designer | Motor |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | **Franklin G. Post, Mystic, Conn.** | | | |
| 56′ | Ketch | Charles Tifft | Springfield, Mass. | J. G. Alden | Lathrop |
| | | **Reed, Cook Co., Boothbay Harbor, Me.** | | | |
| 85′ | Schr. | W. W. Knight | Toledo | J. G. Alden | St'nd'rd-Diesel |
| 55′ | Ketch | J. O. Low | New York | " | Scripps |
| 55′ | " | ——— | | " | " |
| | | **Willis J. Reid, Winthrop, Mass.** | | | |
| 65′ | Power | E. B. Phillips | Georges Mills, N. H. | S. S. Crocker, Jr. | Cummins |
| | | **R. D. Rolfe, Quincy, Mass.** | | | |
| 43′ | Schr. | Nelson Cabot | Milton, Mass. | J. G. Alden | Scripps |
| | | **G. W. Shiverick, Kingston, Mass.** | | | |
| 24′ | Power | Walter P. Amesbury | West Newton, Mass. | Shiverick | Lathrop |
| | | **Sea Sled Corp., West Mystic, Conn.** | | | |
| 28′ | Power | Sea Sled Corp. | Total | | Hall-Scott |
| 26′ | " | " | of | | " |
| 22′ | " | " | fifty boats | | Gray |
| | | **Staples, Johnson Co., Biddeford, Me.** | | | |
| 40′ | Power | Six stock boats | | Staples, J'hn's. | Kermath |
| 34′ | " | 25 stock boats | | " | and Scripps |
| | | **Toppan Boat & Engine Co., Medford, Mass.** | | | |
| 42′ | Power | New York yachtsman | New York | H. M. Lewis | Sterling |
| 32′ | " | Ralph E. Webber | Boston | " | " |
| 32′ | " | William B. Long | " | " | " |
| 32′ | " | New York yachtsman | New York | " | " |
| 32′ | " | Lynn yachtsman | Lynn, Mass. | " | Kermath |
| 28′ | " | Dr. J. J. Robinson | Brooklyn | " | " |
| 26′ | " | J. J. Thomson | Mt. Vernon, N. Y. | " | " |
| 22′ | " | J. B. Mowsier | Philadelphia | " | Universal |
| 22′ | " | A. H. Helbun | Washington | " | " |
| 22′ | " | George L. Alfred | Galveston | " | Kermath |
| | | **Henry Vincent, Warren, R. I.** | | | |
| 30 Sq. Met. | | Alfred E. Chase | Boston | L. F. Herreshoff | |

## Recapitulation

| Builder | Power | Aux'ly | Sail | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| C. F. Anderson | | 1 | | 1 |
| Bath Iron Works | 3 | | | 3 |
| Reuben Bigelow | 1 | | 6 | 7 |
| N. Blaisdell | | 6 | | 6 |
| Britt Brothers | 6 | | 1 | 7 |
| Camden Yacht Building Co. | 1 | | | 1 |
| Winfield S. Carter | | 1 | | 1 |
| Casey Boat Building Co. | 1 | 7 | | 8 |
| George L. Chaisson | | | 23 | 23 |
| William H. Chamberlain | | 1 | | 1 |
| Charles E. Clement | 1 | | | 1 |
| Crosby Yacht Bldg. & Strg. | 3 | | 7 | 10 |
| Dauntless Shipyard | | 1 | | 1 |
| J. M. Densmore & Co. | 1 | | | 1 |
| Dyer Motorcraft Co. | 28 | | | 28 |
| Harvey Gamage | | 8 | | 8 |
| G. W. Gardner | | 1 | | 1 |
| Gloucester Boat Yard | | 1 | | 1 |
| Goudy & Stevens | 2 | 4 | | 6 |
| James A. Graves | 2 | 2 | 2 | 6 |
| Gray Boats | 6 | | | 6 |
| William H. Hand, Jr. | 1 | | | 1 |
| Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. | 3 | | 8 | 11 |
| Hodgdon Brothers | 2 | 3 | 1 | 6 |
| Lamb & O'Connell | 1 | 1 | 1 | 3 |
| F. D. Lawley, Inc. | 5 | | 21 | 26 |
| George Lawley & Son Corp. | 16 | 6 | 9 | 31 |
| G. Frank Lawson | 1 | 1 | | 2 |
| S. F. McFarland | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Charles A. Morse & Son | 1 | 4 | 1 | 6 |
| F. S. Nock, Inc. | 2 | 1 | | 3 |
| H. S. Parkhurst | 1 | | | 1 |
| F. F. Pendleton | | 3 | | 3 |
| Franklin G. Post | | 1 | | 1 |
| Reed, Cook Co. | | 3 | | 3 |
| Willis J. Reid | 1 | | | 1 |
| R. D. Rolfe | | 1 | | 1 |
| G. W. Shiverick | 1 | | | 1 |
| Sea Sled | 50 | | | 50 |
| Staples, Johnson Co. | 31 | | | 31 |
| Toppan Boat & Engine Co. | 10 | | | 10 |
| Henry Vincent | | | 1 | 1 |
| | 181 | 58 | 83 | 322 |




The yard and shop of the Lyon-Tuttle Corporation at City Island. It is here that the company builds its Sea-Lyon runabouts and commuters, and has a well-equipped service station and storage yard.

# Of Interest to the Skipper

## For the Runabout Owner

AN UP-TO-DATE plant for the building and servicing of the popular runabout type of motor boat is that of the Lyon-Tuttle Corporation at City Island, New York. Construction is carried on in modern buildings equipped with the latest machinery, while service and repair work is attended to in a separate shop with ample room for all operations. The yard is covered with tracks, so that a boat may be moved from point to point easily, a transfer table serving to shift boats from one track to another. Special cradles are provided on which boats are taken to any place in the yard. Electric light and power, fresh water and compressed air are available at all points.

In the main building the first floor is devoted to machine and woodworking shops and stock rooms. Here the various parts of the Sea Lyon boats are fabricated, there being several sizes of these craft. The boats are assembled on the second floor in a large and well lighted shop and then sent to the third floor for installation of engines, fitting of upholstery, painting, varnishing and finishing. This transfer of the boats, some of them 36 feet long, introduced a problem which was solved by building a large elevator, electrically operated and capable of handling a five-ton load. It will take a boat 36 feet long and 10 feet beam and its total lift is 55 feet. Tracks on the elevator line up with those in the yard so that when a boat is completed she is sent down on the elevator, run out to the end of the pier and put overboard for trial before being shipped.

The yard has a long pier extending out to deep water with a fine rig at its outer end. Heavy piles support a hoist with slings to take any runabout. For a minor job, such as the replacement of a propeller, the boat may be run into place in the slings, picked up clear of the water, and lowered without loss of time or effort when the work is done. For more serious repairs, she is hoisted out, run in over the end of the pier and lowered on one of the special cradles and taken to any part of the yard. This hoist is electrically operated and rapid. The hoist and the main railway can handle a number of craft quickly so that no one boat can tie up the yard's facilities for several days at a time.

At the head of the pier is a good sized building for storage of runabouts under cover. A locker is provided for every boat and there is room for sixty of them. There is ample space in the yard for storing larger craft in the open and the main railway will handle a boat of 100 tons displacement.

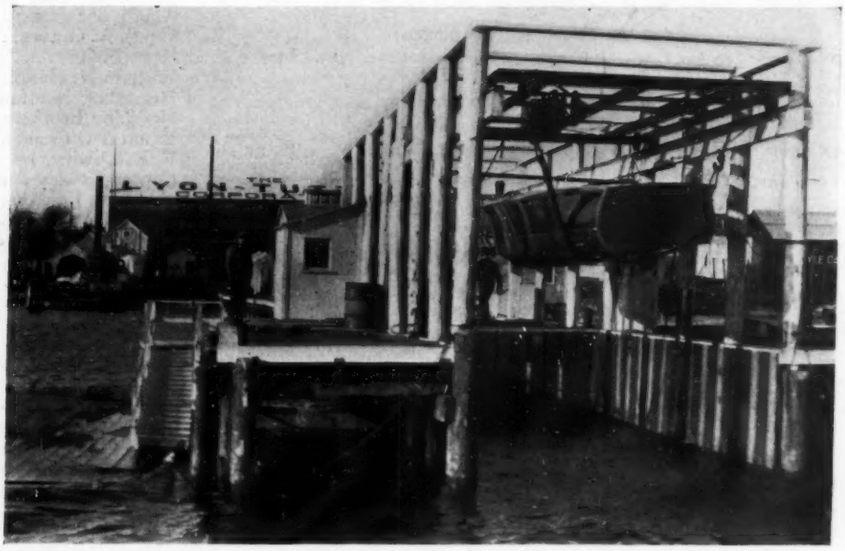
Sea Lyon runabouts are built in several sizes and are planned to meet the exacting requirements of use in such waters as those of Long Island Sound. They are fast and seaworthy, well built, with fittings planned for rough use, and salt water jobs throughout.

## Richardson Cruisabouts

Master, Fore and Aft, Cabin and Day Cruisabouts are described in the handsomely illustrated catalog issued the other day by the Richardson Boat Co., Inc., of North Tonawanda, N. Y. A novel style is adopted, the pages opening out so that the profiles and cabin arrangement plans are shown on a large scale. This gives an excellent idea of the amount of room in these interesting craft. The various arrangements are clearly shown and a number of illustrations depict the interiors of the boats.

A copy of the catalog will be mailed by the builders to any reader of this magazine.

The electric elevator for shifting the boats from floor to floor.



At the end of the dock at the Lyon-Tuttle plant is an electric hoist for lifting the boats to be serviced. No need to wait on the tide here.

Photo by Rosenfeld

# A *New Finish only* once *a year*

GIVE your boat a beautiful finish that will last all season, without the worry and expense of a mid-season overhaul. Finish her with VALSPAR!

Shell-back and Cabin Boy, Commodore and Gob all agree on one thing,—that the Valspar Marine Products are the only finishes that successfully resist the devastating action of water, wear, and a broiling sun.

Here are the Valspar Marine Products, accepted as standard all over the world:

***Valspar Bronze Bottom Paint***—A 100% efficient anti-fouling preparation that absolutely repels barnacles and moss for the entire season. Unreservedly the finest bottom paint made!

***Valspar Aluminum or Gold Paint***—For metal work. Anchors, chains, davits, stanchions—all metal work can be made to look permanently new and fresh with this everlasting finish.

***Valspar Yacht White*** (and Black)—For topsides. A dazzling white or intensely black paint which will not fade in the strongest sunlight. Dirt and scuff marks are easily scrubbed off without the least damage to the finish.

***Valspar Enamels***—as durable as Valspar itself. In White, Black and 13 colors. Exceptionally fine for cabin interiors, cockpit furniture and deck chairs.

***Valspar Clear Varnish***—as durable as Valspar itself. In White, Black and 13 colors. Exceptionally fine for cabin interiors, cockpit furniture and deck chairs.

***Valspar Varnish-Stain***—Valspar itself with the finest transparent stains added. Eliminates tedious work of staining. Varnish and Stain applied with one stroke of the brush.

***Valspar Porch and Floor Paint***—A Valspar product of exceptional toughness and durability. Comes in 8 colors and is eminently suitable for canvas-covered cabin roofs, cabin, cockpit, or deck-house floors where a solid color is desired.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Chicago Detroit Boston

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

## Outboard Manufacturers Combine

One of the most important announcements in the history of the outboard industry has just been made, telling of the formation of the Outboard Motors Corporation. The new merger combines three of the important companies, the Elto Outboard Motor Co. and the Evinrude Motor Co., both of Milwaukee, Wis., and Lockwood Motor Co. of Jackson, Mich. All of the assets, business, and good will go to the new corporation.

The Evinrude Company was organized in 1910 by Ole Evinrude, who sold his interest in it in 1913. He reëntered the field in 1921 when he organized the Elto Company. The Lockwood Company has been producing outboard motors for more than 15 years. The Evinrude Company owns seven acres of land in Milwaukee and a large plant which has been entirely remodeled in the last few months. The Elto Company ocupies rented quarters, while the Lockwood Company owns a four-acre plant.

The combined production of the component companies for 1928 was 25,842 units, and the net sales totaled nearly $4,000,000. All three companies manufacture outboard motors, the combined lines including a number of models which range from the small, light-weight machine to the large four-cylinder motor. Each company has a well-established dealer organization both in the United States and abroad. The policy of the new corporation will be to furnish Elto motors to Elto dealers, Evinrudes to Evinrude dealers and Lockwoods to the Lockwood dealers. Each line has distinct characteristics of its own.

Ole Evinrude becomes president of the new concern; A. L. Lockwood, treasurer; C. L. Coughlin, of Briggs & Stratton, and Jacob Stern are vice-presidents, and J. L. Brown, secretary.

## A Neat Standardized Schooner

The stock auxiliary schooner yacht *Eastward*, offered by Eldredge-McInnis, Inc., of Boston, has been lengthened aft by carrying out the overhang. *Eastward* is now 47′ 6″ over all, 11′ 6″ beam, and 6′ 6″ draft. The illustration shows the sail plan and deck arrangement of the new boat, both of which will repay study. The deck plan has been carefully worked out so that the boat may be handled easily, all gear being conveniently located.

## S. Appel & Co. Expanding

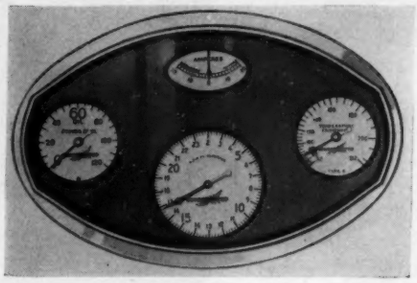
Yachting uniforms for owners, officers and crew are the specialty of S. Appel & Co., a house with many years' experience. The main plant of the company is in New York, and in winter a branch is maintained in the Columbus Hotel Arcade in Miami, Fla. Not content with these, the company is planning for still wider distribution covering the Atlantic coast and the Great Lakes. For the man who is not in contact with either office, self-measurement blanks for ordering uniforms are provided.

## For Faster Boats

A racing compound for the bottoms of fast motor boats, first offered last season, is Balubricote. Of the 46 official records hung up in the outboard field in 1928, 32 were made by boats with Balubricote on their bottoms. Such well-known racing pilots as Bill Frey, A. T. Buffinton, Homer Bair, Ross Maddocks, Alice Hallowell, David Mackay, Arthur Sutherland, H. E. Hauptner, Kneeland Jenkins, Kirk Ames, J. E. Wilkinson, C. P. Stevens and others use the compound while builders such as Sea Sled Corporation, Century, Fairchild, Cute-Craft, Old Town and Ludington used it.

## New Instrument Panel

A trim-looking instrument panel, designed for marine use with its exacting requirements, has recently been introduced by



**The Consolidated instrument panel.**

the Consolidated Instrument Company of America, Inc. The panel, which is flood lighted, contains Jones tachometer, oil pressure gauge, heavy duty ammeter, distance type thermometer, and two electric lights with flexible cord connections.

## The Dee Wite Outboard

Designed to take any of the standard outboard motors, the new runabout offered by the Dwight Lumber Co. of Detroit is built of high grade mahogany. Sides are single-planked, on the batten seam system, and the bottom is double-planked, with canvas laid in white lead between the two layers. With her ample freeboard and varnished topsides, the boat has an attractive appearance. Her seating capacity is six adults accommodated in two cockpits.

The motor is installed aft, under a hatch in a compartment of its own, so that it is concealed from sight. Hoisting rings are fitted to allow her use as a yacht tender, and she has automatic bailer and complete equipment.

## Chris-Craft Sales at Show

Announcement is made by J. E. Clifford, sales manager of the Chris Smith & Sons Co., that at the recent New York Motor Boat Show 286 Chris-Craft were sold, their total value reaching $1,495,395. Of the new 38-foot fast express cruisers, the entire 1929 output was disposed of at the Palace.

## Sparkman Opens Branch

City Island spells yachts, to the New Yorker at least, and it is one of the great yacht building and storage centers near the metropolis. Recognizing this fact, Drake H. Sparkman, yacht broker of 11 East 44th St., New York, has opened a branch office at 205 City Island Ave., opposite Nevins' shipyard. This office will be open daily, including Saturdays and Sundays.

## Corsair Cruisers Find Favor

Two craft which are growing in popularity are the Chenevert boats, built by Chenevert & Co. of Detroit. The Corsair Cruiser was designed by Eldredge-McInnis and is a trunk cabin 30-footer, 9′ 3″ beam and 2′ 5″ draft. Her generous beam gives good cabin space and her draft allows her to ply in shallow water. Material and finish are high grade, yet standardization permits a moderate selling price. Her speed is 12 m.p.h. The boat has sleeping accommodations for four.

The Corsair Cruisader is, as far as hull goes, a duplicate of the Cruiser, but her greater power and much higher speed make her virtually a different boat. With her Chrysler Imperial marine engine developing 106 h.p. at 2,800 r.p.m., driving through a Chrysler 2 to 1 reduction gear, she reels off 20 miles an hour.

(*Continued on page 149*)

**Sail plan and deck layout of *Eastward*.**

# MAYBACH LUERSSEN

## This 56 Foot Cruising Yacht will be ready for Spring Delivery

Twin screw cruiser — 56', 11'6 — 2-110 h. p. Maybach Motors; speed of more than 18 m. p. h. under load; $32,500, delivered in New York.

Other accommodations include large guest room; tub and shower baths; galley; comfortable crews quarters.

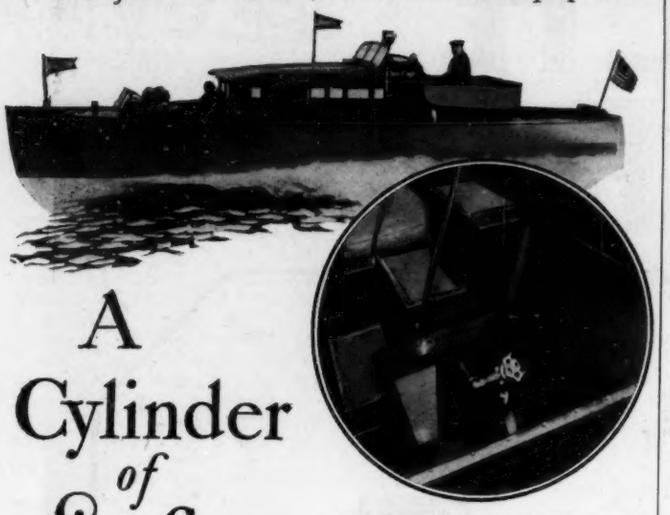
Beauty — comfort — dependability — and seaworthiness have been skillfully combined in this 56 foot Cruiser now nearing completion. The hull is designed with that grace of line which is typical of all Luerssen boats — and is built to meet any condition of wind and weather. The boat is powered with Maybach engines — the performance of which has already become legend . . . you will remember that Maybach engines power the Graf Zeppelin, the Los Angeles, the Norge, and numerous yachts of all types and sizes. The decorations of this 56 footer are restrained and free of frills, as marine decorations should always be . . . the furnishings are of simple and serviceable beauty . . . the accommodations are unusually spacious for a yacht of this size, as a glance at the photographs will show you. We shall be glad to explain the details of this new yacht to you in person — or to send you blue prints and a complete description. Only one more can be built for spring delivery . . . we therefore suggest your immediate response.

MAYBACH MOTOR COMPANY & FR. LUERSSEN YACHT AND BOAT WORKS

F. W. von MEISTER, GENERAL AGENT

578 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

*The Chris-Craft cruiser—1929 flagship of the Chris Smith & Sons fleet—on which Lux is Standard equipment.*



# A Cylinder of Safety

The Lux cylinder installed in a locker under a seat in the after cockpit.

ABSOLUTE peace of mind and freedom from worry about fire, and at a nominal cost — that is what the Lux Fire Control system means to the yacht owner.

The Lux system completely extinguishes the worst fires around engine and gas tanks or in the bilge. A harmless, three dimensional gas released by the pull of a handle in an accessible part of the boat, smothers in five seconds flames against which ordinary fire extinguishing methods are useless.

The Lux system has *proved* its effectiveness — to date over 110 fires at sea have been put out by Lux — each in a few seconds.

More than 700 yacht owners now protect their lives and boats with Lux systems. You, too, can have complete protection for from $55 up, depending on the size of your boat.

**Walter Kidde & Company, Inc.**
**140 Cedar Street**
**New York**

# LUX

*Underwriters' Labeled Yacht*
**Fire Extinguishing System**

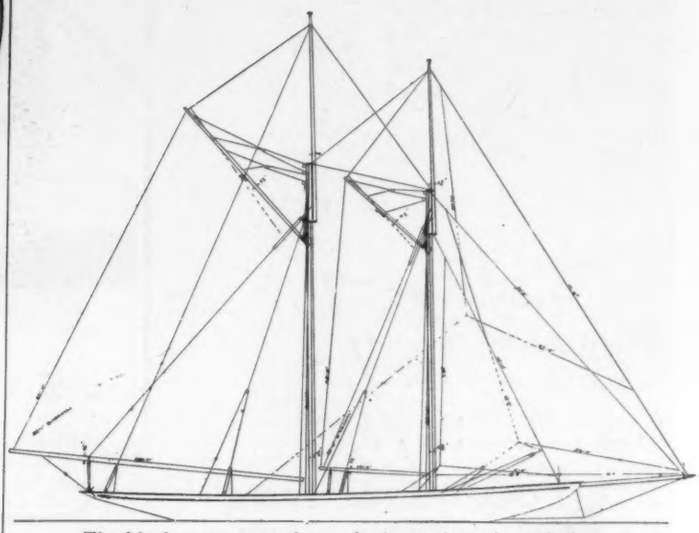
## Getting an Outfit of Blocks

(*Continued from page 77*)

Reef Pennants

3 bee holes on boom and 3 cheek blocks.

The standing part of the quarter lift is secured aloft. If it were made fast to a becket on the masthead block the purchase would soon acquire about seventeen turns and topping up the boom would be something of a job. The reef pennant has a "Matthew Walker" or a stopper knot of some kind turned in the end. It is then rove up through the hole in the appropriate bee block, through the cringle on the leach of the sail and down through the cheek block, the watch tackle being clapped on the hauling part,



The blocks enumerated may be located on the sail plan.

if necessary, to rouse the bunt of the sail aft. Small metal blocks are seized to the quarter lifts for the lazyjacks.

But we've forgotten that the maintopmast needs extra support when carrying that big ballooner, so:

Main Topmast Backstay

2 4″ double, eye and wire rope thimble.
2 4″ single, long heavy loose side hook and becket.

And now that that's disposed of, how about a tackle when an extra drag is needed? So here's the

Watch Tackle

1 3½″ double, loose front hook.
1 3½″ single, loose front hook and becket.

And then we may meet a devil of a blow and find it too much for even the reefed mainsail, so get the sail off her and the boom in the crutch and set the trysail. Use the throat halliards for it and the

Trysail Sheet

1 4½″ double, shackle through lashing eye.
1 4½″ single, shackle through lashing eye and becket.

And when we're in port, we don't want to have the boats strung out astern but hauled out to the boat boom, so we provide a couple of blocks aloft forward for its topping lift. one on each side.

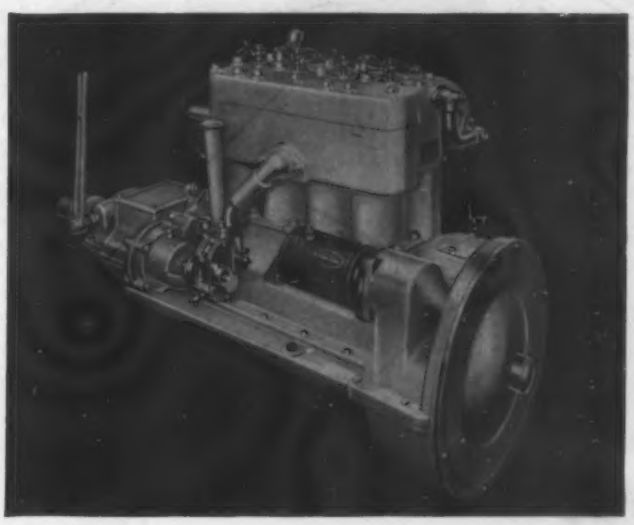
Boat Boom Lift

2 3″ single, lashing eye.

Also, as this is a stylish craft, we carry our boats on davits and need two sets of 4″ blocks for them. There are a multitude of styles of boat blocks, with a dozen rigs for the upper ones and a thousand and one patterns of patent releasing hooks. So take your choice.

The above list shows quite a bunch of blocks, even for a small schooner, and the big fellows have a whole lot more:

# THE PALMER P. A. L.



## .... a sane engine

This engine is not a compromise but is the happy fusion of two opposite ideas in gas engine practice.

The old school considered over weight and slow speed synonymous with dependability. This was followed by an era over speed and metal trimmed down below safety. The engine of today is a sane balance of the two. . . . Palmers P. A. L.

This engine delivers 35 real horse power at only 1400 revolutions and weighs but 750 pounds. It is the ideal power plant for the single propeller job up to 35 feet and for the twin-screw vessel up to 40 feet. It is slow and heavy enough for continuous duty . . . fast enough for compactness and fuel economy.

The P. A. L. is equipped with every proven engine refinement. Its demand has been forecast so it is manufactured on a large production basis . . . and is therefore the lowest price per h.p. in the Palmer line. . . . Standard equipped $595, with electric starter and generator $695.

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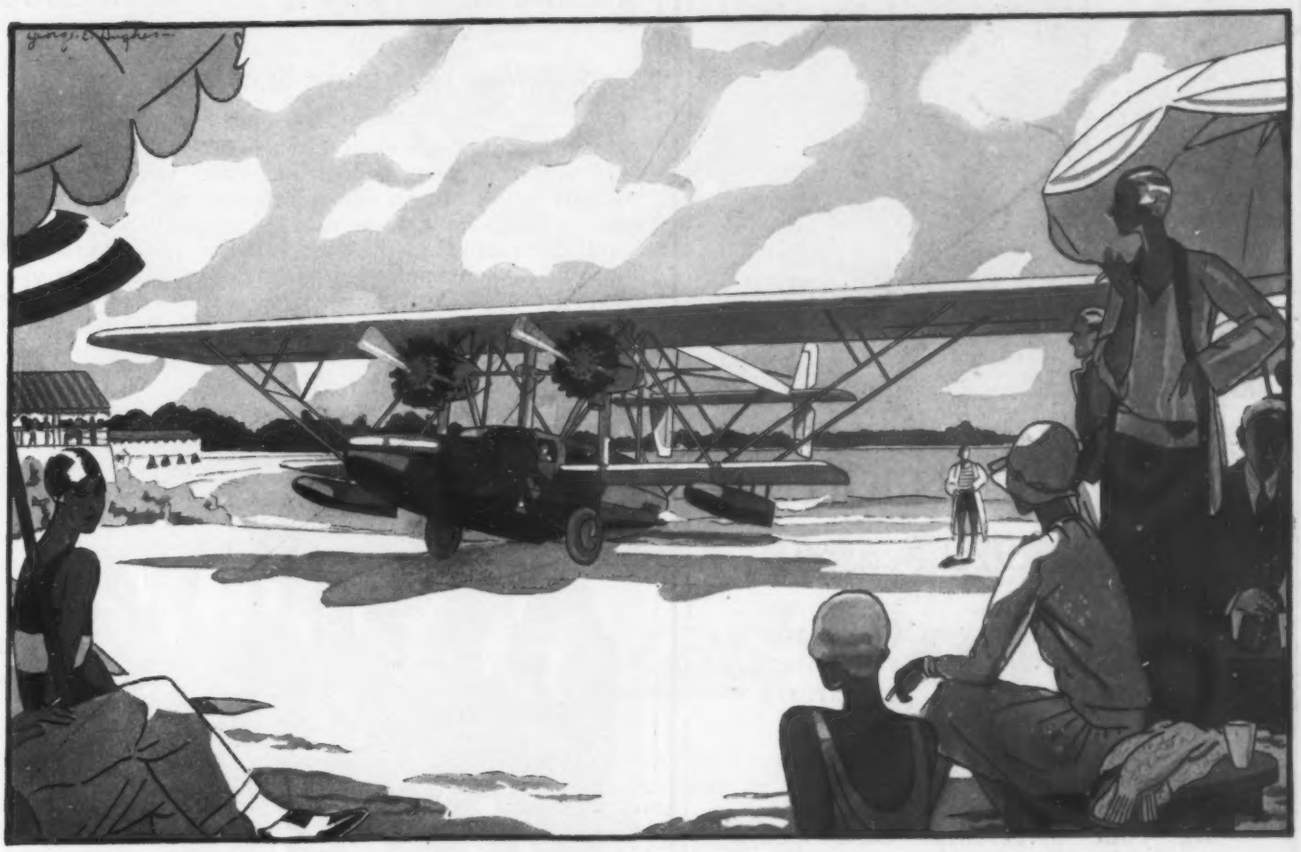
gear for club topsail, purchases for the fore and maintopmast stays and the triatic stay, for the forestaysail tack and sheets, fore and main topsail tacks, fore peak and throat jigs, on the fore sheet, boom tackle and reef tackle for the foresail, jigs on the fore boom lifts, also on the main, crotch tackles and bunt tackles, deck leaders for all the principal halliards so that a gang of huskies can man them properly, cat fall, gangway fall, topmast heel ropes, gear for the seagoing squaresail, and so on. Besides these, the designer has to specify the sizes of mast trucks, mast hoops, belaying pins and even the parrel balls for the necklaces. So he must know a thing or two about his job or there will be trouble when the yacht is rigged.

After all this bewildering array of blocks, the outfit for a sloop ought to be simple. The headsails are the same as a schooner's and have the same gear and the same blocks — proportioned, of course, to the size of the boat, or, rather, to the size of her sails. Naturally, the spinnaker gear must be on the mainmast, also the lifts for the boat boom if one is carried. The blocks for the mainsail and topsail are the same as for the schooner, so that the sloop's block list might be written from the schooner's by a process of exclusion. The great thing is to have things in proportion and to have the running rigging of the right size. A little attention to makers' catalogs will tell the correct sizes of blocks to use. There is no royal road to this knowledge. It comes from experience. Of course, a lot depends on the type of boat; a cruiser may often be shorthanded and sheets and halliards should be rigged so that there will be no heavy pulls for a small crew. The racer has her gear arranged for lightness and strength; her sails must always set to a nicety and her halliards must not stretch, which means flexible wire halliards with manila tails spliced in or leading direct to winches. Head sheets also are often set up by winches and are single parts or without jigs. Indeed, the N. Y. Y. C. forty-footers are as easy to handle in action as many much smaller yachts, so well provided are they with labor saving appliances.

In main sheet arrangements there is a great variety. The old time rig was all right with the heavy booms of former years — though even then some of them buckled when the sail was reefed — but with the constant effort to reduce weight aloft and with the hollow spars of today, the pull of the sheet must be distributed along the boom or there will be trouble. So we have seen the boom blocks slung at intervals along the stick and nowadays the wire bridles, which seem likely to survive on racing craft, at least. The sketches illustrate some of the stunts adopted by different designers on several different yachts and show the modern tendency to the single block, twisted link, and wire bridle instead of the older double or treble block on a band. The double-ended main sheet has, I hope, come to stay. Occasionally some raw hand casts off both parts, in an effort to be helpful, but a good stopper knot in each end will keep it from unreeving altogether. The jig is a racing stunt, for the cruising man can always shake her up if he cannot get the sheet aft by main strength and nonsense. Indeed, the mainsail can be played altogether with the jig, without disturbing the hauling part at all.

The Marconi rig is remarkably stingy about blocks. Instead of the throat and peak halliards of the gaff rig, the halliards are single, with only a sheave in the masthead, until we get up to boats of the R and P Classes, which have a single metal block on the head of the sail. This is a small special type of block, made of bronze, with the cheeks extended to take a bolt through the headboard of the sail. The headboard is reënforced with brass and has three holes in a row so that the block may be shifted if desirable. The runner and topmast backstay have the same purchase, worked out in rather an interesting way. The runner is spliced into a ring on a double block. The topmast backstay goes to the same ring, with a small

# On Bailey's Beach—
# This Powerful Amphibion Emerges Refreshed, After Flying 2000 Miles From Florida



## The Twin-Motored **SIKORSKY AMPHIBION**

(*Duplicate of this plane owned by* Mr. J. H. WHITNEY)

Silent, swift and sure, this finely appointed amphibion is rapidly being adopted as the air-yacht of international sportsmen—

*Only the twin-motored Sikorsky can fly and climb on one engine—and take off or land with equal ease on land or water.*

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# A NEW ALDEN KETCH

## *For the 1929 Season*

Fast under sail, easy to handle, and admired in every port you enter, the ketch is a most popular rig among sailing yachtsmen.

The ketch pictured above is a particularly fine one—and new, awaiting your ownership. Developed from a design famous for its speed and seaworthiness, measuring 54'9 x 38' x 12'5 x 7'3.

The interior gives a large double stateroom, main cabin sleeping four, toilet, galley and forecastle. Engine is forward permitting full use of the after part for owner's quarters.

This craft is now under construction for early summer delivery.

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## JOHN G. ALDEN

*NAVAL ARCHITECT YACHT BROKER*

148 STATE STREET

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

turnbuckle a little above the block. The lower block is also a double one and the becket is on the upper one. The fall leads from the upper block to a lead block on deck, a foot or so forward of the runner chain plate, and thence forward to a cheek block flat on deck and aft to the cleat alongside of the cockpit. So a Six-Metre yacht has but eighteen blocks all told: Two for the jib halliards, two for the jib sheets, seven for the main sheet, including the jig, six for runners and backstays, and one for spinnaker halliards. If the vogue of the rig grows, the blockmakers will be a hungry lot.

## *Colleen* Is Shining Star at Havana

(*Continued from page 58*)

entertainment of the visitors. Such work could be placed in no more efficient hands. The races were concluded without a protest or a disqualification, nor was it necessary to postpone a single race. Much may be forgotten about races sailed in the past, but the sportsmanship of the Cuban yachtsmen, their courteous treatment of visitors, the whole-hearted welcome extended by Rafael Posso, Commodore Peter Morales of the Habana Yacht Club, and all who are connected with the sport, is something that their guests can never forget.

**The Mid-Winter Challenge Trophy of Cuba which was won by *Colleen*.**

MID-WINTER CHAMPIONSHIP

| *Fleet* | *Yacht* | *Skipper* | *Finished* | *Pts.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Central L. I. Sound | *Colleen* | F. T. Bedford | 2 1 3 | 21 |
| Western L. I. Sound | *Iscyra II* | G. W. Elder | 1 5 1 | 20 |
| Gravesend Bay | *Lucky Lindy* | N. J. Williams | 3 7 2 | 15 |
| Peconic-Gardners | *Shinnecock* | Paul Shields | 4 4 6 | 13 |
| Flota de Habana | *Mambi* | M. A. Riva | X 3 4 | 11 |
| Flotte de Paris | *Almendares* | E. J. Conill | 7 2 7 | 11 |
| Bahia Cienfuegos | *Lisa* | F. Silva, Jr. | 6 6 5 | 10 |
| Lake Champlain | *Ben Ma Chree* | B. B. Burton | 5 W – | 5 |

W=Withdrew X=Disabled

BACARDI CUP SERIES

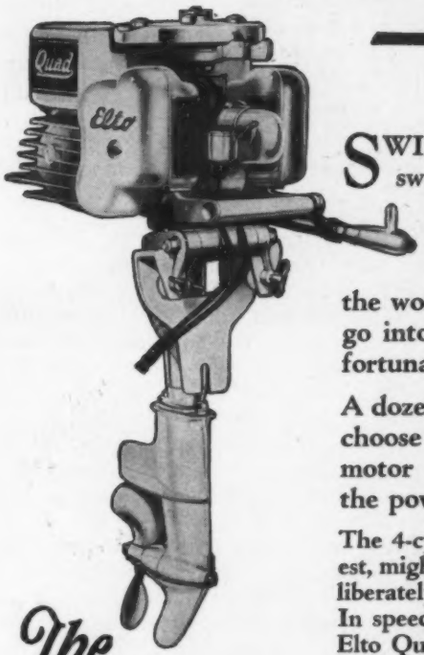
| *Yacht* | *Skipper* | *Pts.* | *Yacht* | *Skipper* | *Pts.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Colleen* | F. T. Bedford | 57 | *Almendares III* | G. Portas | 32 |
| *Shinnecock* | Paul Shields | 52 | *Mara* | F. Bru | 31 |
| *Iscyra II* | G. W. Elder | 42 | *Ellen II* | T. Pons | 29 |
| *Delfin* | G. E. Patterson | 41 | *Ben Ma Chree* | B. B. Burton | 23 |
| *Coco* | P. Shellins | 38 | *Gavilan II* | J. E. Gorrin | 16 |
| *Aurrera IV* | J. Washington | 37 | *Peter Pan* | G. Decamps | 9 |
| *Lisa* | P. Silva, Jr. | 34 | *Jibaro* | C. Fuentes | 6 |
| *Mambi* | M. A. Riva | 34 | *Mayari* | G. Alamilla | 0 |
| *Lucky Lindy* | N. J. Williams | 33 | *Cacique* | E. Aragon | 0 |

Firsts—*Colleen* 3.
Seconds—*Shinnecock* 2, *Delfin*.
Thirds—*Iscyra II*, *Mambi* 2.

INTERNATIONAL TEAM RACE, U. S. A. *vs.* CUBA

| *Yacht* | *Skipper* | *Crew* | *Team* | *Points* | *Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Lucky Lindy* | N. J. Williams | A. P. Williams | U. S. A. | 8 | |
| *Iscyra II* | G. W. Elder | W. Eimer | U. S. A. | 7 | |
| *Colleen* | F. T. Bedford | W. J. McHugh | U. S. A. | 6 | |
| *Delfin* | G. E. Patterson | C. deCardenas | Cuba | | 5 |
| *Mambi* | M. A. Riva | E. Gamba | Cuba | | 4 |
| *Aurrera IV* | M. deSena | R. Gomez | Cuba | | 3 |
| *Shinnecock* | J. R. Robinson | W. Skelton | U. S. A. | 2 | |
| *Coco* | P. Shellins | A. Collazo | Cuba | | 0 |
| | | | | U. S. A., 23 | Cuba, 12 |

# For Runabout or Cruiser —Quad Power!




The Super Elto Quad

4 cylinders, 49.74 cu. in. piston displacement. Enclosed power head. New remote synchronized controls for throttle and spark. New type muffler, efficient, quiet. Prices, Hi-Speed Quad, $325.00; Service Quad, $295.00.

SWIFT as a scudding cloud . . swagger and comfortable as a smart town car . . . . priced within reach of the slenderest purse . . . the finest small craft the world has ever seen will shortly go into the service of thousands of fortunate owners.

A dozen splendid makes there are to choose from—but a *single* model of motor is the dominant choice for the powering of *all*.

The 4-cylinder Super Elto Quad, smoothest, mightiest of outboard motors, was deliberately built to make such boats possible. In speed and power, not even the 1928 Elto Quad, official speed champion, can compare with this great motor. It is full 60% more powerful than before. It is superbly smooth, *vibrationless beyond belief.*

It owns the greatest advantage that can be offered in any large outboard—*quarter turn starting.* It starts instantly with a flip of the fly wheel against compression. In actual ease and absolute sureness of starting it stands alone among large outboards.

And, exclusively, the Quad offers *full reverse,* automatically, at the touch of a button. Without this feature of reversing no runabout or cruiser can offer full control, full maneuverability.

Available only with the Quad is the new Quad system of complete remote control. With it the skipper handles his craft from the most convenient seat — steers with man-size steering wheel — accelerates, slows down, reverses or stops with a single, simple control.

The Quad is available in two models—the Hi-Speed Quad, America's fastest outboard racing motor—the Service Quad, specially built for runabouts and cruisers. A 2-to-1 reduction gear in the Service Quad translates high motor revolutions to heavy-load propeller efficiency. It will drive fast runabouts more than 35 M. P. H., light cruisers more than 20 M. P. H. It is outstandingly quiet. Stamina, reliability, long life, you can take for granted. Catalog gladly forwarded on request.

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Send me the Quad literature.

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WORLD NEWS STORIES OF THE KOHLER ELECTRIC PLANT—No. 1

"If they'll run standing on their HEADS we'll take 'em"

THOSE were not the exact words, but they scarcely exaggerate the Navy's requirements. More literally the demand was: "Must operate successfully and without damage on a moving platform inclining up to an angle of 45° sidewise and 30° lengthwise."

The Navy wanted small electric-generating plants for destroyers and mine-layers, the pitchingest, rollingest craft that ever pulled the whiskers of old Father Neptune. They wanted them for *emergency wireless use*, so be sure they wanted good ones.

A neat little 800-watt Kohler Electric Plant stood up manfully to the bucking-platform test. Its twin did a one-year trick on the destroyer Decatur. And now *one hundred and twelve* of these plants are on their way to Brooklyn Navy Yard and Mare Island—to stand by the Navy in time of peril.

*"City" electricity for yachts*

Everywhere, as in the Navy or, by the way, with Byrd in the Antarctic, Kohler plants are chosen by those who want the very best of electrical service.

In yachting circles especially, these efficient, dependable machines have earned a distinguished preference. Many famous yachts, cruisers, and houseboats use Kohler Electricity for light and auxiliary power. Please mail the coupon for information about marine models ranging from 800 watts to 10 K. W.

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Founded 1873 **Electric Plants** *Shipping Point* Sheboygan, Wis.

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*Gentlemen:* Please send the Kohler Electric Plant catalogue.

Name..... Street.....

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### *Postscript's* Winter Cruise

(*Continued from page 62*)

Whatever the shortcomings of the squaresail on racing boats it is certainly not out of place on a tabloid cruiser. We could not use our headsails alone because, running dead before the wind, they would have whipped themselves to pieces as we veered from one side to the other, and as the wind was too strong for the mainsail, and we rolled too much for a spinnaker, there was nothing that could have substituted so capably as our squaresail.

When well below Cape Canaveral we hove-to under staysail alone and went to sleep; we reached Fort Pierce the following afternoon. This was a typical outside run, with some light wind, some heavy wind, a few hours hove-to, and the usual spell of seasickness. The distance covered was 185 miles and the time 54 hours, an average of less than three and one-half knots. But at times we made six and one-half knots, our maximum speed thus far in our voyage. Whether *Postcript's* 20-foot waterline could ever be driven seven knots is doubtful, and it would not mean much if it were, because whatever her maximum speed, a little tabloid is bound to accept a very modest figure as her average speed taken through all kinds of weather. And it is the average, and not the maximum, that measures progress.

On the afternoon of February 12th *Postcript* lay at the dock of the Palm Beach Yacht Club, with a bill of health for Nassau, Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba, or wherever the trade winds might blow her. Fortified with a new seasick remedy, the crew looked optimistically — but not too confidently — toward the Gulf Stream, and wondered vaguely what sort of landfall they could make in the Bahamas if the wind should desert them and leave them drifting northward at a three-and-a-half knot rate all night.

(*To be continued*)

---

### A Transatlantic Passage in the Ketch *Seven Bells*

(*Continued from page 50*)

Wave length, 37 meters. Receiving set is an Armstrong regeneration tuner with two stages of audio amplification; a ground wire and 23-foot vertical antenna.

Saturday, July 14th. No wind all night. We all sleep now, despite the severe rolling. 8 A.M., wind N.E., fairly strong. Set balloon jib and mizzen stays'l.

12 noon, long. 51.22 W., lat. 38.16 N. Made good 60 miles, 75 deg. true.

By 3 P.M. had plenty of sail with 3 lowers. At 4:50 steamship *Sangamon*, American Export Line, alters course and passes close to port, wishing us good luck.

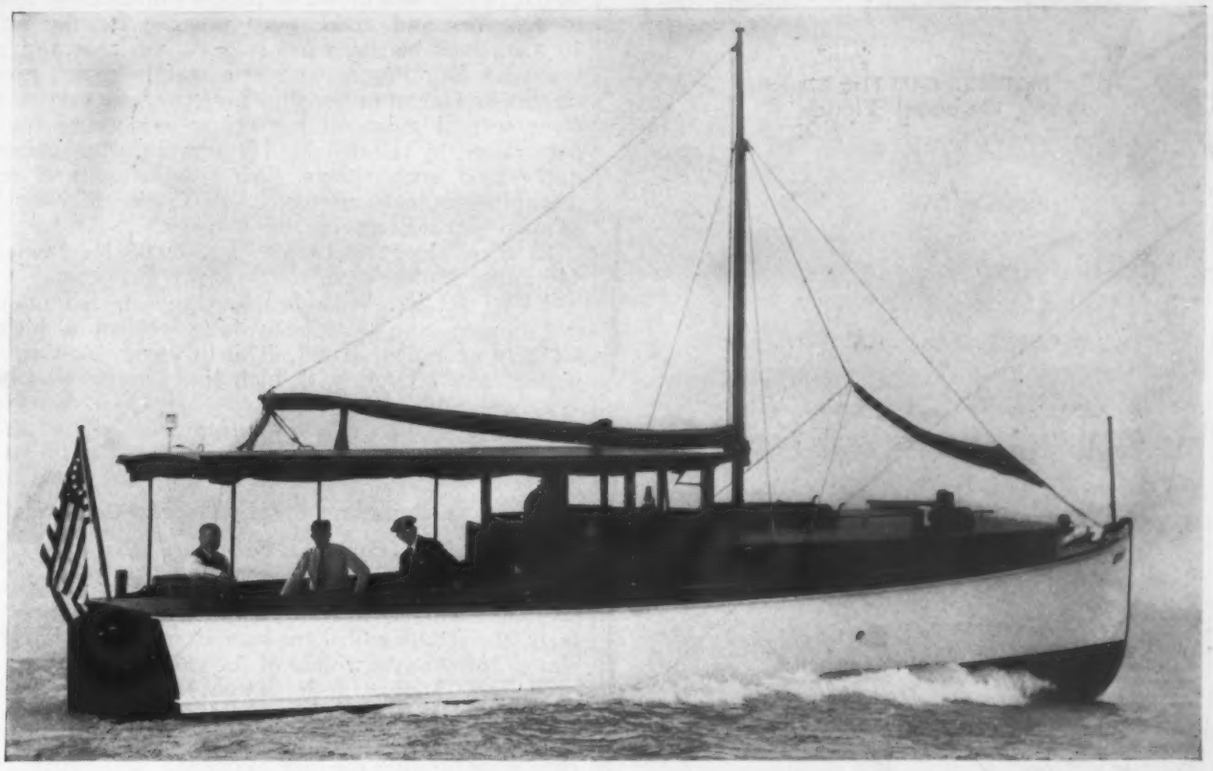
8 P.M., wind hardening and sea rising. We are making better than our course, but fairly close-hauled and moderately uncomfortable. Skipper ingeniously rigs a life line to cook in, and produces a large dinner, much appreciated.

Sunday, July 15th. 8 A.M., wind variable, N. to N.E., and fairly strong.

12 noon, long. 48.42 W., lat. 39.49 N. Made good 125 miles, 86 deg. true.

The log is under suspicion of over-reading; the spinner was changed Friday after the squall, the old one having been wound up in the propeller, but later recovered. At 10 P.M., pumped 60 strokes; accounted for by leakage through chain pipes and chain plates. Ben has hay fever and alleges it to be caused by the smell of the dinghy sail stowed in forecastle, which sail the skipper has treated with his pet preservo. Fresh bread all gone, clothes all dirty, and everyone has a ten days' crop of whiskers.

# GREATEST CRUISER VALUE OF ALL TIME



## MOST POPULAR OF ALL THE "FAMOUS FAMILY" MATTHEWS "38"

***Compare it as you will — for seaworthiness — spacious accommodations — thoughtful arrangement — convenience — genuine all-around serviceability — you will find no other boat offering so much dollar-for-dollar value as the Matthews "38" Single Cabin Cruiser for 1929.***

The always greater value of the Matthews "38" Single Cabin Cruiser is climaxed by the 1929 model of this justly famed craft, which provides increased speed, comfort and luxury with traditional ability and seaworthiness — and at a price which places it in a value class of its own. Such value as is built into this boat is made possible, as a matter of fact, only by the demand of the boating world and by the quantity production methods put into effect by Matthews in order to meet the requirements of the average cruiser owner. Year by year, as the "38" Single Cabin has demonstrated its steadily increasing popularity, Matthews has been enabled to develop constant improvements and betterments. These have now reached a point where the sheer dollar-for-dollar merit of this newest "38" Single Cabin Cruiser must command the careful consideration of every thoughtful boat buyer.

*Looking forward in the spacious cabin of the Matthews "38" Single Cabin Cruiser*

"38" Matthews
SINGLE-CABIN CRUISERS

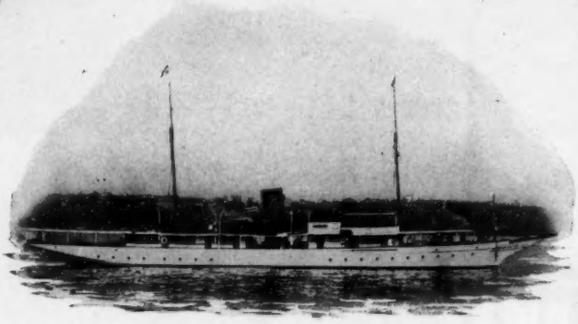
"A home afloat" — sums up the Matthews "38" Single Cabin Cruiser. Four individual berths in the cabin — with cockpit seats convertible into comfortable berths if required. . . . The galley is ample (some say more) for preparing homelike meals for six to eight people. . . . Mahogany buffet, dish racks in galley, mahogany dresser with spacious drawers, full-length clothes locker, and complete toilet room are much appreciated by those who like home comforts on the extended cruise. . . . With 125 h.p. Kermath engine as standard equipment a maximum speed of 17 m.p.h. is attained and a comfortable cruising speed of 15 m.p.h. — and larger engines and higher speeds are also available. . . . Only a hint can be given here of the unusual characteristics and specifications of the boat. Write for folder with complete specifications, interior views and detailed arrangement plan.

## THE MATTHEWS COMPANY, PORT CLINTON, OHIO

**DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF BOATS OF DISTINCTION — SINCE 1890**

**SALES and SERVICE:** — Belle Isle Boat and Engine Co., 8777 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. — Bruns, Kimball & Co., Cor. 5th Ave. and 15th St., New York City — Wm. V. Masson, 421 Munsey Bldg., Baltimore, Md. — Walter H. Moreton Corp., 1045 Commonwealth Ave., Boston — Lake Erie Yacht Brokerage Corp., 1365 West 117th St., Cleveland — Mississippi Valley Yacht Sales, Times Bldg., Alton, Ill., and 1900 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. — R. Sealy, Commerce Bldg., Galveston, Texas — Robert V. Staats, Inc., 3000 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles — J. A. Scarlett, 436 East 2nd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BRENNIG'S OWN Flag Cigarettes
On board "Florida"



Owner, Barron G. Collier, Esq.

"The original brush and cigarette"

BRENNIG'S OWN Flag Cigarettes
A mild blend of pure Turkish tobacco. Your club burgee and private signal reproduced on each cigarette in all their colors.

The same flags, in colors, on book matches

Prices and Illustrated Leaflet upon request

BRENNIG'S OWN
ASTOR TRUST BUILDING
501 Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. New York


Monday, July 16th. Hectic night; very rough, and puffy wind, full of dead spots. At midnight the starboard watch (which was about to turn in) doused the mainsail to ease her and make sleep possible for the skipper. 10 A.M., seas bigger, wind N.N.E., variable and puffy. Carrying four lowers with one reef in main; excellent rig. Spoke Italian motor ship *Tergestea;* she very decently went several miles off her course on seeing the code flags raised by the delighted boatswain, who professes to understand such things. She came close and took a megaphoned message for C. S. Cooke in New York. (This report was received by wireless.)

12 noon, long. 46.10 W., lat. 40.05 N. Made good 116 miles, 85 deg. true.

4 P.M., set jib. With full headsails, reefed main and full mizzen, she sails beautifully against a high sea, scarcely stopping at all. This evening plowing along better than 7 knots with high seas but glorious breeze. Windy sunset.

(*To be Continued*)

---

### Royal Poinciana Trophy Goes to California

(*Continued from page 56*)

and kept it. The race was to have been twice around a six-mile triangle. However, because of the lateness of the hour, the judges ended the race after the first lap and declared *Marchioness* winner of the trophy.

Thereby hangs a tale. Twenty-four hours later the judges had received a protest from the *winner* on the grounds that they had not notified all contestants that they were limiting the race to one lap, and asked that the race be re-sailed. Accordingly the famed cup still hangs in the balance through the sportsmanship of a winner who will not recognize his victory. The re-sail was to be held early in March. Besides *Marchioness* and *Virginia*, the contestants were the *Temptress*, Marconi ketch of Dr. A. C. Strong, of Chicago, and the *Blackjack*, a schooner owned by L. B. Thomas, of West Palm Beach.

Other events in the regatta included a 20-mile race in three heats for runabouts and seven outboard events.

The race for runabouts brought five starters to the line and was featured by the win of J. D. W. Lambert's *Adriatic*, a Hacker Dolphin driven by Captain Henry Farnsworth. Her best time was 3:40:1 for a two-and-a-half mile lap, or at an average speed of 40.909 miles per hour. *Sneeze*, owned by Edward S. Moore, was second with David H. McCullough's Baby Gar Sedan third. *Adriatic* took all three heats with ease and piled up a joint score of 600 to 225 points for *Sneeze*, the second boat in the scoring.

Four spills and claim to a new world's record marked the interesting outboard events. At the fatal north buoy, *Sonny Boy*, driven by K. Littrell of West Palm Beach, and *Cyclone* No. 08–431, driven by "Mat" Waller, of Jacksonville, turned over almost simultaneously. Jesse Frantz of West Palm Beach piloting *Bo Bo*, had to swim when he turned too short after crossing the finish line in fourth position. These three upsets occurred in the first heat of the outboard open event for Class C boats. In the second heat, Don Conkling, Jr., of West Palm Beach, hit the water hard at the north turn.

Malcolm Pope of Winter Haven, famed for his aerial outboard trick with the *Flying Rug*, laid claim to a new record in the second heat of the outboard free-for-all event. Driving *Cyclone* No. 637, he made the two-and-a-half-mile lap in 4:01:2, or at an average speed of 37.267 miles per hour. The previous two-and-a-half-mile free-for-all record for Class C motors was made by Charles Holt at San Diego in October, 1928, when he drove 36.09 miles per hour. Pope, powered with an Elto Quad in this heat, also broke the previous Class D free-for-all record made by George P. Bailey at Charlevoix, Michigan, in August,

FRIENDS of the Major will doubtless be interested to learn that in response to insistent requests, Saks-Fifth Avenue has inaugurated a Custom Service for Yachtsmen's Clothes. The models are severely correct, distinguished by unusual attention to tailoring and measure.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

*Distinctive*
BREAKFAST LINENS

Docked or cruising there is no better way to begin the day than breakfasting with Mosse Linens.

The latest rule in smart decoration is — use more color. These charming Breakfast Linens reflect the masterful treatment of color and design that has made the House of Mosse famous as Specialists in Linens.

Most beautiful and most appropriate for Spring and Summer cruising.

*Cloth, 51" square*
*Six Napkins, 12" square*
$10.50

*Cable Address*
"ARTEMIS," NEW YORK

MOSSE
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478 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

SPECIALISTS IN LINENS

BABY GAR! How much more than just a name!

He who owns a Baby Gar possesses a work of art; a thing of beauty, life and endurance; a playmate for years of health-giving, thrilling recreation. The Baby Gar is all one would expect of a boat built under the supervision of Gar Wood by the very men who fashioned the Miss America VII.

Most amazing of all is Baby Gar price. Because these Gar Wood boats have won such world-wide admiration, are known as the world's softest riding runabouts, demand has multiplied production.

And now, the Baby Gar "30" illustrated above, sells for $2950 complete with 120 h.p. Chrysler Imperial Marine Engine.

For assured delivery write, or phone *now* and tell us what name to put on the stern, or ask for detailed information on all the *Baby Gars.*

*DEALERS:* A material expansion in Gar Wood representation is now under way. Those who can represent a distinguished product to a distinguished clientele are invited to investigate this profit opportunity.

Baby Gar "30"—120 h.p.
30-32 m.p.h. - $2,950-$3,550
Baby Gar "40"—200 h.p.
40-42 m.p.h. - $4,500-$5,350
Baby Gar "50"—400 h.p.
48-50 m.p.h. - - $8,950
Baby Gar "55"—500 h.p.
53-55 m.p.h. - - $10,950

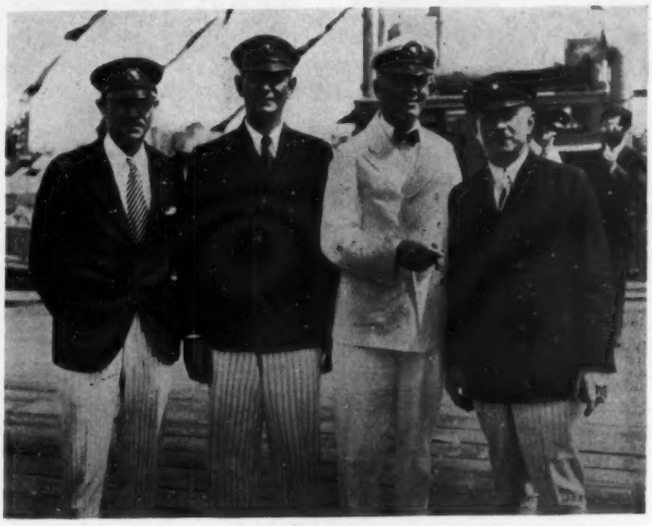
GAR WOOD *Inc.*

THE GREATEST NAME IN MOTORBOATING

417 Connecticut Ave., Detroit 1860 Broadway at 61st N. Y. C.


1928, of 35.019 miles per hour. Other outboard results are shown in the summary appended.

The Seventh Annual Washington's Birthday Regatta, conducted under M. V. P. B. A. auspices, was officially brought to a close with the annual yachtsmen's dinner and the presentation of trophies. Commodore Alfred H. Wagg acted as toastmaster. During the dinner it was announced that a new Poinciana trophy will be hung up next year for limited hydroplanes, while Col. E. R. Bradley, famed Kentucky horseman, will award a gold cup for unlimited competition. The West Palm Beach regatta this year also was the first in which drivers might score for the new Robert Ringling cup, to be emblematic of the hydroplane winning the most points in Florida.



Commodore Anderson of the Palm Beach Yacht Club (left), and his predecessors, Commodores Conkling, Nichols and Wagg.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

151 Class Hydroplanes (Limited) — 2 Heats, 5 miles each

| *Boat* | *Owner* | *1st Heat Time* | *2nd Heat Time* | *Total Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Miss California* | Dick Loynes | 6:28 | 6:23 | 400 |
| *Miss Rioco I* | James H. Talbot (Driver, Ralph Snoddy) | 6:59 | 6:31:2 | 125 |
| *Smiling Dan IV* | Dick Loynes (Driver, Gus Walker) | 6:52 | 9:03:3 | 116 |
| *Baby Tarpon* | Robert Ringling (Driver, John McGarva) | 7:14 | 7:35 | 70 |
| *Miss Westchester* | E. W. Hammond | 6:52:2 | D.N.F. | 50 |
| *Miss Rioco III* | James H. Talbot (Driver, Eddy Offut) | 7:36 | 8:04 | 41 |
| *Miss Ricochet* | Louis Luckenbach | 8:11:3 | 8:07 | 34 |

151 Class Hydroplanes (Unlimited) — 2 Heats, 10 miles each

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Baby Tarpon* | Robert Ringling (Driver, John McGarva) | 13:41 | 14:13 | 300 |
| *Miss Rioco III* | James H. Talbot (Driver, Ralph Snoddy) | 13:40 | N.E. | 200 |
| *Smiling Dan IV* | Dick Loynes | 14:29 | 14:21 | 150 |
| *Sparrow* | Elmer H. Johnson | 15:14 | D.N.F. | 25 |
| *Miss Westchester* | E. W. Hammond | D.N.F. | N.E. | ... |

Runabouts — 3 Heats, 2 of 5 miles each and 1 of 10 miles

| *Boat* | *Owner* | *1st Heat Time* | *2nd Heat Time* | *3rd Heat Time* | *Total Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Adriatic* | J. D. W. Lambert | 7:43 | 7:42 | 14:49:3 | 600 |
| *Sneeze* | Ed Moore | 8:14 | 8:10:3 | 16:58:3 | 225 |
| *Baby Gar Sedan* | D. H. McCullough | 8:45:2 | 8:40 | 16:47 | 200 |
| *Baby Gar IV* | P. H. Keese | 8:49 | 8:43:4 | 16:56 | 100 |
| *J.A.P.S.* | J. A. P. Strassburger | 8:55:2 | 8:46:1 | D.N.F. | 40 |

Free-for-all Outboards — 2 Heats, 2½ miles each

| *Boat* | *Owner* | *1st Heat Time* | *2nd Heat Time* | *Total Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Cyclone, No. 637* | Malcom Pope | 4:08 | 4:01:2 | 400 |
| *Lightning* | E. Gresh | 4:46:3 | 4:26 | 120 |
| *No. 08–431* | Gas Engine Boat Corp. | 4:15 | D.N.S. | 100 |

# A Luxurious, Three-Place, Closed Cabin Monoplane . . . Easy to Handle and Economical to Fly . . . . .

The CURTISS ROBIN marks the first sign of spring on many a sportsman's estate—*for* this comfortable and reliable airplane is a fast and modern means of traveling the shortest distance between two points.

*(Further Information Gladly Furnished)*

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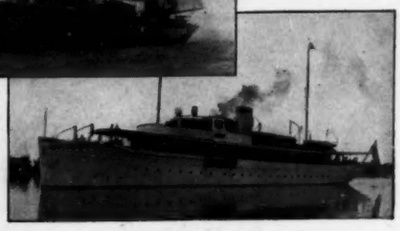
*"—World's Oldest Flying Organization"*

The Aloha



The Memory III

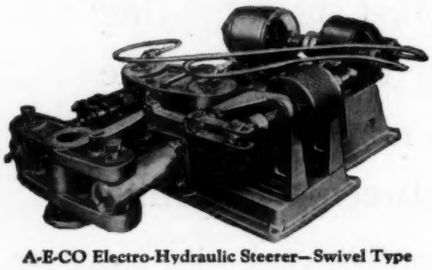
The Sumar

**Steer the modern way, the sure, safe way, efficiently . . . *electro-hydraulically.***

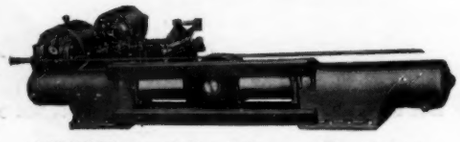
**Then you will know yachting at its best and will get from it the maximum of enjoyment.**

**Aloha, Sumar, Memory III . . . On boats that set the pace for smartness . . . A-E-CO Steerers . . . *electro-hydraulic.***

*Write for Catalogue Y-29*



A-E-CO Electro-Hydraulic Steerer—Swivel Type



A-E-CO Electro-Hydraulic Steerer—Sheave Type

**American Engineering Company**

**2432 Aramingo Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Nemo II* | Jack Brockley | 4:18:2 | 4:47 | 75 |
| *Sea Horse* | Jack Kerr | 4:38:4 | 4:41:3 | 75 |
| *Sonny Boy* | K. Littrell | 4:53 | 5:17:2 | 27 |
| *Lillian* | Mrs. Luckenbach | 5:04:2 | 5:05 | 24 |
| *Bo Bo* | Jesse Frantz | 6:09:4 | 5:01:3 | 24 |
| *No. 08–741* | ——— | N.E. | 4:51 | 20 |
| *Hoho* | ——— | N.E. | 4:56 | 16 |
| *Cyclone* | ——— | 4:58:2 | N.E. | 14 |
| *Saranac* | H. Jaycock | 5:20 | N.E. | 11 |

Outboard Open, Class C — 3 Heats, 2½ miles each

| *Boat* | *Owner* | *1st Heat Time* | *2nd Heat Time* | *3rd Heat Time* | *Total Points* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Lightning* | E. Gresh | 4:36 | 4:38:2 | 4:19 | 600 |
| *Sea Horse* | Jack Kerr | 4:40:2 | 4:45 | D.N.F. | 200 |
| *Cyclone No. 627* | J. T. Milliken | 4:43 | 4:56 | 4:24 | 200 |
| *Bo Bo* | Jesse Frantz | 4:59 | N.E. | 5:10:4 | 70 |
| *Lillian* | Mrs. Luckenbach | N.E. | 5:41:4 | N.E. | 20 |
| *Hoho* | ——— | N.E. | 5:06 | D.N.F. | 25 |
| *No. 08–741* | ——— | 4:55:2 | N.E. | N.E. | 25 |
| *Sonny Boy* | K. Littrell | D.N.F. | N.E. | N.E. | ... |
| *Cyclone 08–431* | Gas Engine Boat Corporation | D.N.F. | N.E. | N.E. | ... |
| *Poison* | Don Conkling | N.E. | D.N.F. | N.E. | ... |

Outboard Open, Class B — 3 Heats, 2½ miles each

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Goofy Jr.* | J. P. Wilson | 5:33 | 5:29:3 | 5:29:3 | 500 |
| *Miss Behave* | Bob Klieser | 5:58 | 5:46:2 | 5:39 | 300 |
| *All Cat* | H. Ersinger | 5:45:2 | 5:39:3 | 5:50 | 250 |

## Sea Legs

(*Continued from page 71*)

up for a breather, "that flat-foot in Milwaukee must have been looking at *her* through the thick bottom of a beer glass. But orders are orders, and I'll see where she goes, anyway." Whereupon he returned Porpus's friendly greeting, ordered the wheel hard over, and proceeded to head back for Racine.

"Didn't I tell you?" chuckled Porpus, as the revenue cutter began to lengthen out her wake astern. "We looked too danged small to carry any liquor, and she beat it." Wherein Porpus erred, for the *Wilmette*, as soon as she was well clear of the moon path, slowed down, and when the *Marie* showed but a mere speck in the distance, the captain resumed his chase, theftily.

Holding an open course down the lake while the revenue cutter dodged behind the Manitous, the Foxes, and Beaver, the sloop rounded Garden and stood boldly for the Straits. Beyond Mackinac, the *Wilmette* continued her dodging through the Snows, and then, between Drummond and Cockburn, which lie to the south'ard of the North Passage, the *Marie* slipped into Canadian waters. A bit wearied of this half-speed snooping, the captain scuttled in at Detour and tied up behind the freight house on the steamer dock.

A week passed in idle loafing, and then, one morning, a sizeable little cutter was seen roaring by Point Detour before a dry northeasterly, with all canvas drawing. That was the *Marie* with her topmast brought up from below and fidded so that now she sported a gaff rascal and husky jib tops'l in addition to her usual lowers. For she had need for speed, and there was ample ballast to lug her cloth, in the form of many bottles of Three Star stowed in her bilges, under her bunks, and fore and aft till there remained hardly room to turn around. In fact, there even was a layer on the cabin floor, strawed and spread over with gunny sacking, so that Porpus had to lay below in his "stumps," as he called it. Through his long glass, the captain of the *Wilmette* made out a diminutive figure at the wheel, while another came up from the cabin and walked forward, on some errand or other. That was Shorty. The one at the wheel was Porpus, no less, reefed to his stumps and hunched down in what space was left him by the tubs in the cockpit.

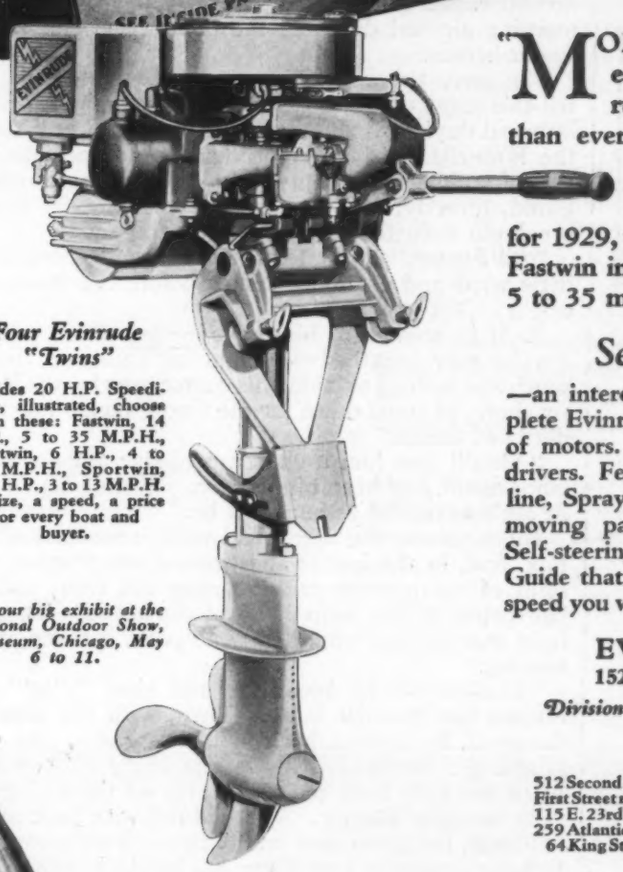
So the captain shot home the tube of his glass with a snap, his crew cast off their vessel and their affiliations with the half-breed young ladies of the wharfside with

(*Continued on page 118*)

New 32-Page Year Book

WORLD'S FASTEST TWIN—*Blue Streak II, Speeditwin powered, that set the record of 38.59 miles per hour in the 10 mile Free-for-All at San Diego, Calif., last December.*

# 3 to 45 MILES PER HOUR



**"MORE FUN THAN FLYING"— that's what everyone said of last year's championship Evinrudes. The improved 1929 models make it truer than ever — *more power, more speed, more features!***

**Think of it — Evinrude Speeditwin, world's fastest "twin", increased full 25% to 20 H.P. for 1929, with a speed range of 6 to 45 miles per hour. Fastwin increased full 16 2/3% with a speed range of 5 to 35 miles per hour.**

## *Send for Free 1929 Year Book*

**—an interesting 32-page book that tells the latest and complete Evinrude story. Graphic action pictures. Complete line of motors. Record holding Evinrude-powered boats and drivers. Features of 1929 models illustrated—Torpedo Streamline, Spray-Proof Carburetor, Pressure-Vacuum Cooling (no moving parts), Water-proof Ignition, Straight-ahead and Self-steering, etc. Also the copyrighted Evinrude Boat Speed Guide that tells at a glance which motor to select to get the speed you want on the boat you own. Send for your copy today.**

### *Four Evinrude "Twins"*

**Besides 20 H.P. Speeditwin, illustrated, choose from these: Fastwin, 14 H.P., 5 to 35 M.P.H., Fleetwin, 6 H.P., 4 to 25 M.P.H., Sportwin, 2½ H.P., 3 to 13 M.P.H. A size, a speed, a price for every boat and buyer.**

***See our big exhibit at the National Outdoor Show, Coliseum, Chicago, May 6 to 11.***

**EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY**
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***Division of Briggs & Stratton Corporation — World's largest builders of portable gasoline engines.***

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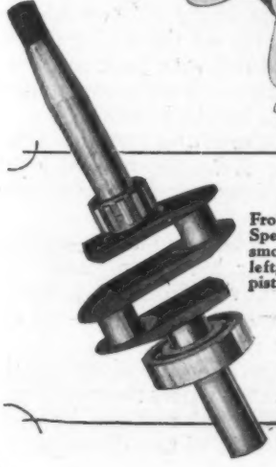
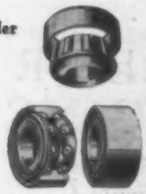
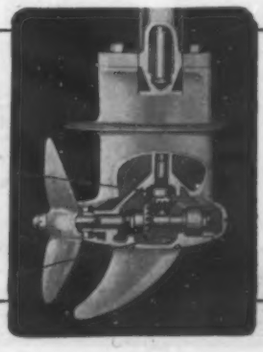


### *Ball and Roller Bearings*

**From piston to propeller, the power of Speeditwin and Fastwin moves through quiet, smooth-rolling ball and roller bearings. At left, crankshaft with bearings; below, lynite piston and connecting rod bearing construction.**

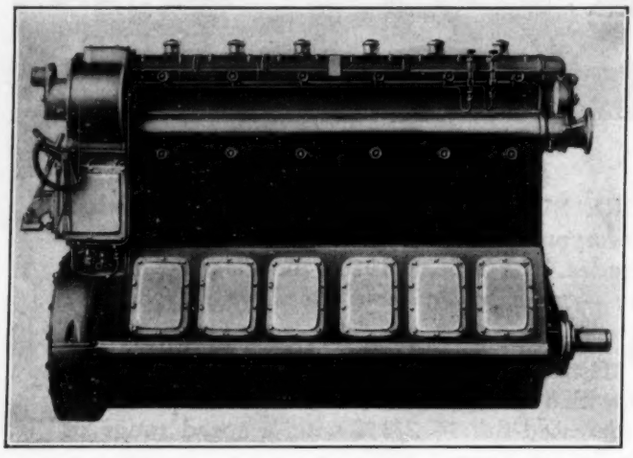
**Drive and propeller shaft bearing construction.**





# TREIBER DIESELS

## One-Third the Space
## One-Sixth the Weight



*This 6-cylinder Direct Reversible Treiber Diesel is built in stock models of 225, 300, 375, 500, 600, 700 and 1100-1500 H.P.*

To say that Treiber Diesel Engines occupy one-third the space and scale one-sixth the weight of ordinary Diesels is not to make a boastful advertising claim, but to state a fact that is universally admitted to be revolutionizing the Diesel engine industry.

It is equally true that this has been accomplished upon a highly scientific and conservative basis without sacrificing or impairing the fundamentals of strength, durability and dependability. Why not, therefore, send for the Treiber Bulletins and learn all the interesting details about this progressively different engine? Send for them today, indicating which stock size from 65 to 3000 H.P. particularly interests you. Larger sizes are specially designed and built to meet practically any horsepower requirement.

TREIBER
DIESEL ENGINE CORP.

*Department Y*

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY


(*Continued from page 114*)

the alacrity of a boredom well ended, and the *Wilmette* steamed off at three-quarters speed. For this must be the cutter that was supposed to meet the little sloop. But what had become of the sloop? And why had she ventured into Canadian waters rather than transship from the faster vessel nearer home? Perhaps she had doubled back and was now loafing somewhere off the Wisconsin shore. If the cutter had liquor aboard, he could easily seize her, now that she was in federal waters. But he wanted to capture *both* vessels at their rendezvous. *That* would put a feather in his cap and might land him a desk job.

The breeze held like a good one, well into Michigan, and then left the *Marie* becalmed one evening off Gull Island to the westward of Beaver. While Porpus and Shorty were discussing their first real meal since they had left Georgian Bay, their pursuer sneaked in behind the other side of the island and let go her anchor. The chase was warming.

Now the captain should have taken his quarry while she was in hand reach, as you might say. But having fixed his mind on the double coup, he chose to wait, and all hands turned in, for the night promised calm. When they awoke it was still calm, but the fires were low and needed cleaning. Thus an errant drift arose in the lazy morning air and disclosed the presence of the *Wilmette* to our heroes.

The more timorous Shorty was all for heaving their tell-tale cargo overboard, lest they be caught red-handed in broad daylight. But Porpus reasoned that if she *were* the *Wilmette* and her skipper had any immediate intention of making their capture, he'd be coming around the island, directly, and it would be too late for them to break out even the half of their contraband.

"All *I* want," concluded the redoubtable Porpus, "is a little wind and an hour of dark before the moon shows up."

As if in answer to his prayer — as near a prayer as Porpus ever breathed — a light air came up from the south and instead of laying his course over for the Wisconsin shore, he stood down for the Foxes, tack on tack, with flattened sheets.

"That'll give him a chance to dodge among them islands again, and keep him happy. When a man's happy he ain't so careful as he might be."

By sundown, the *Marie* had won to weather of South Fox, and, in the last of the evening set, Porpus caught sight of the revenue cutter nosing out from under the lighthouse at the nearer end of the island. Though its light was red and would show no path, it made a handy bearing.

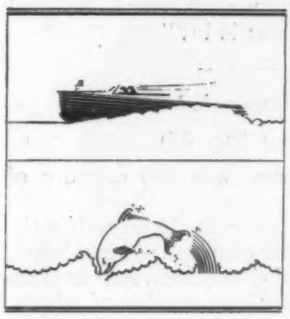
"Hoo-oo —" he breathed, and then "*Pht!*" as he doused the binnacle lamp. Then, with the sheets still flattened, he headed back in the darkness. As though handling a brace of twins in swaddling clothes, Shorty lifted the coils from their tubs and set them down carefully on either quarter. Well raddled with junk and worn halliards, the uppermost end of the nets were now joined, forming a mess of gear some 200 feet in length.

With the wind in her leeches, the *Marie* crept sneathly down to meet the approaching *Wilmette*, while Shorty lay on the bottled cargo in the forepeak, his ear pressed to the planking.

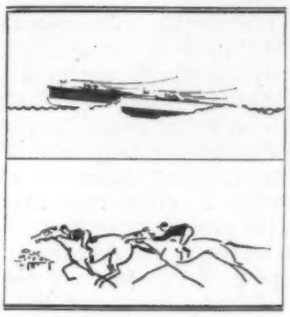
Presently he wriggled aft and bobbed up in the cockpit, like a little gnome. "I can hear her plain, now," he announced. Then Porpus caught the loom of a darkened hull, almost dead ahead. He swung off a bit — till the cutter showed through the port rigging.

"Hoo-oo —" blew Porpus, fetching the sloop on the wind, for she was a handy critter. "Upset them coils and pay 'em out like you never paid for the drinks," and he laid his course directly athwart that of the *Wilmette*.

# THREE THINGS TO LOOK FOR IN THE RUNABOUT YOU BUY



1—*Seaworthiness*



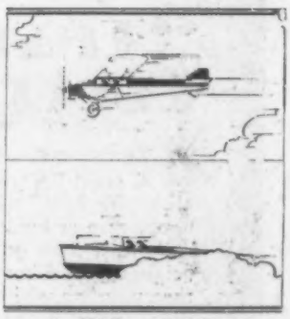
2—*Speed per h. p.*

**1** ***Seaworthiness.*** **The Dart Runabout is designed to withstand the challenge of the Atlantic Coast as well as the sudden squalls of the inland lakes. High freeboard, sturdy construction and *balance.***

**2** ***Speed per h. p.*—not merely speed. No boat of equal power will pass a Dart. Thirty-five to forty-two miles an hour . . . more if you want it.**

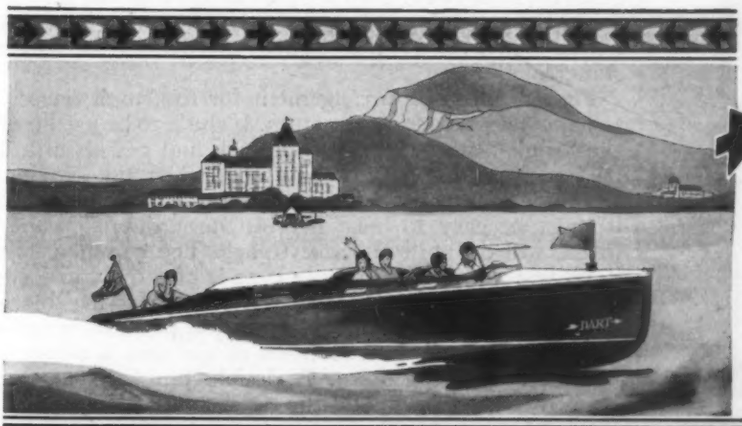
**3** ***Riding Quality.*** **The level planing angle of the Dart gives a finer entrance, reducing pounding at the bow to a minimum, and throws a flat spray *away* from the boat.**

**Dart design is responsible for the high development of these qualities in Dart Runabouts . . . Investigate for yourself.**



3—*Riding Quality*

***22½ foot, 26 foot and 30 foot models***



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**Toledo, Ohio**

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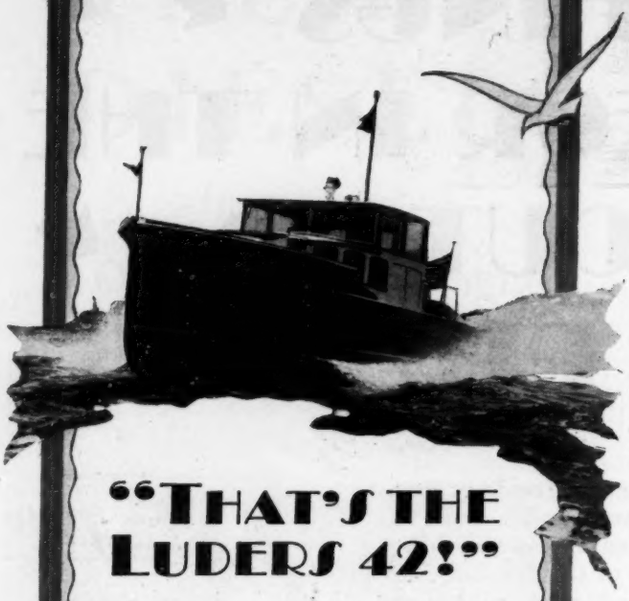
on a standardized plan



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Realize that longing! Own a Luders 42! This year tour the uncrowded *water* highways. Turn business into pleasure by commuting in your own cabin runabout.

With its popularity based on a distinguished performance as well as a distinguished appearance the Luders 42 is found in increasing numbers off our fashionable yacht club floats. It may be called a custom-built boat on a standardized plan. The success of the design and the name Luders guarantee you satisfaction, your own selection of the furnishings and decorations gives expression to your individual taste.

You can still secure a 42 for the coming season if you act promptly. Write or phone for complete details.

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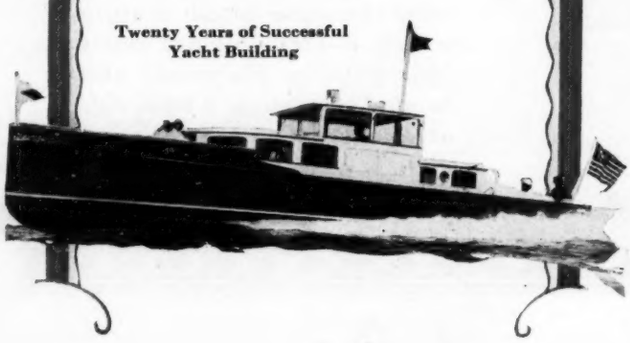
STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

Twenty Years of Successful Yacht Building



As the nets went overboard, the *Marie* crabbed off to loo'ard in the softish air. Another moment, and the revenue cutter would be running her down. The wily Porpus struck a match, and there came a shout from the bridge of the *Wilmette* as she swung off to clear the *Marie's* stern.

"Hang on!" yelled Porpus, and Shorty hung on with a turn of the head rope end around the quarter bitt. There was a tug that well nigh unheeled the bitt, the line parted, and Shorty all but rolled off the narrow waterway as the *Marie* shot ahead, freed from her drag.

Bells jangled astern, and the moon stepped up from Traverse Bay to see what it was all about, while our heroes, looking down their wake, saw the entire crew of the revenue cutter gathered aft and peering down into the water.

"I guess she'll stay there for a while, with them old gill-nets snagged around her propeller," commented Porpus. "Now what do you say we run over to Enascaba, for a change, and see if the *Lena* is in?"

---

### Books for the Yachtsman's Library

(*Continued from page 93*)

and courage. His crowning feat was the capture of a frigate with his little brig.

Elected to Parliament, Cochrane made himself a thorn in the sides of the grafters of the day and worked hard for the cause of reform in the naval dockyards. At last, falsely accused of starting a rumor by the results of which he profited in the sale of stocks, he was imprisoned and fined, expelled from Parliament and dismissed from the Navy. Smarting under this injustice, he joined the patriot forces of Chile, in whose service he won additional laurels. Indeed, his name is still carried by the *Almirante Cochrane*. Later he commanded the Navy of Brazil, performing amazing feats with scanty material, and still later he served under the flag of Greece. Vindicated at last, he was reinstated in the British Navy and raised to high rank.

The story of this red-headed fighting man is told in sprightly fashion, the book being rather a historical romance than pure history. It gives the flavor of the hero's personality and, with amazing clarity, the picture of the odds against which he struggled. As the authors say in the foreword, "The spars of this tale are history; its sails, romance. Who must, may hunt out the robands bending sails to spars."

C. H. H.

---

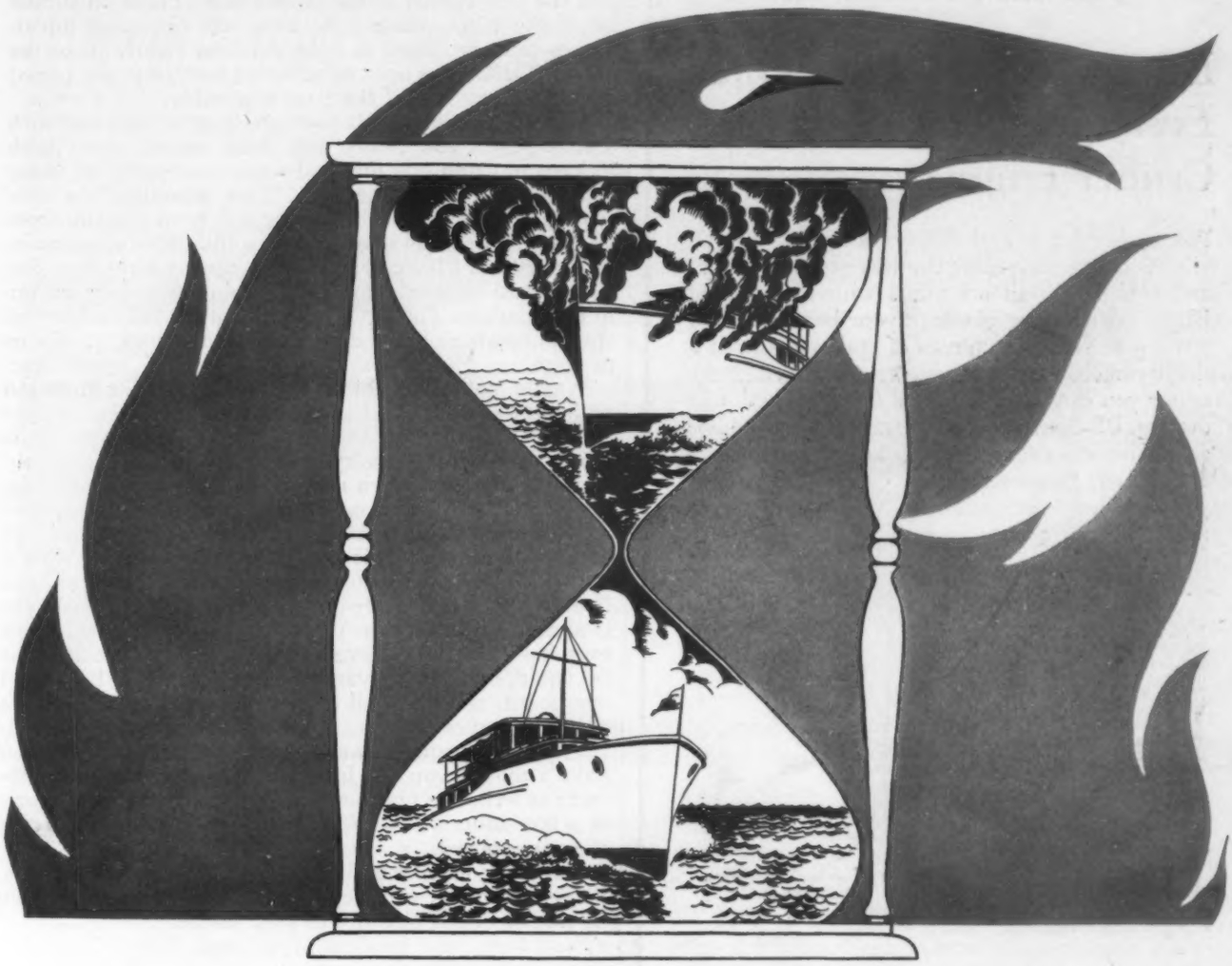
### Getting the Most from the Dinghy

(*Continued from page 68*)

dangerous, unless carried on the canopy, which is no place for it anyway. Two people can lift this much weight unaided by tackle or davits, so the boat may be stowed upside down on deck or lashed on edge to the awning stanchions.

Perhaps the best arrangement for the small cruiser is to have davits fitted at the stern. If she is to be used freely the "dink" must be easy to launch and get aboard. To be free from the pest of bumping, when the dinghy is alongside with the wind against the tide while at anchor, it must be easy to hoist her in. Stern davits, properly fitted, will do both of these things. The common swing davit will not do. The proper type is of the pivoted sort. A plate bolts through the deck to reinforcing blocks. The arm is hinged to this plate with a pin, and a second pin fits in one of the two holes as the arm is swung inboard or over the stern. A double purchase tackle is hooked to each davit, and the rig is complete. To hoist in the boat, both davits are tilted out, the pins are placed in the proper holes, tackles hooked on, and one person can handle both falls. When "two blocks," the falls are

KILL FIRE WHILE IT IS YOUNG



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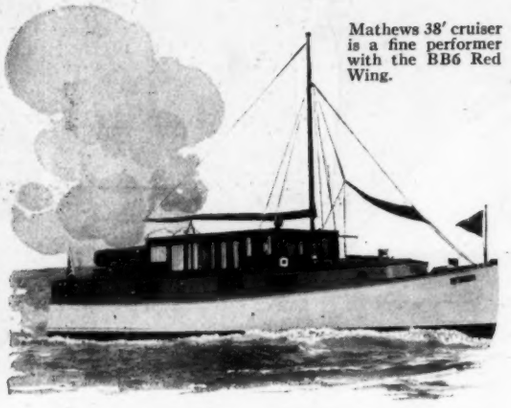

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**RED WING, MINN., U. S. A.**

belayed on the cleats fastened to the arms. The pins are then slipped out, the davits tilted inboard one at a time, and the pins placed in the second hole. These pins must be of the toggle variety, so they will not come adrift. Gripes must be fitted to hold the boat tightly in to the davits. The tackles must be adjusted and the gripes pulled up until no motion of the boat is possible.

A tender carried in this position must be equipped with a strong-back and heavy well-fitted canvas cover, both to keep out rain and dirt and to prevent spray or water coming aboard over the stern. This, however, is a very remote possibility. Such a cover will keep the sun from the interior and will much improve the entire appearance of the cruiser. I have seen a sailing dinghy eight feet long carried and handled successfully on a thirty-foot cruiser in this manner. The davits and tender actually improved the appearance of this craft and did not look at all out of place.

We do not often think of equipment in connection with the "dink," but it is just as important here as elsewhere. The painter is not generally overlooked, but it is often of old stuff and very weak. Look it over frequently and fit a new line when needed, and have it plenty long for towing. A bailer is essential, and a sponge is required for cleaning up. In the bottom a hole should be bored and fitted with a plug. This plug should be fastened with a lanyard, and a spare plug carried. A short length of light line will be found a great convenience, and a flashlight is almost a necessity, as power boats may run you down even in harbor if you have no light at night. Oarlocks must be equipped with lanyards so they will not be jerked overboard, and it is well to carry an extra pair. A couple of life preserver cushions, in case of accident and for comfort, and the equipment is complete. Of course, if you have a motor, you will have to carry government equipment as well. Most of these things will stow out of the way in a box under a thwart, and you will frequently be glad they are aboard.

You have to have a dinghy. Why not have a good one, properly stowed, well kept, and make her earn her keep by adding much pleasure to your cruise?

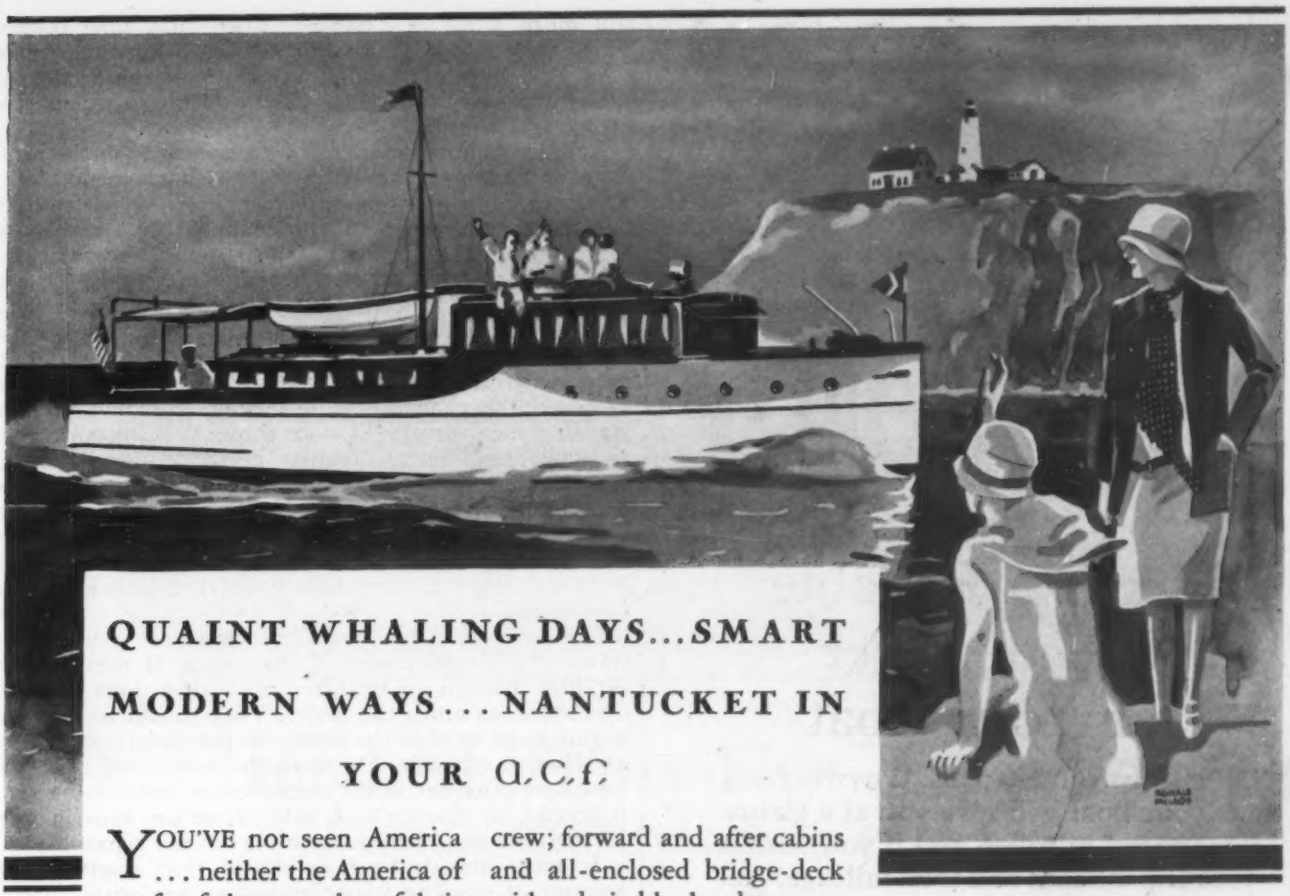
---

### Tanks for the Power Cruiser and Auxiliary

(*Continued from page 78*)

shallow, being only 12 or 15 inches deep. She was all right as long as all of these tanks were chock full or entirely empty, but when they were partially emptied the water in them had a lot of "free surface" and the yacht became rather tender. In a boat, water which has a "free surface" acts as if its weight were at a considerable distance above its actual position. We all know how a dinghy behaves when she is half full of water. She may be as stiff as a church when she's dry but is a crazy thing when she has a lot of water slopping around in her nearly up to the thwarts. So it is with partially filled tanks.

The shaped tank, made to conform to the lines of the hull where it is located, is expensive to build and its capacity is not very much greater than a rectangular tank which will fit into the same space. One is usually found in the fore peak of a motor boat or tucked away aft in a sailing yacht or an auxiliary. It has a lot of corners and a lot of flat surfaces to be stayed. It usually fills its space so that one cannot get behind it for cleaning or painting and it is an awkward thing to handle if it must be removed for any reason. Nevertheless, it does allow larger capacity for the space used. When installing, remember that it may have to be taken out some day, for the life of the ordinary tank is less than that of the boat, and the woodwork in the vicinity should be so arranged that the tank may be removed without tearing out panelling or bulkheads. A few screws instead of nails



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YOU'VE not seen America ... neither the America of our forefathers nor that of their socially distinguished descendants ... till you've seen Nantucket. Nowhere else has time laid so light a finger on Colonial days, nor retained so charming a reward for gentle breeding, as in the sea-circled land where quaint Sankaty light flings its warning beacon toward the home of Moby Dick.

Even though the sea were not your only highway, there could be no more delightful way to go than aboard the newly redesigned A. C. F. "47". To call it the most popular cruiser afloat is only justice.

Yet, it is really *in*justice to call it a cruiser, at all. For here is a vessel which, in speed, staunchness, and cruising comfort deserves the name of "yacht".

Picture—if you can, in a 47-footer—a luxurious rear cockpit that seats eight; sleeping accommodations for five and crew; forward and after cabins and all-enclosed bridge-deck with admirable headroom; a lavatory accessible to both master cabins; a three-burner galley complete with sink, ice-box, and cupboard; capacious crew's quarters; even a high-powered, built-in radio ... these details must be seen to be appreciated.

The smart, rakish funnel of the "47" allows you to recognize her from afar as readily as does the quality of its materials and fittings when aboard. Like all A. C. F. craft, she is completely equipped, even to linen, silver and china, ready to go. When shall it be?

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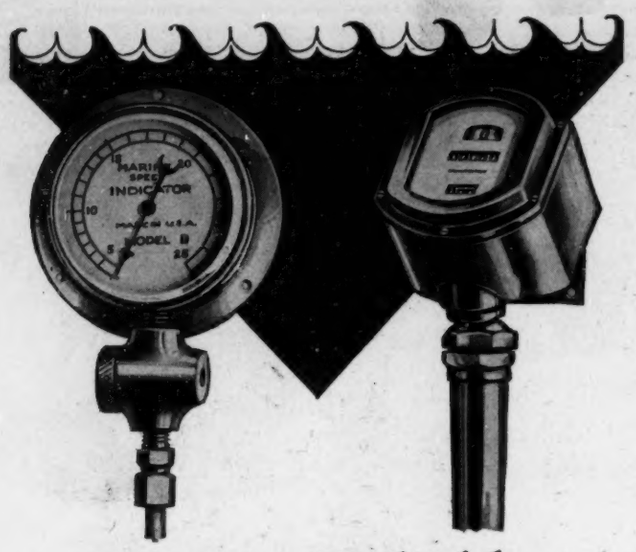
AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

a.c.f. cruisers

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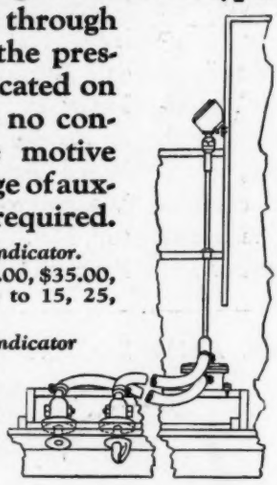
**THIS instrument placed anywhere on your boat will give you at a glance your speed in miles, and if you wish it your trip mileage and total mileage. Accurate within 2% this speed indicator will help you navigate by chart and compass. It will aid you in fog, and will make it easy to keep your boat at her best running speed.**

**These devices have been fully tested and proved to be dependable gauges. They are giving valuable service to owners of small and large boats of all types.**

**Passage of boat through the water creates the pressure which is indicated on the dials. There is no connection with the motive power, nor is towage of auxiliary apparatus required.**



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will mean a lot of difference when that time comes. This advice applies to the installation of any tank; one should be a pessimist and think of all the untoward things that *might* happen when designing any marine fitting.

Another common place for a water tank is in the lazarette or under the seats on each side of the cockpit. Tanks in those positions are comparatively accessible, but the woodwork around them should be arranged so that they may be removed without too much work.

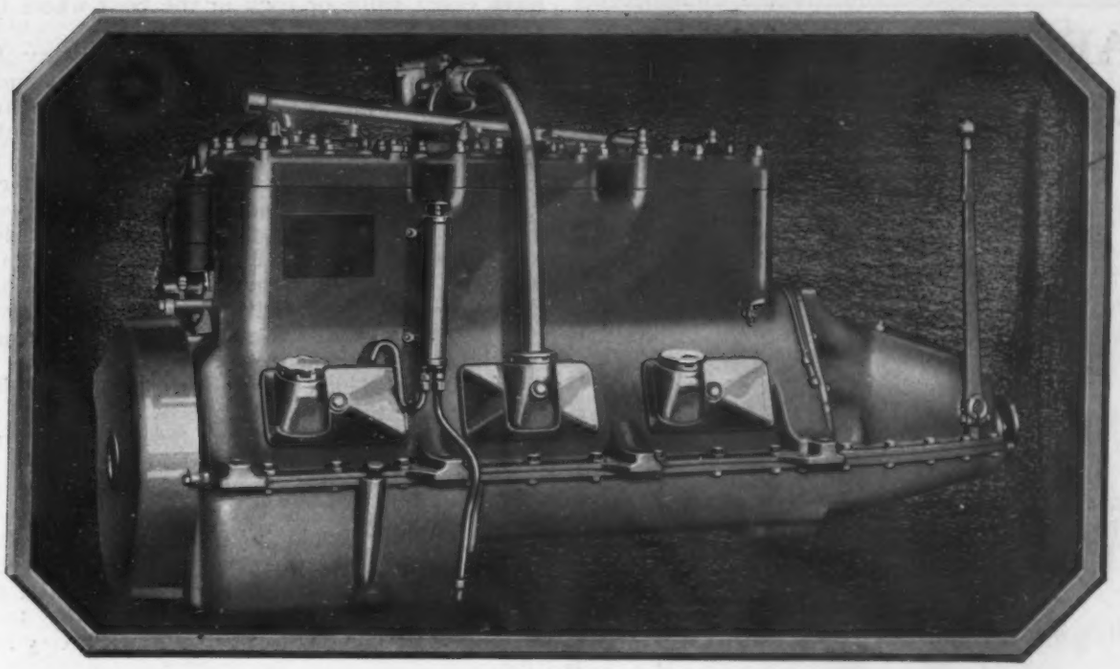
Wherever fitted, tanks should be thoroughly secured in position. This means that they must be secured so that they cannot shift position at all. Even a little motion will allow them to rub against their supports, and that means chafe. Chafe spells wear, with consequent corrosion and the chance of a leak when the thin shell of zinc in the galvanizing is worn through. With tanks that are cylindrical or rectangular in shape installation is easy as they may rest on saddles shaped to fit and be held in place by galvanized straps set up with screw bolts. They must, of course, be secured against fore and aft movement as well as athwartships shifting, for it does not take much motion to start a leak in a pipe connection.

Gasoline tanks on large craft are best placed in a watertight compartment of their own. If they can be set high enough to be fitted with drip pans draining overboard, so much the better. They should be near the engine room so that the piping to the carburetor will be as short as possible. On medium sized yachts the gas tanks are often set in the engine room, against the after bulkhead, or else on each side. They are thus in view all the time and readily accessible for any repairs.

It must always be remembered that even a small amount of gasoline vapor makes an explosive mixture when mixed with air. As little as 1¼%, while practically odorless, will explode with a small spark. Gasoline fumes are heavier than air and, consequently, will settle to the lowest point in the boat and stay there for considerable time, ready to make trouble. Any leakage or drip will, therefore, be a source of danger, and particular attention should be given to ventilating the engine room, not merely the upper part of it but the space below the floor where the dangerous gases will collect. This means positive ventilation, with suction and discharge ducts and a fan or blower.

Piping, especially gasoline piping, is best run where it is always in plain sight and yet is protected from possible damage. In this way it can be reached easily when it is necessary to make any repairs, and also it may be watched for possible leaks. Gasoline piping should be of seamless drawn copper tubing and should have brass fittings of S.A.E. standard. The solderless type is preferred. These are neat in design, well made, and they have stood the test of time in service. Piping should be well supported in position, yet not subject to wear. The vibration of the engine should not make it move in its bracing.

There should be a shutoff valve or cock, well and strongly made, at the tank and, if the line is long, another one near the carburetor. There should be no drain cock in the bottom of the tank as if this should break or leak, gas would get into the bilge. The fuel line should draw from a little above the bottom of the tank so that sediment will not get into the line. A small bit of scale will clog the needle valve. No gauge glass outside of the tank should be tolerated. Tanks may be cross connected so that they may be drawn upon equally, but valves should be arranged so that any particular tank may be cut off at will. If there is an electric lighting plant, some means should be provided for filling its tank without having to potter round with a pitcher or can of gas. Better have a branch lead to it from one of the main tanks, with a shutoff valve at the big tank. Above all,



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It awakened the boating public to an entirely new consciousness of what it might properly expect of a motor in smoothness, quietness, flexibility, endurance and power within compact dimensions. It did much to stimulate the development of smaller, dependable, high-speed craft.

But time, as always, suggests advancements.

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Like all SCRIPPS Motors, Model 124 is *strictly a marine motor*, its every part designed to endure that endless nerve-racking strain of continued full-throttle, top-speed operation under which no automobile motor or adaptation thereof was ever intended to survive.

Its patented counterbalanced crankshaft suffers less flexure and exerts less strain and wear upon its bearings at 3000 RPM than does an ordinary crankshaft at half that speed. Lynite pistons and rods lessen internal strain and eliminate destructive vibration "periods".

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have every valve or cock in the boat where it can be reached in a hurry.

Filling and vent pipes should be given plenty of thought so that any gas that may be spilled cannot find its way into the bilge, but is drained overboard. A tight connection between the deck filling plate and the tank is good and may be permanent, though vibration must be considered here. A portable duct may be the answer. Vent pipes must be good sized and led where any gas or fumes will go overboard. I have seen cruisers with vent pipes discharging into the cockpit. This made it almost a certainty that any spilled gas would run below, for the engine room hatch was far from being tight. Vents can be concealed easily under the rubbing strake and are protected there, too.

If a tank is to have any pressure on it, the underwriters' rules require that it be designed to stand four times the working pressure and tested to twice the pressure without showing leakage or permanent deformation. The pressures in use are low, so that even the test pressure is not much of anything.

Every tank should be designed so that it may be thoroughly cleaned when necessary. There should be a handhole plate on the top large enough to let a man get his arm into the tank. It's a mean job to try to clean out a tank when one has to work through a tiny hole in the top.

Remember that gasoline may make a dangerous explosive mixture, so treat it with respect at all times. The most dangerous time, by the way, is when a gas tank has just been emptied as it then contains a full supply of explosive. When the late Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans was asked about carrying gasoline aboard vessels of the Navy for the use of motor launches, he said: "Why not? It's only one more explosive to handle, and we're used to powder and gun cotton and nitro-glycerine."

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### Under the Lee of the Longboat

(*Continued from page 92*)

when used in conjunction with a gaff-headed foresail or mizzen. And staysail schooners, admittedly fast, are on a par with their sisters with gaff-headed foresails, and with jib-headed ketches, the latter being good to windward in a breeze, but handicapped by lack of sail area and ability to set light sails when reaching. Well, probably these questionable details won't have any effect on the final results, so let's all get together and have a whale of a time, which is assured all hands when they visit Gibson Island.

---

### Conditions for the New London-Gibson Island Ocean Race

(*Continued from page 44*)

| Boat | Owner | Rig | Class |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Nautilus* | J. H. Ottley | Cutter | D |
| New Boat | Dudley Wolfe | Sloop | D |
| *Hotspur* | Alfred F. Loomis | " | D |
| New Boat | A. Hatch | " | D |
| *Tradition* | J. R. Miller | Schooner | A |
| *Teal* | Graham Biglow | " | A |
| *Malabar VIII* | W. F. Downes | " | A |
| *Teragram* | G. W. Mixter | " | A |
| *Caroline* | Roger Young | " | A |
| *Windjammer* | Edw. Crabbe | " | A |
| *Primrose IV* | F. L. Ames | " | A |
| *Sachem III* | R. B. Metcalfe | " | A |
| *Yankee Girl II* | G. W. Warren | " | A |
| *Pinta* | W. J. Curtis | " | A |
| *Malay* | R. W. Ferris | " | B |
| *Surprise* | M. W. Kattenhorn | " | B |
| *Calypso* | G. R. Montgomery | " | B |
| *Glencara* | S. C. Steinhardt | Ketch | B |
| *Merry Ann* | C. E. Elliott, Jr. | Yawl | C |
| *Kelpie* | W. L. Henderson | " | C |

## The Herbst Propeller Unit

A rig which allows the motor to be placed in the stern of the boat and to be set level, and also does away with shaft log and stuffing boxes, is being manufactured by Frank Herbst, of Wilmington, N. C. The unit is enclosed in an aluminum alloy casing which is bolted to the transom and is provided with reduction gear, either two to one or

The Herbst unit.

one and one-half to one ratio being offered. The engine shaft is bolted to the shaft at the top of the unit and the propeller shaft is driven through bevel gears of case-hardened steel. These run packed in grease. Three models are furnished: 30, 35 and 40 inches in over all height, weighing 75, 90 and 120 pounds, respectively.

The Herbst unit allows the motor to be placed in the extreme stern, bulkheaded off from the rest of the boat, and, if desired, arranged with a drip pan under it so that any oil or grease leaking out may be piped overboard. Making the bulkhead forward of the engine tight keeps the bilge of the boat sweet and clean. Twin installations may be made with ease, and even three motors may be installed in a boat with a wide stern.

## Boosting the Record

The Class B outboard record was raised to 36.10 m.p.h. in races at Mt. Dora, Fla., last month when the little *Hav-A-Tampa*, with a Caille motor, cleaned up in a fast field. She was built by Florida Boats, Inc., of Pinecastle, a suburb of Orlando. The company has standardized these craft, which have shown speed in a number of contests.

This boat did 36.10 m.p.h. in races in Florida last month.

# Danger lurks behind white teeth

# NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***the disease-of-neglect ignores teeth, attacks gums and claims 4 out of 5 as its victims***

**WHITE teeth are attractive. Their soundness contributes to the preservation of good health. But teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And however white they may be, danger lurks behind them.**

**For certain prevalent diseases of neglect ignore teeth and attack the gums. And when once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance. Too many of us disregard this threat. And as the penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger sacrifice health. A needless sacrifice!**

**These odds are unfair, deceiving. Just follow this regime: See your dentist at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously, but use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums. This dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them sound. Thus it fortifies teeth and health. As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.**

**In addition, the way in which Forhan's cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay will delight you.**

**Start using Forhan's, regularly, every morning and every night. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in the years to come. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.**

***Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.***

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS